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No. 3.—Vol. I. JUNE, 1899.

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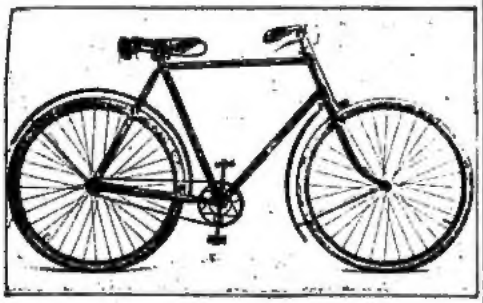

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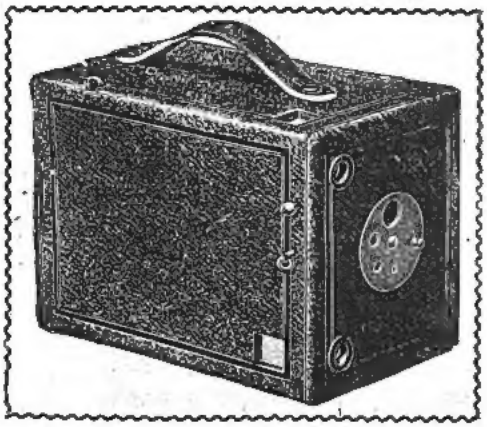

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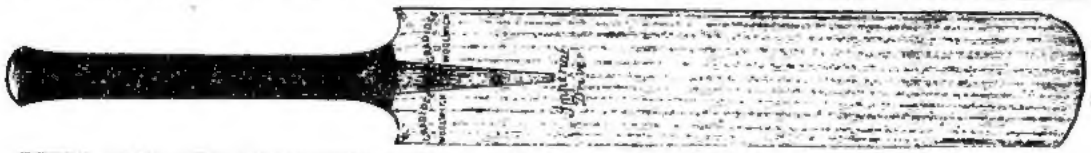

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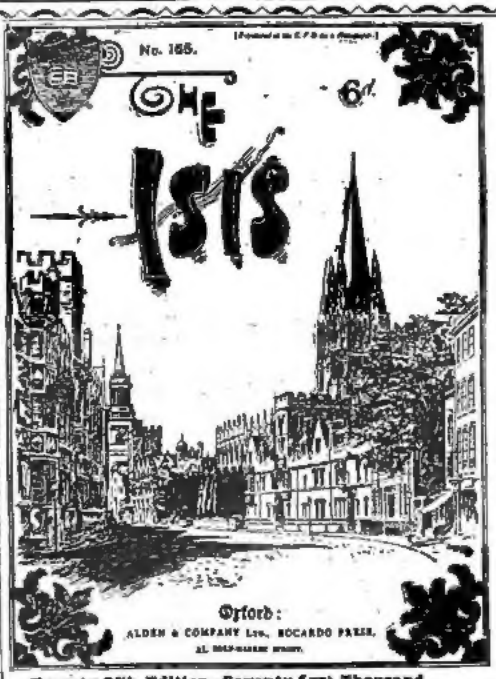

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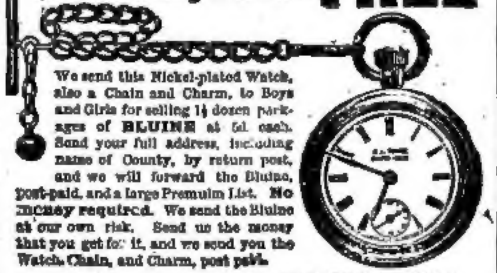

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MR. TOM BROWNE. Drawn by himself for THE CAPTAIN.

Tom Browne AND HIS Pictures

By the Editor.

Tom Browne divides with Phil May the honour of having caused more genuine mirth with his drawings than any other man living. In these pages I am going to tell you what manner of man this Tom Browne is, how he works, and, better than all, how manfully he has battled his way up to his present position. For it is my intention, from time to time, to set before my boy-readers, big and little, examples of men who, undaunted by adversity, undeterred by lack of luck, have surmounted all obstacles by dint of grit and perseverance. All of us at times have our despondent fits; we feel that our task is too hard for us—that such and such a trial is beyond our strength. When this mood is on you make haste to read of what others have done under similar circumstances; gather fresh energy from your perusal; set your teeth and say that you *won't* be beaten—and then you'll win! What astonishes me about Tom Browne is the amount of work he gets through, and the number of periodicals he contributes to. First you may pick up a sixpenny magazine and find him illustrating a love story, and then you can turn to a number of the *Graphic*, and laugh over his funny full-pages. Next you will encounter his work in dainty papers for ladies, cycling journals galore, penny comics, and half-penny comics. His pictures quite recently raised the sale of a halfpenny comic paper by three hundred thousand copies in the course of a few months. Then, from the broad faces of hoardings, his "posters" will grin at you; many and many a time you have laughed at Tom Browne's posters

"Wollaton," Mr. Browne's Residence.

"DONKEYS I HAVE MET."

without being aware that Tom Browne drew them. And, ascending to the pinnacles of art, you will discover Tom Browne's oil paintings in the Royal Academy—well hung on the line, too — for he "exhibits" every year.

To accomplish all this work, "Tom B." (as he frequently calls himself) must labour early and late. Yet, in spite of the commissions which fill his letter-box, he finds time to take an occasional scamper on his bicycle through Spain or Holland, sketching ceaselessly all the time, filling note-book after note-book with peasants, castles, churches, and animals. Truly an untiring, indefatigable penciller!

But it is time you made his acquaintance, so come along.

Well, a short run from Charing Cross—two hundred special trains being put on to accommodate us —brings us to Westcombe Park

SPANISH GIPSIES.

OFF TO MARKET. NEAR GUADALAJARA, SPAIN.

(From a Water Colour Painting.)

(in the Blackheath district), and a short walk over a wind-blown waste to "Wollaton," Mr. Browne's residence.

"Wollaton" is a big house, but hardly big enough to hold a hundred thousand readers of THE CAPTAIN, so we will say that I dismiss you to take a breather over the wind-blown waste, and myself enter *solus* to interview our host.

Now the popular conception of a comic artist—for Tom Browne is a comic artist by force of circumstances, though a serious one by choice—is either a fat, giggling soul, or a melancholy, cadaverous, grave-digger person. Tom Browne is neither giggling nor grave-digging in appearance. He is, of course, a man in years — being twenty-seven — but hardly more than a big boy in appearance. He is of medium height, and when he is forty he will, I fear, be very plump. At present his bones are merely well covered, and his

A MULETEER.

usual dress a grey cycling suit with an artistic cravat.

I pass through a spacious hall—pictures on all sides of me—into his studio, which would make a very comfortable ball-room. I don't think I have ever struck such a comfortable studio as Tom Browne's, although Mr. Hassall's runs it pretty close.

I sit down in a big easy-chair in front of a gigantic stove, and partake of that refreshment which in all climates and countries is necessary to existence. When I had finished the sandwiches Mr. Browne observed in an off-hand way that he left school when he was eleven, and began to earn an honest livelihood by carrying about hats and bonnets for a millinery firm.

"In short," he added candidly, "I became an errand-boy."

"Yes?"

"I tried all sorts of things till I was about fifteen, and then I was apprenticed to a lithographic firm at Nottingham as a designer. It was arranged that I should work a year for nothing, and that afterwards I should receive a shilling a week, this salary to be raised by eighteenpence each succeeding year."

"Meanwhile," I demanded, "how did you live?"

"Well," said Mr. Browne, "I didn't live, I existed. I suppose I was tough; anyhow, I stayed alive. After business hours I used to design labels for cigar boxes, and this, of course, brought me in extra money. I used to get a guinea for a coloured label—when I could get one to do, which wasn't often. For a year I worked only in colour, but when I was sixteen somebody suggested to me that I should draw for the comic papers. Hesitatingly, I set about a series, and, to my delight, my maiden effort in black-and-white was accepted by *Scraps*. I was paid thirty shillings for those pictures. I have got them in a scrap book now, and my lasting wonder, as I look at them occasionally, is that they were ever accepted at all. Well, I stuck at it pretty hard until I was twenty-one and out of my apprenticeship, and then, after two years, 'on my own' in Nottingham, I came up to London to try my fortune. By this time I had secured a

"T. B." BY HASSALL.

A DESPERATE CHARACTER. (*From a Water Colour Drawing.*

pretty good footing on comic and other papers, and so I chucked up the lithographic business and devoted myself to black-and-white and painting."

"But did you never have any art training?" I asked, looking round at the walls, and the fine show of pictures upon them.

"Of a sort," he replied. "And I'll tell you what it was. Towards the end of my Nottingham days, I went to the art school there for a couple of terms. It was a good school in its way, but I didn't like the restraint of it, so, with about a dozen other fellows, I hired a room over some stables up a dark yard, and here we had all kinds of models to work from. We took it in turns to procure models—I would go out one night and rake up an old tramp, or a newspaper boy, or anybody that would come and be drawn for a payment of a shilling or two.

"One night, I may mention, I met a negro—a chap that earned a living by touring round the public-houses chewing glass. I asked him if he would come and stand for us.

"'What for, sah?' he inquired.

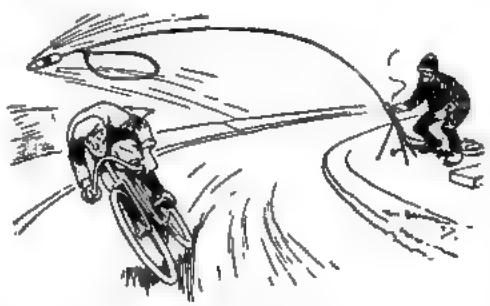
"'To be painted,' I replied.

"He looked at me earnestly for some moments, and then demanded:—

"'*Will it come off?*'

"He thought," concluded Tom Browne, with a chuckle, "that we wanted to cover him with paint!"

DOUBLE DUTCH.
(From a Water Colour Painting.)



CATCHING A SCORCHER.

"Anything else about the stable-studio?" I put in.

"Oh, we had lots of fun up there. We were all very hard up, and couldn't afford to pay anybody to keep the place straight, so we took it in turns to light the fire, sweep the floor, etc. At the finish," added Mr. Browne, in a pathetic voice, "we were turned out for failing to pay our rent"

Buckling to, Tom Browne soon made his work and his abilities known to London editors. The best lift he ever had was his introduction to Dudley Hardy, who proposed him as a member for the Langham Sketching Club—a club which did our young friend a lot of good. Here he met a number of brother artists every Friday night, and here they would paint and draw in friendly rivalry, afterwards supping together and making merry as only knights of the brush can. Browne wisely took a house at Greenwich, keeping well away from "town" and those festive friends who are only too prone to "drop in"—as they mildly put it—when a man has to get a dozen sketches done before the last post goes.

"What sort of hours do you keep now?" I asked him.

"Well," said he, "I must confess that I am not a very early bird. An artist must choose the hours that suit him best. I do nearly all my comic sketches at night—my painting, of course, by daylight. At times, when I have

A [illegible] PARTY AT THE [illegible]

had a great batch of Christmas pictures to do, I have worked right through the night, and only got up from my table at the ringing of the breakfast-bell."

"Play golf?" I asked, knowing that even a comic artist must have a little recreation.

"No; don't play golf or cricket—used to play football. Very fond of rowing, and my latest pursuit in the outdoor line is horse-riding. I have done more cycling than anything. I think I have taken most of the life out of six bicycles and half a tandem. Whenever I can see my way to a holiday I get across the Channel and go for a Continental trip."

"Ridden any great distance?"

"Well," was the reply, "another man and myself rode from Paris to Gibraltar across the Pyrenees. That tied us up—fearful roads, very hot weather, very cold weather, and heavy rains. We rode bang through five days' rain."

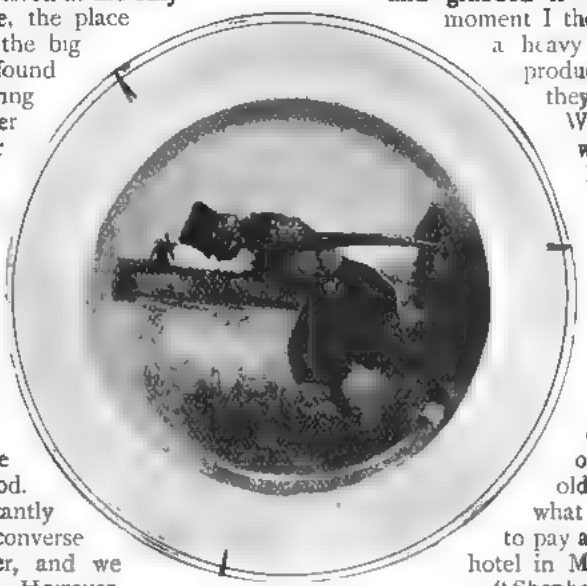
"Any adventures?"

"One or two. Whenever we went into a *café* to have some food people would crowd in and stand watching us at our meal. If one of us dropped a piece of bread, or knocked over a glass, they would roar with laughter. There was no limit to their curiosity. If we stopped in the market-place of a town hundreds of people would gather round us, examine our machines, pinch our tyres, ring our bells, and makeim pertinent and insulting remarks.

"But that was nothing! One night we got very near to a scuffle. We had been riding all day and all the evening, and had struck no

WINDMILL AT DELFT, HOLLAND.
(*From a Smoked Plaque.*)

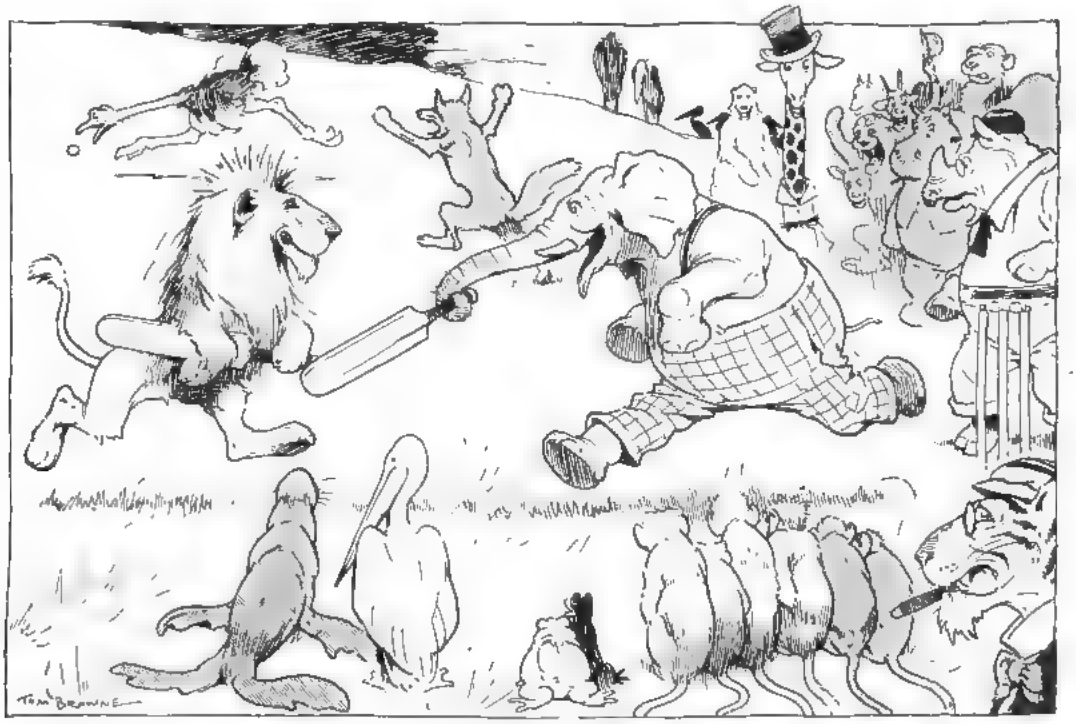
town to put up at. At length, at eleven o'clock, when it was almost pitch dark, we reached a tiny village, and soon arrived at the only *posada*, or public-house, the place possessed. Going into the big kitchen of the place we found an old woman preparing some sort of a stew over a great wood fire. After some hesitation she consented to put us up, and we sat down to supper. We had just finished our meal when a dozen or fifteen evil-looking muleteers came in, scowled at us, and then squatted down at the opposite end of the room, where the woman took them food. We saw them look constantly in our direction and converse in low whispers together, and we did not feel comfortable. However, I went on sketching the kitchen. Presently one of them got up, strode across to me, snatched my sketch out of my hand, and bolted across the kitchen with it. I jumped up, ran after him, and grabbed it back again. For a moment I thought we were in for a heavy row, but my chum produced his revolver, and they simmered down. When we went to bed we found there was no lock to our door, so we pushed the bed up against it; and lucky it was that we did so, for during the night somebody came softly several times and tried the door. At six o'clock we got up and went off—glad to go without any breakfast The old hag's bill exceeded what we should have had to pay at the most sumptuous hotel in Madrid.



ON A DUTCH CANAL.

(From a Smoked Plaque.)

"Shepherds frequently used to set their dogs at us, and the brutes would run along by us and snap at our legs. Often I would



CRICKET AT THE ZOO.

CATS I HAVE KNOWN."

"T. B." BY B. SAUBER.

"T. B." BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

have shot them if I'd had my revolver handy, but as it was rather big for my pocket I kept it in my knapsack, and many a Spanish cur owed its life to that circumstance, I can assure you.

"We were annoyed in various ways. Once as I was coasting down a hill a man coming up deliberately thrust his stick between the spokes of my wheel. It was a wonder that I was not thrown violently off; as it was, I just manœuvred my machine so as to save myself, and then I hopped off and turned on the coward; but he was away up the hill like a rabbit. There was no protection for us; the few policemen we saw were generally asleep; they never attempted to protect us when we were hustled by curious crowds.

"The bull-fights especially disgusted me. I saw fifteen horses gored at one fight. It was horrible to see the Spanish ladies eating and drinking and laughing together while those horses were being cruelly done to death by the bull's horns. To such an extent has the idea spread that even the little children 'bull-fight' in play—one being the bull and the others charging at it, pick-a-back fashion. They are a horrible, ignorant, filthy people — the Spanish—and treacherous into the bargain.

"I can tell you I was very pleased to reach Gibraltar. I got so sick of hearing nothing but Spanish — Spanish. I only met one man in Spain who could talk English well. I met one man who spoke a little broken English, a pure Spaniard, whose name was *William Green!* Can't tell you how he came by the name. Well, when I got to Gibraltar I was so glad to be in English territory again that I could have kissed the first English sentry I saw. I blessed the sight of his red coat and honest English face. No, I don't want to go cycling in Spain again just yet."

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

IN A SPANISH POSADA.

Such were Tom Browne's Spanish experiences. No wonder we were glad when America gave Spain such a thrashing in the recent war!

"Now, have you any advice," I observed, "to give to those readers of THE CAPTAIN who feel that they would like to make a living by drawing funny pictures?"

Mr. Browne looked doubtful.

"The worst of it is," he replied, "that heaps of fellows who can't draw a bit think they are tremendous swells at it. Their aunts and sisters

tell them they are so often that, in time, they come to believe it. But if a fellow really has talent, and wishes to pursue black-and-white art as a profession, he should begin by putting in three years at an art school."

"And how are these schools to be found?"

"They are all advertised in the various art journals, such as the *Studio*, the *Artist*, the *Magazine of Art*, etc. There are schools in all the big provincial centres, such as Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Bristol, etc. The masters at such schools will very soon be able to tell whether a young fellow has any stuff in him. Of course, people go to art schools to while away their time, just as they go to the musical academies, and you generally find a lot of duffers among them. However, you were asking about what a young fellow ought to do in order to make bread and cheese with his pen or brush. Well, even while he is at the art school he can be doing sketches for the papers and sending them round. He mustn't be discouraged by rebuffs. He must go on sending and sending until his work is accepted. Once anything of his has been taken by an editor, he should follow it up with something equally good, and keep himself before that editor's eye. There's nothing like sticking at it. The faint-hearted man soon gets shouldered out by the persevering one. Stick at it, and keep your pecker up. That's my advice."

A MARKET GIRL, HOLLAND.
(From a Smoked Plaque.)

"Good advice, too. But suppose a chap's people insist on his reading for the Civil Service, going to the 'Varsity, or occupying a high stool in the city?"

"Then," said Browne, promptly, "let him, like a man, do what he has to do with all his might. In his leisure time he can draw as much as he likes — yes — and bang his pictures at editors, too, if his salary will run to plenty of stamps and cardboard. If a fellow's parents or guardians decide that he must not be an artist, he must bow to the inevitable, and become as efficient as possible in whatever profession they choose for him. I'm not trying to 'jaw,'" concluded Tom Browne, with a smile, "I'm

just talking sense. Many a good man has gone amuck by thinking himself an artist born, and neglecting work he really could do for painting or black-and-white—which he couldn't do."

Roaming round the studio, looking at this picture and at that, and listening to Browne's running commentary on the same, I arrived at a big board with paper pinned on to it. Browne picked up a bit of black chalk, passed it up and down the board, and there, the result of a few rapid strokes, was a picture of myself—a comic one, of course, for it represented your Old Fag—your dignified Old Fag—executing a giddy step-dance on a table.

"Why!" I cried, "you might give an entertainment. You could keep a big audience roaring. Why don't you?"

"I may some day," he answered, "but at present I've too much to do here. I did actually appear on a platform once, and I'll tell you about it. I was attending a village concert not long ago in the Nottingham district. They were a bit short of 'artists,' and so a friend of mine approached me and asked me if I would 'do something.' I declined at first, but he was so pressing that at last I said I would if he promised not to disclose my name. So he went and whispered to the vicar, and, to my astonishment, the vicar, who was in the chair, arose and announced, quite gravely, that Monsieur Le Brun, a French artist travelling in England, had kindly consented to give an entertainment on the blackboard. He meant *me!* I tumbled to the joke, and getting on to the platform, executed in chalk a number of little pictures, portraits, etc., finishing up with a caricature of the vicar himself. The audience shouted with glee, and the good vicar himself laughed as much as anyone. The joke was kept up, and to this day the worthy people in that little village tell their friends about the funny Frenchman who came and drew comic pictures on the blackboard!"

I should have obtained some more stories, but time was rushing on, and it was Friday night—the night upon which the members of the London Sketch Club (of which Mr. Browne is a "leading light,") meet at the Modern Gallery, in Bond Street, and do a "two-hours" drawing of a fixed subject. The drawings are then ranged round the walls, and the company inspects and criticises. We reproduce the programme of a London Sketch Club smoking concert. The gentleman with the long hair and bristling moustache is Mr. George Haité—who, by the way, designed the cover of the *Strand Magazine*; above him, smoking a big cigar, is Phil May, and in the front row are Sauber, Cecil Aldin, and Browne himself. We are indebted to several of his brother members for portraits of "Tom B.," by the way. Elsewhere, you can pick out Sir James Linton, Hassall, Dudley Hardy, and numerous other artists, as well as "literary members" like Conan Doyle, Guy Boothby, Robert Barr, W. Pett Ridge, and, in a dark corner, no less a member than the Old Fag, who is sitting well away from the treasurer because he hasn't paid his subscription.

In this pleasant company we will leave Tom Browne, trusting he will have a pleasant time of it.

Those of my readers who are ambitious to be artists might do worse than remember "Tom B.'s" modest, boyish efforts. He doesn't design labels for cigar-boxes now, but he was pleased enough to do them—once upon a time!

The Sauciest Boy in the Service

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

THERE was some difference of opinion among the ward-room officers of the United States gunboat *Breezy* concerning the personality of young Hank Woolmer. For it is a well-known fact that the seniors on board a man-o'-war do sometimes condescend to discuss the characters of their juniors—when they have nothing more interesting to talk about. Hank was a midshipman,* or rather a midship-*mite*, for he was small even for his fifteen years, but well set up, with a bold face; handsome, square-jawed, and blue-eyed. He had little hands and feet, and so it was said that Hank had good old Massachusetts blood in his veins. I don't know much about that, but he had the grit that tells in a true sailor. Once or twice when the captain himself had given him an order during this very cruise off Cuba in search of the Don, Hank had dared to tighten his fist and lower his brows as if thinking, instead of answering "Ay, ay, sir," right off the reel. Thinking? The idea of a midshipman having the audacity to think! But Hank had been guilty of even a greater offence on one occasion. The officer in command told him off for some duty.

"Very good, sir," said Hank, saluting.

"Very good?" thundered the captain. "How do *you* know whether it is good or not? Down below, under arrest, sir, at once!"

Hank had gone below, but forgetting, apparently, all about the arrest, came on deck the same day to keep his watch as usual. Captain Fuego saw him and smiled; he, too, forgot about the arrest—apparently.

Fuego was a very tall and smart officer, but a stickler for service. Raw-boned he was, long-waisted, swinging in gait, and not always pleasant. But he was the soul of the ship, and everybody respected him for his ability.

It was believed among the gun-room fellows, nevertheless, that he had his knife into Hank.

But the droll thing is, that it didn't seem to trouble Hank one little bit. Nor did the opinion of the ward-room fellows either.

Lieutenant Storr paused in the doorway one evening until his servant relieved him of his wet and shiny cape, for he had been keeping the first dog-watch, and it was blowing "a sneezer." There was a smile on his wet, red face as he mopped it.

"Laughing at anything, Storr?"

"Not much. Only some remark that young dog Woolmer made."

"Well," said the chief engineer, closing his book, "I rather like Hank. He's a saucy lad. What say you, doc.?"

"Eh? What? Oh, yes, to be sure; I like a saucy youngster, too, so long as you can draw the line betwixt sauciness and cheek. Now," continued the doctor, "I'll give you an

* *I have called the hero a "midshipman" in order that English readers may know his rank. In the U.S. Navy he is known as an "ensign." He enters as a cadet, rises to ensign, thence to sub-lieutenant and lieutenant.—G. S.*

example. My jolly old friend, Captain Dawson, and I were driving into Baltimore one day last fall. We were going for shopping and for fun, just. Well, old Dawson likes a drop, you know, and when he is half-seas-over he lets his money fly anyhow. On this particular day, however, he promised to be very good. He gave me his purse to keep, and would have nothing but what I allowed him. All went right—and I didn't let him die of thirst, either—till we entered a shop to make a purchase. A merry-faced, good-looking youngster came in soon after on a similar errand.

"'Doc.,' said Dawson, 'that boy looks saucy. I *do* like a saucy boy; he feels his helm. Doctor, give the lad a dollar.'

"'Dawson,' I said severely, 'don't be a jackass!'

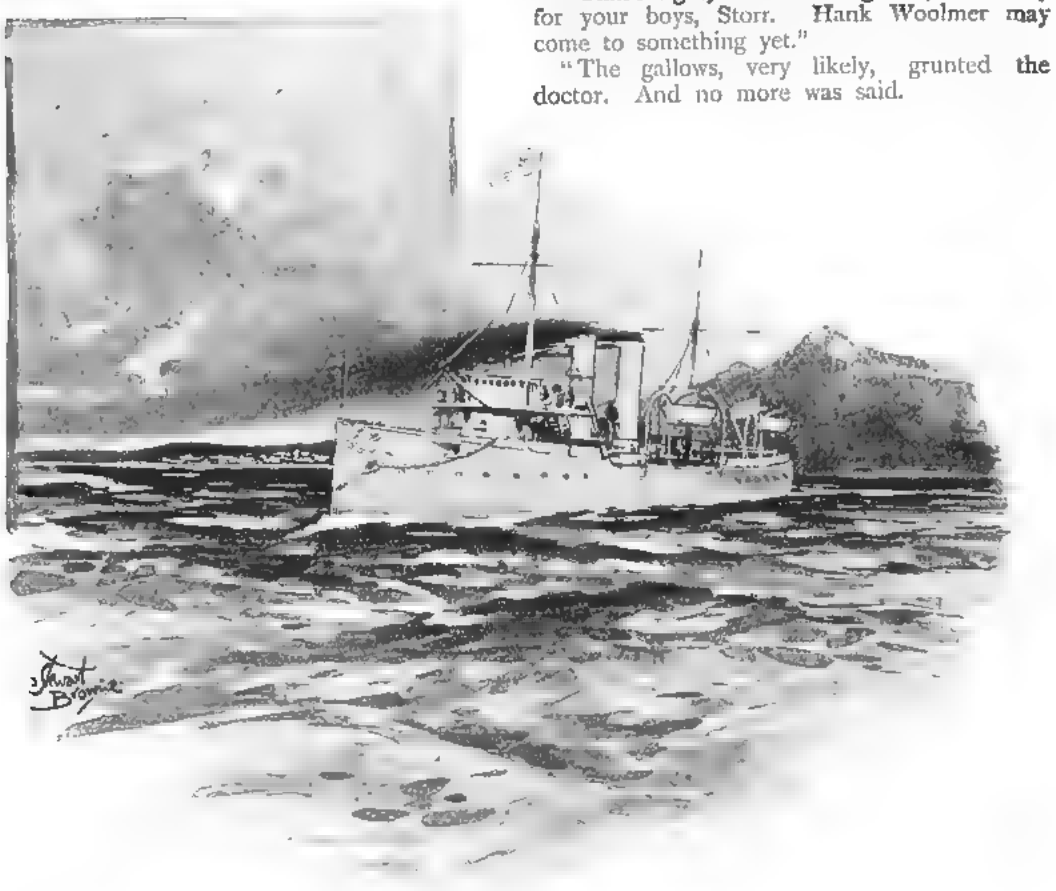
"The jolly captain unfastened his gold watch at once and gave it to the boy. 'Keep this, my boy,' he said, 'in memory of me.'

"Ay, and the lad took it, too. I had positively to pay two dollars to buy my friend's watch back! Now that wasn't a saucy boy, but a cheeky one."

"I don't think," said Storr, "that Hank is cheeky. He has all the cockiness of a lad in his teens, that's all; and mind, he hasn't been a dog-watch in the service yet."

"That's right," said the engineer, "stick up for your boys, Storr. Hank Woolmer may come to something yet."

"The gallows, very likely, grunted the doctor. And no more was said.



U.S. GUNBOAT "BREESY."

Hank wasn't really first fiddle in the gun-room mess. There were two or three of higher rank, especially a very big, hairy midshipman, who should have been promoted long ago, but somehow wasn't. But Hank really played first fiddle all the same. He made the cadets fag for him, and he teased the big fellow till he used to say his life wasn't worth shucks. But the hairy midshipman was exceedingly good tempered and happy, in spite of all.

There had never been much fun on shore at Key West before the war-cloud burst that Hank hadn't a hand in; never any jollity on

board that Hank didn't boss; he led the singing of an evening, and composed the verses to music-hall ditties, daring even to introduce the names of every ward-room officer according to his merits. If there was a sparring match on, Hank was *judex*, and held the jackets. In a broad-sword duel, Hank was referee. He was a crack at ship's quoits or billiards, and even invented ship's "hare and hounds," and nobody was ever more nimble at leap-frog in half a gale of wind than this saucy boy. He even got the first luff's consent for the gun-room fellows to revive the old game of "Follow your leader," and Hank himself led the way. There is far more fun in this on board a modern cruiser than ever there was in an old line of battle ship in our grand-daddies' days.

But, mind you, Hank, with all his fun, was serious in church, and a good singer, and at drill he was also all there. It was believed that the skipper watched a chance to bowl him out, but that chance didn't come.

HANK AND THE BABOON STAGGERING UP AND DOWN THE DECK.

Between you and me and the binnacle, reader, I was a British war correspondent on board the *Breezy* for a time, but as I hadn't got leave from Whitehall, London, you must not tell. Only that is how I came to know Hank. And I liked the lad.

There was no end to Hank's practical joking, and he really was blamed for more than he did. But I know for certain that he got something from the sick-bay-man, and put the ship's cat—a big, bonnie black one—asleep, and that evening the captain found her with a frilled night-cap on, in his bed with her head on the pillow.

There was a huge baboon on board—a ship's pet—and one moonlight night, when Captain Fuego came up, he found Hank and the baboon staggering up and down the deck. Jacko was dressed as a girl of the period, and both appeared very drunk. Hank was a splendid actor, and on this occasion his acting really imposed upon the skipper himself, especially when Hank and the young lady fell in the lee scuppers. "*Hic jaceo*,"* hiccupped Hank, when a middy, who was in the know, pretended to rouse him. "*Hic!—hic!—hic jaceo!*"

Then he was carried below; but when Captain Fuego found out it was all fun, he laughed as heartily as anybody.

* * *

It had been a long and weary time for the officers of the U. S. A. while the ships lay at anchor near to Key West—a cluster of islands situated well to the south'ard of Florida, and a capital lair for sea-tigers to crouch in just before a spring.

But the time for a spring came at last; war was declared against the tyrant Spain. Then, on that morning when signals were seen flying on the flag-ship and on every war-ship in the brave fleet—O Honolulu, lads, what a stir, excitement, and commotion! It took the beholder quite aback, as a white squall catches a ship in the Indian Ocean.

Men and officers were ordered on board at once, while guns roared out to hurry

* *Hic jaceo*—"Here I lie."

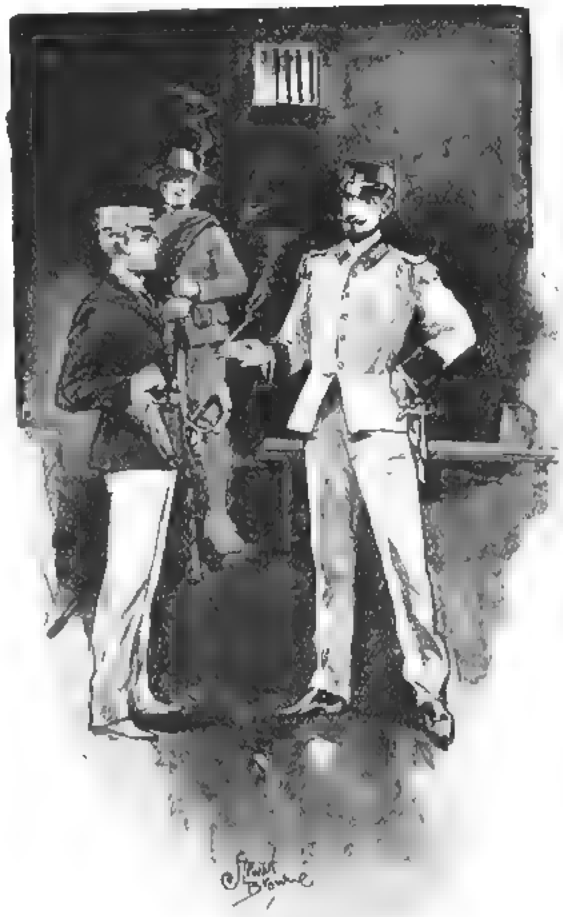
them. And they didn't need two biddings, I can assure you, for :—

> The spirit of their fathers
> Seemed to start from every wave ;
> For the deck it was their field of fame,
> The ocean was their grave.

It was at midnight on April 22nd, 1898, that the great news first reached the fleet ; at 9.30 a.m. it was under weigh, full speed for Havana and Cuba. That fleet was on a glorious mission —to drag the savage hands of the Spaniard from the neck of its victim, to hurl the murderer back, and exact life for life, and blood for blood.

But the *Breezy* had been doing duty for many, many days around the blockaded coast, and the enthusiasm had in some degree subsided. It was but like the banked fires, however, beneath the engines of a man-o'-war, ready to leap up at a moment's notice and burn as brightly as before.

Every vessel that could be spared from the blockading of great and important ports, or watching for the arrival of the Spanish fleet, which was to do such wonders—but didn't —was sent to cruise around the coast and capture prizes wherever they could, and to give the enemy just as bad times as they knew how to.



"DRIVE ME TO SEE HIM!" CRIED HANK.

The men of the *Breezy* had been frequently in chase, and had already overhauled a Don or two. There is certainly no more exciting game at sea than this chasing of vessels, that may or may not turn out to be prizes ; that may be caught, but may escape. At such times as these, sailors know full well the truth of the old saying, "that there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip." I have seen, while cruising, vessels almost within range of the bow-chasers, when perhaps a slight breakdown occurred on board of us, and the chase gave us a derisive and farewell cheer. Even a sudden squall may at times alter matters so that a ship just hauling down her flag hoists it merrily once again, and goes flying away like a bird on the main ; for at sea there is nothing certain save the unexpected.

One day the *Breezy* swung suddenly round a point, and came in sight of the little town of C——, off Pinar del Rio.

"That's the place," said the captain; "that's it, Mr. Storr. We shall capture it. We shall bombard if they don't surrender."

In a quarter of an hour the gunboat was at anchor in the bonnie blue bay, about a mile and a-half from the shore.

There was a bar in yonder, with white waves thundering like avalanches thereon. But there was also an opening, and through this Hank Woolmer steered his armed boat, and boldly beached her. Hank had been selected by Storr somewhat against the captain's wish, but Storr stuck to his own opinion, like the brave, independent American that he was. He believed in Hank ; besides, the lad, though young, had a fair knowledge of the Don's language, having been on this coast before to-day.

No doubt, as the boat sped onwards to the shore, the boy's heart was swelling with honest pride. To him it seemed a glorious little enterprise, and one which was not without a spice of danger either ; yet he meant to do his duty at all hazards. His men were few, but they were armed to the teeth, although no such thing as fighting was anticipated.

There was not only danger in this expedition, but a touch of romance as well, for, let it be whispered, Hank had a little sweetheart far away in Massachusetts, and wore her miniature on a blue ribbon around his neck, so no wonder he felt somewhat as knights of old must have done. He would have taken the miniature out and kissed it, but he was coxswain as well as commander, and held the steering ribbons.

"Way enough! Oars!" cried Hank. "Up with her, lads, high and dry. Two men to come with me, the rest to guard the boat and keep that flag flying!"

"Ay, ay, sir; never fear for the flag!" shouted one of the sailors.

It was a strange bit of a town this, half-buried in bush and trees, with hills and woods rising beautifully up in the background, a queer, wee church, and a fortress. It was towards this latter that Hank now moved, his left hand on his side arms.

He was received just a trifle haughtily, yet with true Spanish politeness, by the captain in charge of the troops. Would he not walk in? Hank did; then, turning to the officer, and drawing himself up to his full height of five feet nothing:—

"I stand here, señor," he said loftily, "as the representative of the United States of America. Yonder is my ship, and I have come to demand the surrender of this town and fort, and the possession of all arms. I would see the governor."

"*Amigo mio!*" exclaimed the captain, smiling a trifle amusedly at Hank's theatrical air. "The governor is at P——, four miles in the interior. I am sorry, but I can get a little chariot and drive you to see him, señor captain."

"Drive *me* to see *him!*" cried Hank, stamping his little foot. "Is it *thus* you would insult the dignity of a Great Power, and me, its representative? No, señor captain, you shall send for him. And immediately!"

He pulled out his grandfather's watch as he spoke. "I will give him two hours and five minutes to be here. If not before me in that time, I shall at once proceed to bombard your town and port!"

The officer looked a little more serious now.

"Your orders shall be obeyed," he said.

Hank pulled back to the ship now, and reported how matters stood, and in two hours more was again at the port.

The governor was there waiting. He was a quiet, self-possessed man. He was willing, he said, to enter into *pour-parlers*, but it would take some little time. "To-morrow," he suggested.

"To-morrow be hanged!" cried this impulsive youngster. "Listen, sir. I shall give you half-an-hour. If by that time I receive not your submission I shall open fire and blow you sky high. There!"

Poor Hank! Little did he know what was to happen in that half-hour. For ten minutes had not gone before a squall swept down from the hills, ending in a perfect hurricane. The *Breezy* had to get up anchor in all haste and steam out to sea, and the bold middy found himself and men prisoners in the fort. There were one hundred soldiers at least in the place, so the representative of the United States of America had to yield to the force of circumstances and the fortune of war.

"If," said the governor, looking kindly down on Hank, "you will give me your *palabra de honor*, you shall dine and wine with me. I have children of my own!"

Hank flushed scarlet.

"You insult the dignity of America," he cried. "I will give no *parole*, nor will I dine and wine with my country's foe. Lead me to my dungeon!"

"As you wish, boy; but you will find your accommodation more limited than I could have otherwise offered you."

It was, indeed, limited. A strong little room in the fort, with no other companions, save the rats and beetles!

And all that night, and all the next day, the storm raged and howled. Luckily, the fort stood on an eminence, and from his narrow, barred window Hank had an excellent view of the ocean.

And surely never did any sailor, marooned on desert isle, long more for the reappearance of his ship than did poor Hank for his.

It was four long days, however, before the *Breezy* once more appeared in the bay, and even then, not knowing the whereabouts of Hank and his men, the captain was afraid to bombard.

All around the fort now the excitement was intense. Drums were beating, bugles blowing, and arms clanking, and it was evident that the Spaniards were determined to make a fierce resistance.

Hank could see also that trenches had been dug, and were manned. Then he saw boats lowered from the *Breezy*, and as soon as they forced the bar the battle began.

It was the first real fight Hank had ever seen, and he positively burned to be in it.

Despite the fusillade and the big guns, the brave bluejackets landed. Hank could hear their wild cheer as they dashed onwards to the trench.

He saw men fall, too; then—why, then he forced his prison—no difficult task, and found himself free. The barrack was deserted, but arms were left piled here and there.

Hardly knowing what he did, Hank, with a rifle, hurried to the men's prison, and a few sturdy blows set all hands free.

"Hurrah, lads! Hurrah!" shouted the middy. "Arm, and follow me!"

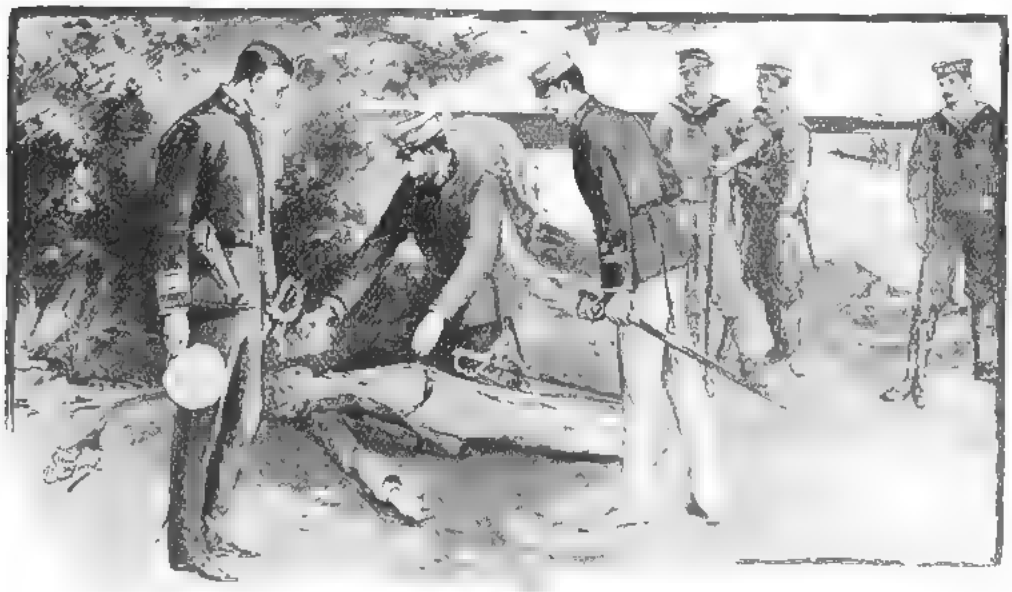
These ten bold Yankee sailors—though one was but a boy—now attacked the Dons in the rear, and in a few minutes' time they were flying for their lives.

In the din and confusion of an action like this, it is difficult to describe exactly what happens. I have the captain's own word for it, however, that at the very moment when Hank, rifle in hand, rushed into the trench, he—the captain—slipped and fell. A *machete* was instantly at his neck, and it was Hank's brave arm that parried the blow and saved his life.

Alas! for our saucy boy! Alas! I may add, for this story's sad ending! but truth is truth, and war is war.

Hank was killed. Fell, shot through the chest, at his captain's feet.

We took him to the rear and laid him on the grass tenderly. Poor boy! I daresay he had a mother who loved him.



"*Hic jaceo!*" HE MURMURED.

I do not think that Hank ever recovered consciousness. Does it detract, I wonder, from the pathos of real tragedy, that there is often something akin to the ludicrous side by side therewith? There was in this case, for, as the dying boy lay in the shade of banana bushes, we bending over him, something like a smile was seen on his face.

"*Hic jaceo!*" he murmured.

In his thoughts, or his dying dream, he was back on board the *Breezy* acting his part with Jacko, the baboon.

* * * * *

Hank was buried at sea, and, as his hammock slid off the grating, I saw tears in the captain's eyes.

Then he quickly gave the order, "Pipe down!" And duty on board went on as before.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

TONBRIDGE

F.J. Worrresley

GIGGLESWICK

S. Jaeksen

CHELTENHAM

R.S Brooke

SHREWSBURY

D Cooke

GLENALMOND

R.A.N. Robertson

WIMBLEDON

Clarence E Rolr

MALVERN

M.B. Williams

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE

A.N. Spooner

(THIRD SERIES.)

PERSEVERANCE.

That which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.

"What is that, mother?"
"The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun;
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
Onward and upward, true to the line!"

G. W. DOANE.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

They can conquer who believe they can.

VIRGIL.

The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.

SHERIDAN.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

LONGFELLOW.

A greater name
The list of glory boasts not. Toil and pain,
Famine, and hostile elements, and hosts
Embattled, failed to check him in his course
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,
Not to be overcome.
* * * * *
And wealth and power and fame were his rewards.

SOUTHEY.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear;
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
O sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies!

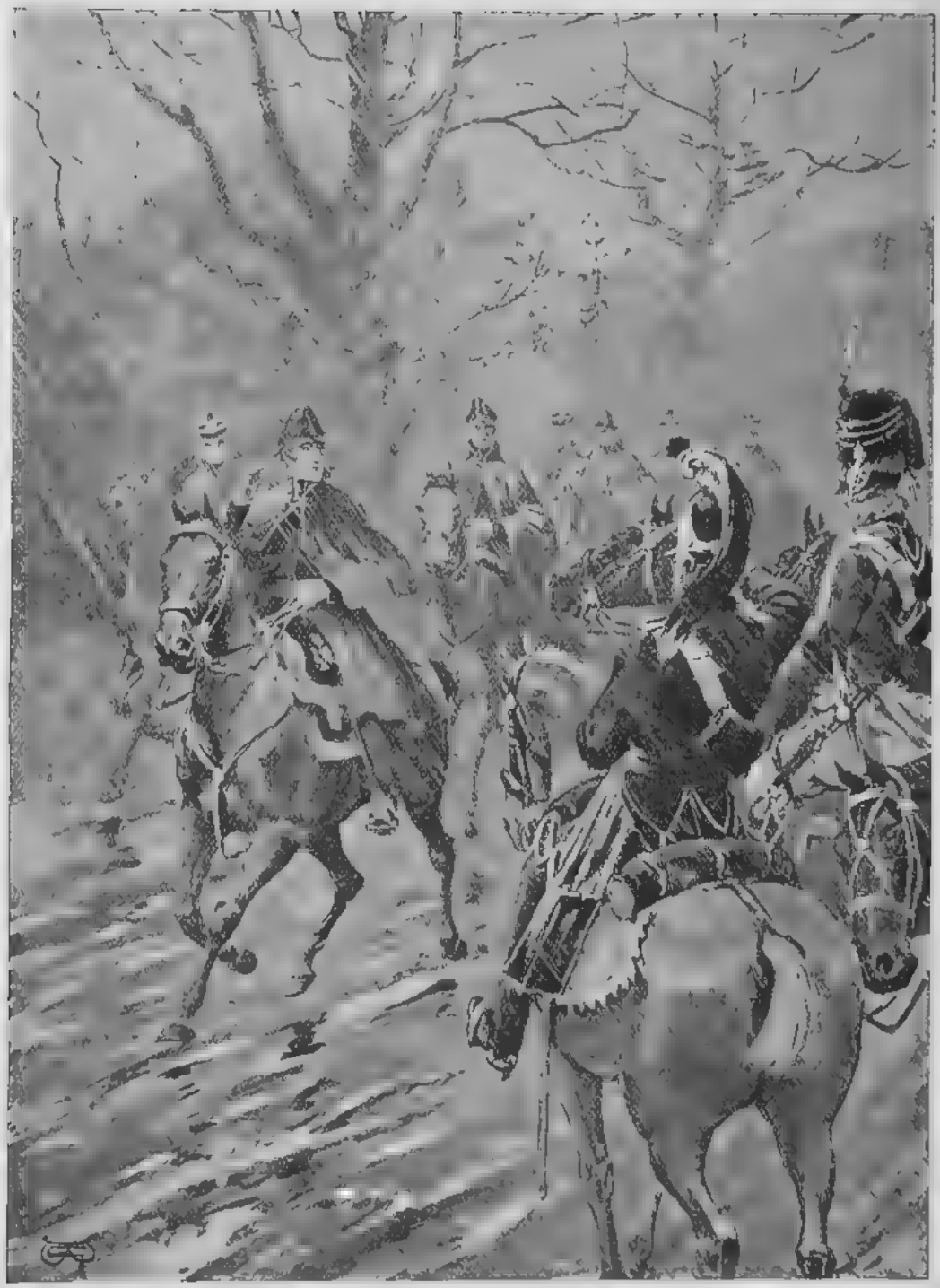
POPE.

Courage! my brother or my sister!
Keep on! Liberty is to be subserved, whatever occurs;
There is nothing that is quelled by one or two failures, or any number of failures.

WALT WHITMAN.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.



WILL'S HAND WENT UP TO HIS FOREHEAD AS THE CAPTAIN SALUTED THE FOREMOST HORSEMAN.—(*See page 253.*)

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SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VI.)

IT is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer, the hero, is home from Westminster School for the holidays. He is wild to go a-soldiering, and the presence of a recruiting party in the village adds fuel to his desire; but his father, Squire Mortimer, will have none of it, and Will makes up his mind to enlist. News of the victory of Salamanca arrives by the coach. The village turns out, and Will, imploring his father for the last time, learns that the dear old pater has bought him a cavalry commission! The same night down comes his uncle, Dick Datchett, a dashing captain in the 10th Hussars, with the announcement that Will has been gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons, then serving in Spain, and that he must start at once for the seat of war. Captain Datchett is going with him, and, after a few hasty preparations, they ride away to London with the Squire, who has presented Will with a favourite black mare, Ladybird, which is to share his fortunes for good or ill. Will Mortimer is rigged out with a uniform, and with all possible speed accompanies his uncle to Spain. Heavy weather overtakes them as they are journeying across country to join the English army, and they seek shelter in some out-buildings of a farm. Here they are discovered by a squadron of French cavalry, by whose officer they are called upon to surrender. They refuse; whereupon the officer orders his men to break down the stable door. Mortimer and his uncle, it should be explained, have climbed into the loft over the stable.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORMING OF THE LOFT.

"COME along Will, old chap," said Dick Datchett briskly. "We're going to have what the French call a 'bad quarter of an hour,' but if we can drag this ladder up we'll snap our fingers at them for a time, anyway."

"But the horses?" cried Will.

"Can't be helped, boy," and the captain frowned. "If they carry them off, well, as I said just now, it's the fortune of war; if they carry *us* off it'll be the mischief to pay. So bear a hand; that door won't hold out long!"

Will, looking down at Ladybird immediately below, set his teeth hard, and grasped the ladder with something very like a groan.

"Now, both together—heave!" said the captain. "Again—another one!" and the lower end of the clumsy affair came away suddenly from the clay floor in which it had been embedded.

"That's good—up with it; gently, or you'll have me over. Good again, yo ho! Do you hear that door giving? Now, then, put your back into it—yo, heave ho! I'm nothing if I'm not nautical." And they hauled the ladder up, hand over hand, until the clatter of tiles told them that one end had gone through the roof.

"Never mind! Up with it!" cried the captain. "Another six inches, and we'll stand it on the floor. There—couldn't be better. Now let's have a look at them. They've got a battering-ram to work, from the row they're making."

They went to the window, and saw half-a-dozen troopers with a beam, Sergeant Grogowski coaching them like the captain of a team at tug-of-war, the barricade trembling at every stroke.

"Shall we fire on them now?" said Will, rather pale at the prospect, but very resolute.

"Not yet," replied his uncle, who was gazing into the sunrise intently. "Look yonder, straight over the heads of their videttes. Do you see anything, or is it only the outline of the forest?"

Will followed the direction of the hussar's finger, and five blows thundered on the barn-door before he replied.

"Yes, I see something, and it is moving. It is like a dark shadow, and every now and then there are little sparkles of light along the top of it. What is it?"

"The sun on the bayonets of marching troops," said the hussar in a low voice. "Listen, Will; those lancers who are on the watch are on lower ground, and cannot have seen them yet. The

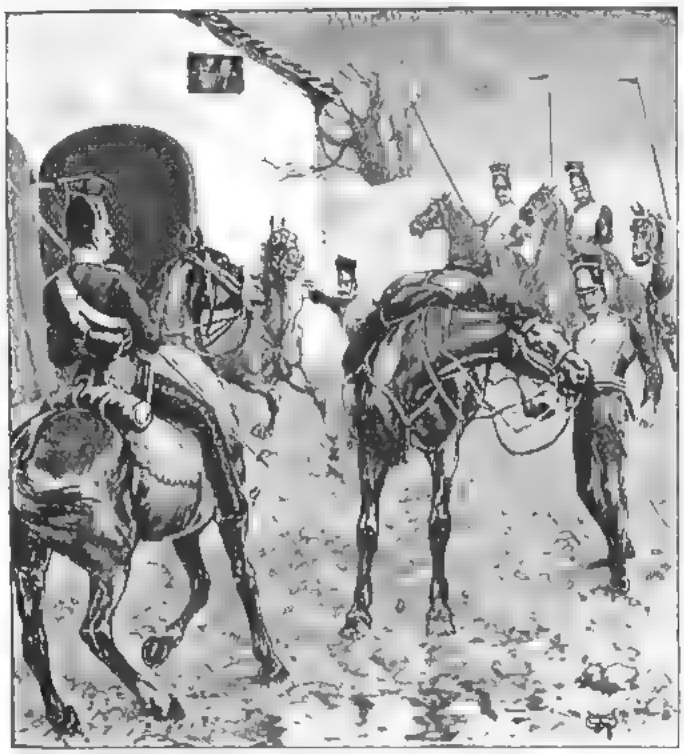
moment they do so we shall know by their action whether they are French or English. If the former, we must surrender to these fellows with a good grace; but if they are our own people, we'll laugh at Mr. Zaminski and his north wind, for every minute is bringing them closer within earshot."

Will's eyes danced as they followed the grey mass, moving slowly among the mists that were steaming like smoke from the sodden plain, but the uproar in the courtyard made him forget the possible succour that was half a mile away in the actual danger that lay at their very feet.

The major had dismounted, and stood with his long legs wide apart, lighting his pipe, his curved sabre dangling from his wrist by the sword-knot—a picture of provoking coolness.

"Jove, I should like to wing him for his impudence!" muttered Dick Datchett. "Those men absolutely do not understand the meaning of fear." And he was right, the Poles in the service of Napoleon being popularly known as "the bravest men and the greatest liars" in the army.

"Ha!" said the major, looking up and nodding. "There you are again. But why give us all this trouble? You will have to come out in the end, my friends."



OUT BOUNDED THE MARE WITH A LOUD SQUEAL, FOLLOWED BY DATCHETT'S CHARGER.

"We shall see," replied Captain Dick, in the same tone of good-humoured banter. "There is no hurry, and I am nothing if I'm not deliberate."

"How?" said the major, evidently in doubt, to one of his brother officers. "He-is-nothing-if-he-is-not-deliberate? I see, he makes game of us, the *coquin!* It is unwise to make game of the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, *monsieur*. There was once a man who tried to do so. Yes, he was 14th of the line, and a great swordsman—but——" and the major shrugged his silver epaulettes.

"But what?" asked Dick Datchett, politely, with a wink at Will.

"He *died!*" said the major, apologetically; and just then the two sergeants, assisted by the troopers with the beam, made a breach in the barricade.

As a matter of fact the entire door gave way with a crash, and it sounded like a hollow peal of thunder as timber and stones rolled into the barn, and a huge cloud of dust floated out on the misty morning.

The Sergeant Grogowski, anxious to retrieve his neglect of the previous night, sprang boldly in, but immediately jumped back again, with good reason, for the dim interior was apparently full of rushing horses, as Ladybird and her companion careered terrified round the building, making noise enough for a regiment; and, before the lancers realised what was happening, out bounded the mare with a loud squeal, followed by Datchett's charger.

Up on her hind legs she reared, then down went her head, and the iron heels lashed violently at the lancers, while Dick's horse took Major Zaminski full in the chest with both knees, bowling him backward into a pool of rain-water.

Then, with another squeal of terror, Ladybird tore off for the archway at the other end of the yard. The hussar's scarlet saddle-cloth whisked for a moment as the brown horse thundered after her, and before the squadron could do anything to stop them the horses were free, and away into the open country!

"Death of my life!" roared the major, getting up in a horrible condition both of mind and body. "You laugh, rascals—very well!" And muttering untranslatable things in Polish, he rushed into the barn with his men.

Dick Datchett cast a quick glance in the direction of the mysterious column, but it was no longer visible! "We're in for it now, boy. Good thing that ladder is out of their reach!" he said. "Don't show yourself—they may fire!" And, approaching the square hole in the floor, the two English officers peeped down.

Underneath, in the uncertain light of the barn,

the major had come to a stand, immediately below the opening, and there, about 18ft. from the hole, were a dozen fierce faces, all turned upwards, with varying expressions of baffled anger, and, mingled with the faces, the steely glitter of lance points and sabres.

There was a momentary pause, each party regarding the other intently for about the space of a deep breath, and then Dick Datchett, having measured the distance with his eye, called out sarcastically, "Won't you come up, *monsieur?*"

"*Oui*—I am coming," retorted Zaminski. "Some of you bring those ladders from the house yonder. This has lasted long enough!"

While several men ran across the courtyard, the major and the other officers withdrew to the far end of the barn, out of range of Dick Datchett's pistols, and Will looked at his uncle.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled that irrepressible gentleman, to Will's astonishment. "Did your hear that, Will?—*les échalles*—*ladders*, my boy. They are going to arrange a little Badajos for our special benefit, but, do you mark it, Will—*they don't fire?* Here's this floor as full of cracks as a girl of fancies; nothing easier than to pick us off, but they don't do it—and they've posted a man on the wall, see, to watch the videttes."

Will drew his long sword, and, unfastening the belt, placed the scabbard in a corner, as the hussar was doing.

"Now, old chap," said his uncle, "here they come, and we're going to get it hot. Remember to give point, and keep your eyes open for a thrust through the nicks in the boards—they have a big pull with those lances!"

"Say when I'm to fire, uncle!" said Will, who felt a strong desire to keep on swallowing something that wouldn't go down.

"Never mind that," said Captain Dick. "Reserve your shots in case they get a tooting—which they won't." And, avoiding the most dangerous of the crevices in the rotten planking, Dick Datchett took his stand on one side of the trap, motioning his nephew to guard the other.

"This way!" cried the Chef d'escadron Zaminski to the men with the ladders, who now entered the barn. "Someone give me a lance—*ma foi*, to be bearded by two spies in this manner—it is intolerable!"

At the word "spies," Datchett's face grew serious. Propelled by strong arms, the end of the first ladder was thrust through the hole and protruded a couple of feet into the loft.

THE LAD'S BLADE PIERCED HIS THROAT.

It was followed by a red and white pennon and vicious spear-head, as Major Zaminski scrambled up like a cat, his yellow moustache bristling.

As Captain Datchett drew back his arm for a stroke, there was a flash of steel in the sunlight, and Will's sword cleft the lance in twain, and shred away the silver tassels from Zaminski's helmet.

"Good!" said the hussar, at the same time plunging his sabre downwards.

"*Sacristi!*" snarled the major, sliding to the ground. "The accursed shopkeeper has cut off my ear!"

No sooner was the wounded major clear of the ladder than Sergeant Grogowski mounted, two rungs at a stride, guarding his head with his sword and breathing heavily through his nose.

"Look out, Will! Here comes a wary one," said the captain, and he had barely time to spring back, when the sergeant's blade circled round the opening with a force that would have lamed him for life—as it was, it cut the grey pantaloons he was wearing, and Grogowski got his shoulders on a level with the floor.

Will saw the sergeant's strong, soldierly face, with a moustache grizzled by active service — the high yellow collar and broad plastron, and the blue arm sweeping the curved sword, while the fingers of his left hand grasped the top of the ladder; then the point of the lad's blade pierced his throat until it passed out at the back of his neck, and there was a momentary vision of hideous agony, of two hands wildly clutching at the pitiless sword; the hiss of air escaping from the severed windpipe—and once more the ladder was empty, as a dying man rolled into the gulf below.

A sob burst from Will's lips—he had taken life for the first time; but Captain Dick exclaimed very sternly: "Stop that, youngster! You'll have to get used to your trade, and, deuce take it, if you're ever likely to have a smarter lesson!"

There was a great hubbub in the barn, and they could see two officers swathing Major Zaminski's head in a kerchief, while the rest bent over the sergeant, who was now stone dead.

"Quick!" roared the major, struggling in the

hands of his friends. "Place another ladder alongside, and we will try two at once."

They wanted no encouragement, for amid a perfect babel of Polish and French, a second ladder was reared into position, and a determined rush made for the floor above.

First came a very young sous-lieutenant, burning with ardour, and behind him Grogowski's fellow sergeant; while on the other ladder were a trooper, deeply pitted with small-pox, and three officers who kept shouting, "*Vite! vite!*" in chorus and pushing him on.

The Chef d'escadron Zaminski did not appear; he had stolen quietly out of the barn with two of his men, but neither side missed him—they had other things to do just then!

"Steady, Will!" cried Dick Datchett. "The third time pays for all!"

Will's momentary revulsion of feeling gave instant place to a sentiment of rage at the unfairness of the odds, which was as instantly quenched by the smooth face of the sous-lieutenant appearing above the edge of the floor.

"Why, you're only a kid!" exclaimed Will, lowering the point of his sword with the same chivalrous instinct that prompted the French officer in the charge to salute one-armed Felton Harvey and pass him by.

But the boy—child in years—actuated by no such generous motive, misunderstood the forbearance, and, seeing his adversary step back a pace, screamed, "Coward!" and lunged at him.

Will felt a sensation as of an icy needle passing through his thigh, and saw the boy sprawl on to his chest on the floor as he over-balanced himself by the thrust.

"You little rat!" he cried contemptuously, and, disdaining to kill him, he tossed him back on to the sergeant with a lift of his muscular leg

The sous-lieutenant's weight bore the sergeant down three or four rungs of the ladder, and for an instant Will had time to look how his uncle was faring.

He had just slashed the pock-marked trooper across the bridge of the nose, and his face was unpleasant to see!

The officer immediately below him, feeling the trooper's hold relax on the ladder, grasped the situation and the man at the same moment, and, shouting to his comrades to push with their shoulders, used the unfortunate man as a target to Datchett's blows.

The wounded Pole, half blinded and, consequently, helpless, cleft the air wildly with his sabre, swearing vigorously the while; and it seemed that the enemy would effect a lodgment, but Dick Datchett, at last spying the officer's fingers tightly gripping the trooper's waistband, severed them by a well-directed cut, which elicited a howl of anguish and a general retreat.

"Breathing time, Will!" panted the captain, with a hoarse laugh. He was flushed and bleeding from a flesh wound on the arm, and his hussar finery had sustained some damage. "Talk about that Roman fellow—Horatius, wasn't it?—Jove! I'm nothing if I'm not keeping the gate like all the Cæsars rolled into one, with a *pontifex maximus* thrown in!"

Will had disengaged his hand, which was swollen, from his sword hilt, and was wrapping his kerchief round the grip, when a shadow fell on the floor of the loft, and, turning his head, he saw the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, his sabre in his teeth, in the act of climbing noiselessly through the window!

Dick Datchett saw him at the same moment, and fired a pistol at him, point blank.

The ball chipped the plaster from the wall, and sped harmlessly into the air. The men below in the barn made a final rush for the ladders, and the chef d'escadron planted one foot on the floor of the loft.

"Shoot him, Will!" yelled the captain, groping for his second pistol; but Will bounded past him with a shout, and, before the major could grasp his sabre, caught him a stunning blow between the eyes that knocked him backwards.

He had no time to see what became of him, for his uncle was hard pressed by the others, who were also reinforced by a dozen dismounted men from the impatient squadron still drawn up at the far end of the courtyard.

Back he sprang as Dick Datchett shot the sous-lieutenant, and for several minutes there was a violent cut-and-thrust combat which seemed likely to go against the besieged.

Suddenly Will had an idea.

Two lancers lay dead on the floor of the loft. The sergeant was pressing Captain Dick back from the trap-hole, and in a moment the others would have gained footing, when Will bethought him of the ladder they had drawn up.

Its lower end rested barely a foot from the edge of the hole; it was very heavy, and, once released, would of its own weight plough its way through the tightly-packed mass of humanity crowding the other ladders there.

Dodging a vicious stroke from a captain with white gauntlets, Will seized the novel engine of destruction, and with one mighty effort launched it on its downward path.

For an instant it rested on the yellow breast of the captain with the white gauntlets. He bent back with starting eyes, until his grasp relaxed, and then it slid swiftly down, carrying all before it.

Dick Datchett's opponent was torn away by someone clutching at his leg, and the hussar, freed for a moment, looked anxiously over his shoulder for help.

"Hallo, boy!" he cried, pointing in the direction of the outpost with his dripping sabre; "see yonder—the lancers are coming in at speed."

Will ran to the window, heedless of consequences, and saw the trumpeter on the wall raise his instrument to his lips, as one after another the videttes bent low in their saddles and galloped towards the house.

A warning note rang out, and a voice immediately beneath him cried:—

"You shall settle the reckoning for this morning's work when we meet again!"

It was Major Zaminski, his face livid with passion.

He had been on the point of climbing the ladder when the trumpet called him to more serious duty, and he now ran to the gateway through

which the first of the sentries dashed, shouting as he came.

The rest who were in the barn scuttled out at the call, with sabres and slung pistols clattering, and each man mounted in haste and took his place in the ranks, where it was not difficult to distinguish those who had been concerned in the affair.

The major—he carried his helmet dangling to his bridle-arm by the chin-strap, and was very conspicuous with his bandaged head—said something to the sergeant, and, without deigning to as much as glance in the direction of the barn, put spurs to his chestnut, and led the squadron full gallop towards the woods.

"Thank heaven we've seen the last of them!" exclaimed Dick Datchett, earnestly. But he was wrong. The sergeant and two troopers remained in the courtyard, holding six riderless horses among them—the number of the lancers who had paid the penalty of their reckless valour in the dingy gloom of that Spanish barn.

It was now broad daylight, but the sky was still grey and lowering, and, though the rain no longer fell, one felt its presence in the wet wind.

"Marching troops, Will—look!" said Dick Datchett. "There goes a cavalry regiment, probably your own, but too far off to hear us if we fired; and that dark mass on the edge of the hill there is a battalion of foot—*hark!*"

A rolling crash came on the wind, followed by a dull, thunderous boom, and above the fringe of trees, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, white smoke rose slowly and crept southward in a straggling cloud.

"They are fighting yonder!" exclaimed the captain, stamping his heel. "And we mewed up here without horses!"

He glared savagely at the three Poles in the courtyard. The squadron had passed from sight some moments ago, and Will knew what was in his mind.

"I've two shots, uncle—shall we chance it?" he said.

"It's very tempting, boy, but the range is against it in this wind. Let us see what they are going to do; that wounded sergeant means mischief."

Grogowski's comrade had evidently fared badly in the attack.

His sword hand was bandaged, his yellow plastron had an ugly red smear across it, and he sat bowed forward in the saddle as if in pain, until he slowly dismounted, when they saw from his limping gait that he had also a leg wound.

IT SLID SWIFTLY DOWN, CARRYING ALL BEFORE IT.

As for their own hurts, they were fortunately slight, and they watched the three men with curiosity as they linked their horses together and approached the barn.

There was an expression of sullen vindictiveness in the sergeant's face, as he came, waving his bandaged hand in token of truce, which did not escape our friends in the loft, and caused the captain to mutter, "Will, we must watch that fellow!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIGHT AT THE FORD.

Crouching down, they peered through the broken flooring as the lancers entered the barn and stood for a few seconds gazing round at the terrible carnage.

To Will it was a revelation of the way war can blunt the finer feelings, as he watched them

turning body after body over and over, and ransacking the pockets of their dead comrades with the most perfect unconcern.

Only when the sergeant came to Grogowski, and saw the horrible nature of his death-wound, did he betray the slightest emotion, and I am not sure, even then, that the find of a gold Napoleon in his fob was not at the bottom of the sentiment.

Dick Datchett had seen such things before, and, rising quietly from his knee, he went to the window, where he stood looking out at the distant firing; his brow puckered into a frown, his left hand playing a soft tattoo on the ledge.

At that particular moment Dick Datchett was nothing if he were not thoughtful, and by degrees the tattoo slowed down, resolved itself into a monotonous tapping with one finger, and suddenly ceased altogether.

"Will," he whispered, leaning back into the loft, "what are those scoundrels up to now?"

"Gathering the swords and lances," replied Will in the same tone.

"Then come here," said the captain, motioning him to move as noiselessly as possible; and Will, rising cautiously from his peep-hole, approached the window.

"You see those branches," said the captain, pointing to a large cork tree growing beyond the courtyard wall; "and you see that hole in the tiles where we sent the end of the ladder through the roof—can you work up the rafters, hand over hand, and creep out on to the ridge? If so, the rest is easy!"

"I'll try," said Will, looking up at the patch of grey sky through the rent overhead. "Here goes!" And the next moment he was dangling, all arms and legs, from one of the slanting beams.

The captain watched him anxiously; but the lad's muscles were strong, and after a few pauses to take breath, he grasped the ridge pole, and hung, looking down over his shoulder, shaking his head to intimate that the aperture was too small.

Then followed some dumb show, by which the captain illustrated the removal of more tiles; and Will, changing arms when he could hold no longer, gradually widened the opening until he could draw himself up and crawl out on to the roof.

He disappeared for what seemed an interminable time, but at last his head was protruded over the hole again, and he beckoned with a radiant face.

The captain silently sheathed his sabre, and glanced out of the window, when he saw one of the lancers below him coming backwards into the courtyard, followed by another, and between them they carried a dead man, his right arm trailing on the ground, his bare head sunk forward on to his chest, and the wind playing lightly among his fair curly hair.

Datchett drew into the shadow, and watched them lay their burden under the far wall of the courtyard, and, while they were returning, a rustling noise in the barn made him step back and peer down at the sergeant.

He was intent on his work, and did not look up at the loft, but his work made the captain's eyebrows arch considerably, and a curious grey pallor to pass across his face.

The sergeant was piling up armfuls of hay and litter immediately under the trap in the floor, and Dick Datchett knew what *that* meant.

"It's now, or it's never!" he muttered in his moustache, and, as the two others returned, he grasped the beam and slowly mounted.

The dust of ages settled on his face, and almost choked him, but he persevered, and soon the cool air blew upon him, and he struggled out, crushing his bushy, and grinding his gay lace on the wet ridge; but he was free at last, and, keeping well on the far side of the roof, he crawled to the edge and looked over.

Will was standing under the tree with his sword drawn, looking up, and, with an agility that surprised himself, the captain dropped from bough to bough, until he stood beside him.

"Quick, lad!" he cried. "We'll make a clean sweep of their horses. Follow me." And he set off along the wall towards the deserted dwelling.

The gateway through which they had ridden in the night before was on the other side of the courtyard, and to reach it they had to pass round two sides of a parallelogram, at one end of which was the barn, at the other the mansion.

The horses, linked together in a bunch, stood three strides within the gateway; nine strong beasts fully accoutred; and, once in the saddle, our friends knew that they could defy pursuit.

"Now, Will," whispered the hussar, pausing outside the gate. "What is done must be done in the twinkling of an eye. Go for the nearest horse, cut him loose, and mount: I'll look to the others. Then we must ride as we never rode before, straight for yonder gap in the trees. If I'm hit, keep on, and bring back help. Our fellows are yonder, and we've got to reach them!"

He bent down on all fours, and looked round the angle of the gateway.

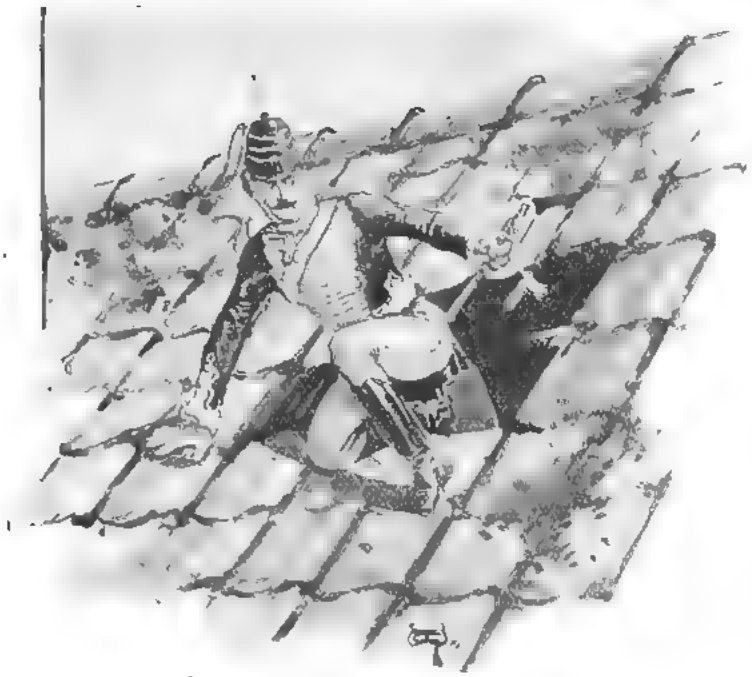
"Gad! We were only just in time; they've fired the barn!" And as he spoke a column of white smoke poured from the window in the loft, and the lancers came out into the open.

They stood with their backs to the two watchers, and Datchett crept forward, keeping the horses between them.

A slash, a gathering of the reins, one toe in a stirrup iron, and Will was astride a grey troop horse, Dick Datchett's head and shoulders rising simultaneously in the centre of the group, as he mounted the middle horse of the bunch and grasped a handful of reins.

"Spur!" he yelled. "Lead off that bay filly. Hurrah! we're under weigh!" And with a great clatter of hoofs they dashed out of the courtyard, followed by a howl of rage from the Poles under the burning barn.

Whooping like maniacs, the mud churning in showers about them, Datchett craning over his holsters like an old-time jockey, and Will two lengths ahead, they tore over the plain, a galloping, surging mass of men and horses, with no very decided idea as to destination, anxious only to



FREE AT LAST!

leave the barn behind and to fall in with one of those battalions they had seen in the distance.

* * * * * *

A heavy, rain-sodden road, squirmed by the recent passage of many squadrons into a quivering porridge, wound among the woods, and a general officer, riding alone, was floundering southward, when renewed firing in his rear caused him to draw rein.

He was in a very unenviable temper, for someone had blundered, and the fresh explosion of musketry evidently did not improve matters, for he jerked his horse round, smote his thigh, and said some hearty things not laid down in His Majesty's regulations for the use of general officers.

He paused irresolute for a few seconds, but the firing continued, and then, with a dig of his heels that made his horse jump into the air and land with a mighty *splosh*, he started back again the way he had come.

He was still in sight, when an officer in red and another in blue, with nine excited horses between them, came down a woodland track into the road at a sharp trot, saw the horseman to northward, and quickened their pace.

"Yon's a British officer," cried the blue gentleman. "Come on!"

And they came on, spattering each other liberally until they could hardly see out of their eyes.

Urging their prizes into a floundering gallop, they had arrived within a hundred yards of the party, when out of the woods on the left swooped a familiar squadron of Polish lancers. There was a flutter of pennons, a momentary flash of steel, and, wheeling as suddenly as they had appeared, the enemy whisked off into the trees again, carrying the general with them.

"Back, Will!" cried the captain. "There's a pretty mess, and Zaminski has captured somebody of more value than ourselves. Pull that fiddle-headed grey brute round, and we'll try our luck the other way."

The "fiddle-headed brute" had spied her comrades, and Will had his work cut out to pull her in, but thanks to the French bit, which had more leverage than our own, he turned her at last, and thrashed her into reason with the flat of his sword.

The rain was falling again, driving straight into their faces. Will began to feel that disagreeable hollowness that speaks of no breakfast, and the joys of soldiering were becoming somewhat subdued under the influence of mud and cross purposes, when Dick Datchett suddenly brought his riderless troop to a halt as a cavalcade swept at a hard trot round a bend in the road.

Will's hand went up to his forehead as the captain saluted the foremost horseman, and, checking his charger, the new comer stared at Dick Datchett with undisguised astonishment from under the point of his low-crowned cocked hat.

He was a thin man, with a commanding nose and a keen aristocratic face, rather hollow about the cheeks; and his cloak blown open showed a grey surtout and a long leg in a tight pantaloon.

Behind him rode a group of staff officers, cloaked to the ears, with a light dragoon or two among them, and one of the staff put up an eye-glass and regarded our friends with an air of supercilious amusement, as though he were accustomed to look upon strange beasts and always found them interesting.

"Well, sir?" said the thin man, in a dry voice.

"I am Captain Datchett of the 10th, my lord," said Dick. "I am appointed to General Slade's staff, and have just come up from Lisbon with my nephew, Mr. Mortimer, who wishes to join the Royals."

The Marquis of Wellington accorded Will a short nod.

"But what the deuce are you doing with these horses, eh?"

"Taken them from an ambush of the enemy, which has just carried off an officer on the road yonder."

"Eh? What? The deuce, sir!" snapped

Wellington. "Who was he? Some confounded straggler whom the lesson will serve very well right, I suppose?"

"A staff hat and a bay horse is all the description I can give you, my lord," said Dick, and Wellington glanced inquiringly at the officer beside him.

"Sir Edward, for a guinea!" said that individual.

"I hope not," said the marquis, and he gathered up his reins.

"Turn those beasts over to the first regiment you meet," he continued, "and get across the ford. Slade is over by this time with his brigade, and you'll find your regiment with him, young gentleman."

Dick Datchett moved off without a word, and Will followed him, looking back at the celebrated general, who was soon hidden in the mist.

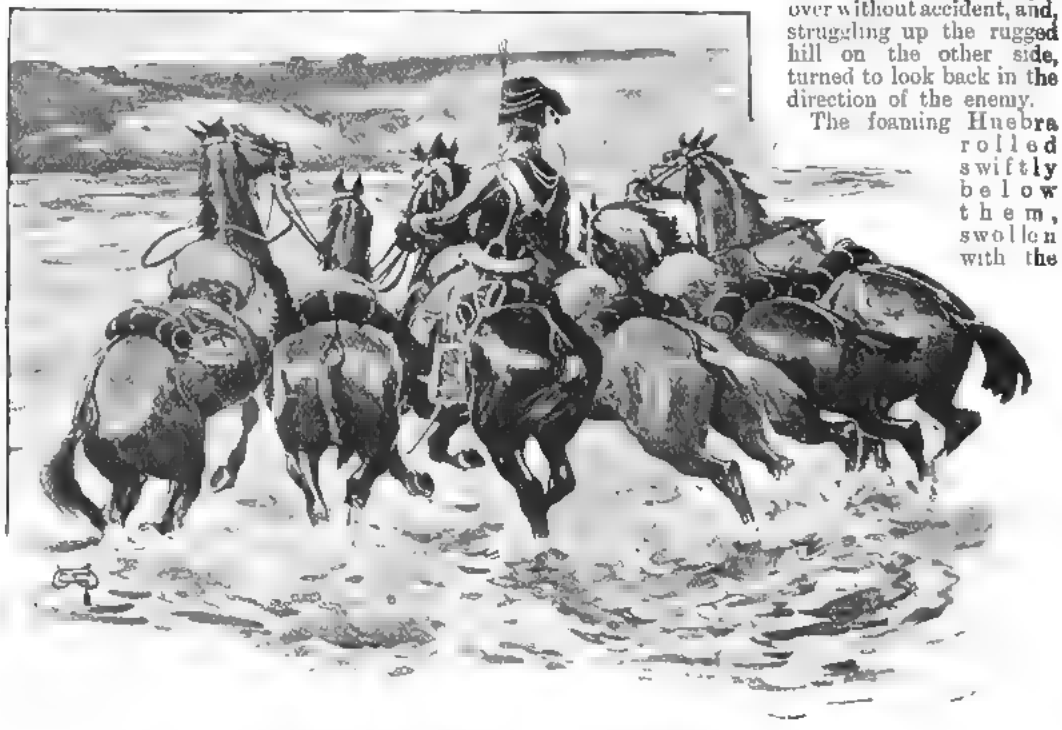
Dick began to trot, and in a few minutes they came out of the trees on to the same river they had forded the previous evening, and saw a patrol posted to point out the ford, and several battalions drawn up on the top of the opposite bank, with a long line of cavalry, muffled in red cloaks, farther to the rear.

"There are your fellows," cried the hussar over his shoulder, "and here goes for another wetting."

With a knot of reins in each hand the captain rode into the water.

The current was strong, and one raw-boned chestnut evinced a desire to pass the ford on his hind legs, but they got over without accident, and, struggling up the rugged hill on the other side, turned to look back in the direction of the enemy.

The foaming Huebra rolled swiftly below them, swollen with the heavy rains, and as they sat there two field officers of the dragoons rode up to the edge of the plateau.



WITH A KNOT OF REINS IN EACH HAND THE CAPTAIN RODE INTO THE WATER.

"Pardon me, my lord," said Datchett, "but you run a great risk with no escort—there is a resolute fellow behind there of the Polish lancers, who lay last night at a ruined house in the wood and treated us to the honour of an escalade this morning."

Wellington looked at him with his cold, clear eye, and was about to speak, when the head of a column in full march bore down upon the party; great coats on, shakoes cased, heads bent before the drizzle—a solid grey mass of British infantry filling the roadway from side to side.

With another nod the commander-in-chief dismissed our two friends to go their way, and, drawing his horse up the slippery bank, beckoned to a mounted officer riding with the column.

"You are in luck's way, Will," said the captain. "Here are two of the Royals, one of whom I know slightly—hello, Purvis, is that you?"

The officer thus addressed peered over the collar of his cloak and laughed grimly.

"'Pon my life, I've every reason to suppose so," said he. "Surely you are Datchett of the 10th—by gad! you've turned up at an odd moment. Been doing a bit of horse-stealing?"

"Yes, we've settled accounts with six of the enemy this morning," said Dick, disengaging his hand from the reins and grasping the other's. "Will, this is Major Purvis of yours—my nephew, Will Mortimer, just gazetted to the Royals, major

—terrible fire-eater, exhales brimstone from every pore—gad, I'm nothing if I'm not descriptive."

The major shook hands with Will and welcomed him cordially, introducing him to his brother officer, who wore a puzzled expression on his face as he looked from the young cornet to the horses with their lancer trappings.

ONE MAN STRUGGLED ACROSS WITH A LITTLE BUGLER CLINGING TO HIS KNAPSACK.

"I say, Purvis," he cried, "have we the solution of that handsome black mare here, or have we not?"

"A black mare with one white stocking, sir?" said Will eagerly.

"Yes; she galloped up to my troop an hour ago, riderless, with the reins about her legs, and a brand new Royals' saddle-cloth——"

"She's mine," exclaimed Will.

"And I'm very sorry to hear it," laughed his new acquaintance. "I was going to have her up to auction and buy her myself."

"Ha!" interrupted the major, "here comes the Light Division, and hard pressed too!"

They all looked across the river, and Will had his first experience of warfare as seen from a distance.

The ground sloped up from the opposite side for about eight hundred yards to the edge of the forest, and the Light Division debouched from the trees in some haste to the accompaniment of sharp firing.

A crowd of stragglers were running for the river—men and women; a wagon drawn by six jaded mules took the ford at the wrong place, and was whirled away under their eyes.

A regiment of French chasseurs came at full trot along the bank from the left, received a volley from the foremost regiment, and broke off to try their luck in another quarter.

"Hear that?" said the major, as a booming roar rent the air. "They have got their guns up, and I'm hanged if yonder fellow hasn't formed square instead of crossing the river!"

"Who commands the division?" asked Dick.

"Alten, a brave man enough, but there's the marquis, unless I'm much mistaken. See, he has countermanded the order, and Ross's guns are unlimbering on the flat!"

A battery immediately below them cleared for action, and, as gun after gun opened fire on the ridge, Will heard the peculiar whistle of grape shot, which went rending and tearing into the trees over the heads of the 52nd, which was in full march for the ford.

Some companies of the 43rd and the 95th Rifles began to skirmish on the ridge, and it was evident to the watchers that a strong force of the enemy was pressing our rear guard.

Driving rain and mist swept over the plain, and the grey columns were now obscured, now visible, as they headed at a swinging pace for the Huebra.

The line of trees behind them was alive with white puffs of smoke, Soult being determined to harry us to the bitter end: but one after another the battalions entered the water, the staff crossed, and only the skirmishers remained to be withdrawn.

One of the regiments passed close by the horsemen on the height, and Will found them very different to the smart sergeant who had drawn such a glorious picture of service to the village lads at home.

Every face was tanned; all were ragged and inconceivably dirty, beards bristled on chins, toes protruded from rents in the worn-out boots, and there was a sullen, reckless air about the marching men that made our hero thoughtful.

A tremendous uproar of firing took his attention again, and he heard the major say: "Heavy guns, by gad, gentlemen!"

Heavy guns they were, too; and three columns of water rose in the air as three shots plumped into the centre of the river.

Something went humming overhead, wreathed in a light blue vapour.

"Shell," said Dick Datchett laconically.

Will had no need to follow it with his eye, for another and another fell on the clay bank,

burrowed deeply, and left two yawning holes, which the rain promptly filled.

A thirsty private of the 43rd bent down and drank from one of them a little later.

"Here come the skirmishers!" said the major, as the grey dots that had fringed the ridge suddenly rose and ran down the slope.

As our fellows abandoned the position they had held for a quarter of an hour the French broke out of the woods and hailed a leaden tempest upon them.

The bullets spattered the water; a sergeant pitched full length on to his face and beat the ground convulsively with both arms; one man sat down as he ran, grasped his head in his hands, and, sinking backwards, lay very still.

It was all terribly novel to Will; the element of personal danger that had been present with him in the barn was wanting now, and he felt himself start at every gun.

It was not fear, but to sit in his saddle and see those weary men bowled over like rabbits upset him, and he wanted to be doing something.

He watched them rush in twos and threes into the stream, holding their muskets at arms' length above their heads as they sank shoulder deep; he saw many of them go under, and one man struggled across with a little bugler clinging to his knapsack.

Those that had fallen remained where they lay, and no one thought any more about them. War makes men selfish, and for every good quality it brings out in human nature it stirs up two bad ones.

"You'll get used to this sort of thing, Mr. Mortimer," said the major kindly, noticing the lad's white face. "I wish you had joined a few months earlier though. We've had a year of outpost and picket duty. Fine thing to put you through your facings."

"I shall be glad to join the regiment, sir," said Will—it was a relief to speak to somebody. "Do you think we are likely to be engaged to-day?"

The major smiled.

"That depends on whether our infantry hold the fords or not. You are in a desperate hurry to kill somebody."

"I killed a man this morning," said Will simply, flushing crimson.

"Jove!" said the major, "you'll prove a credit to us. But I rather fancy we shall go into winter quarters after this business."

There was a terrific thud about a yard from the major, which effectually interrupted him.

"Back!" cried the other dragoon; "that shell will burst!"

They instantly scattered in all directions, and the next moment a cloud of wet clay rose from the ground; there was a mighty explosion, and fragments of iron hurtled through the air, fortunately striking nobody.

Dick Datchett fared badly, though. His captives rose in terror-stricken rebellion, fighting and struggling to break away, until Will and the major and the captain of dragoons had to go to his assistance.

"Mr. Mortimer," said the major, "will you be good enough to ride to the regiment and bring up a corporal and two files? These brutes may as well be put in safe keeping."

Nothing could have pleased Will better, and, putting spurs to the grey trooper, he galloped off to execute the first order he had yet received.

He found the Royal Dragoons drawn up in squadron, muffled in cloaks that had once been red, and were now "of many colours," thanks to active service.

The black horses steamed in the rain, and the men sat huddled up over their saddle-bows, until the sight of an unknown officer wearing their own uniform roused an interest in the ranks.

A young subaltern, with very long legs, was the first person Will encountered, and he transferred the cornet to his captain, who had made five attempts to light a wet cigar, and was then chewing it disconsolately.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said the captain, when Will had introduced himself and made his errand known. "Sergeant! Corporal and two men for this gentleman!"

The sergeant behind him instantly told off the party, and Will galloped back again with his escort. Dick Datchett and the major heard the hoofs, and turned their heads.

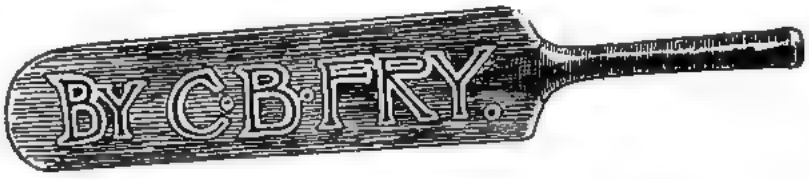
Dick had been sounding his nephew's praises, and the major had a kindly gleam in his eye for the youngster who came dashing up with a happy smile and a delightful sensation of importance inside his soaking jacket.

There went another humming overhead—so close that both officers bent low instinctively—and then the major's face grew white with horror; Dick uttered an indescribable cry, and the captain of the Royals opened his mouth and forgot to close it.

They saw the lad, one moment full of life and hope and golden promise—the next, and the shell entered the chest of the grey horse, exploded with a sickening crash, and all was smoke and mangled ruin.

(To be continued).

How To Bat and How Not To Bat



II.—THE SCIENCE AND ART OF BATTING.

The art of batting consists in the *right application of a correct technique.* By "a correct technique" I mean correct methods in making the various strokes — in fact, a mastery of the drill of batting; by "right application," making the right stroke at the right ball in the right way at the right time. The distinction is based on the fact that different balls require different strokes; you must accommodate your stroke to the ball since the ball does not accommodate itself to your stroke; ability to make a certain stroke correctly is useless if you cannot select the proper ball for it; you may be capable of cutting perfectly, but what does that avail for a ball you ought to drive? Some batsmen play in "good style" yet make few runs; their "technique" is good, but "application" bad; others show "bad form," but make plenty — "technique" bad, "application" good. The first-rate player is he who combines excellence in both respects, for each is equally essential.

BAT WITH YOUR HEAD.

Few young cricketers appreciate the importance of this fact and the implied distinction; they do not as a rule *think out their batting;* they do not connect cause and effect from beginning to end; and, since it is with the "technique" of batting, with the learning to make the various strokes, that they are from the necessity of the case chiefly concerned, they are especially liable to forget that for good and successful batting much is essential besides mechanical proficiency.

It is easy to understand that if you play a wrong stroke, or play incorrectly, the result is bad; but it is also easy to miss or underrate the importance of each step in the process of making a stroke. So, before dealing with "technique and its application," let us clear the ground by analysing a stroke, considering its component parts, and noting the import and value of each.

BY WATCHING THE BALL

the batsman *judges* what sort it is; by *instinct* or by *experience* he *knows* what stroke is required; by his *timing faculty* he hits exactly at the right moment; and, finally, by *proficiency in the technique of batting*, the stroke itself, including poise of the body, action of the limbs, and management of the bat, is as perfect as possible in relation to the desired object.

Strokes differ, but the process as described above is the same in all. What you must grasp is that for any stroke to be perfect, every step must be perfect. Failure in any of them at once spells blemish; the correctness of the whole depends on the correctness of the parts, especially where the parts are, as in this case, closely inter-related.

The need of *watching the ball* is connected with the axiom which holds in rifle-shooting and butterfly-catching as well as in cricket, that—bar flukes—to hit an object you must aim at it. In batting you must concentrate your vision and attention on the ball from the moment it leaves the bowler's hand till you have actually played it; thus, and thus

only, can you judge the ball correctly; thus only can you persuade your eye to guide hand and bat into the way of a perfect stroke. *Careful watching is the secret—nay, an absolute condition of correct judgment, which in turn is an essential condition of correct play.* And, furthermore, the accurate execution of a stroke depends chiefly upon keeping your eye on the ball till it actually meets the bat; for

THE HAND FOLLOWS THE EYE.

This vigilance, this attention, you must cultivate till it becomes second nature. It is an effort of will till it becomes a habit; and habit fails us less easily than will. Unless you make the practice habitual you are likely to find the strain of concentrating your attention very irksome, and the power to do so very illusive. Watching six balls carefully, you play them well; careless with the seventh, you make a mistake and the pavilion. On easy wickets a moderate number of runs are scored by perfunctory watchers; on difficult wickets very, very few. Alfred Shaw will give you one reason for "W. G.'s" pre-eminence: "*He watches her so.*" The same trait is a distinguishing mark of all great batsmen—Arthur Shrewsbury, Percy Macdonell, A. E. Stoddart, W. L. Murdoch, A. C. Maclaren, Clem Hill, K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

Judging the ball means simply finding out all about it—its direction, elevation, flight, pace, pitch, and spin. We have seen that correct judgment is closely connected with careful watching; and also that correct judgment is an absolute condition of correct play. Different kinds of balls require different kinds of strokes, and modifications or variations of a particular sort of ball require a corresponding modification or variation of the stroke. Hence, when you realise that in batting the least mistake in detail may be fatal, you see the importance of judging the ball well.

How far your judgment is good depends partly on the virtue of your natural faculty for judging moving objects

A FACULTY SOMETIMES CALLED "EYE":

partly upon the degree to which you have learnt by experiment and observation to discriminate between one ball and another. Nothing can give you "eye" if you have not got it, but you can improve your actual faculty and increase your acquired discrimination by constant attention and practice.

Here, once for all, take warning against a very common and very pernicious fault, viz., that of *prejudging* the ball—*i.e.*, making up your mind what ball is coming before the ball is delivered at all. Save for the *mere chance* that your preconceived idea be right, to prejudge is as disastrous as to misjudge; in fact, the result is the same. Remember that, in the case of each ball, till you see and judge what it is you have absolutely no data for selecting your stroke. *Like a photographic plate till the shutter is opened, your mind should remain a sensitive blank till the ball is bowled. Each ball as it comes should be allowed to make its own separate individual impression on your perceptions, so that through them you may form an independent particular judgment.* Master the theory and the practice embodied in the above italics, and you master one of the greatest difficulties in cricket.

Now you may judge a ball perfectly—know all about it, in fact—yet be quite *ignorant what stroke you ought to play.* A knowledge of right procedure in this respect you may possess by instinct, *i.e.*, you may have an intuitive knowledge, and, in so far as you have, you are a natural cricketer. Failing that, you can acquire it either by your own experiments and observation, or by availing yourself of the experience of others, purveyed whether in print, as here, or in the advice and demonstration of a coach. But the point is to recognise that this knowledge is distinct from "eye" or judgment or mere mechanical proficiency, and that it is equally essential.

TIMING THE BALL

well means making bat and ball meet exactly at the right instant, both in the stroke of the bat and in the flight of the ball. Understand that a particular ball is a fixed quantity, and a particular stroke a fixed quantity. When you have selected the stroke that suits the ball you have yet to bring the two into effective relation, because they are separate till you do.

The only test of the effectiveness of the relation you create is the way the ball travels after it is hit. The better you judge the ball, the more wisely you select, and the more correctly you make the stroke, the easier is it for you to time it accurately. But otherwise actual accuracy in timing depends upon your amount of "personal error." This term I use, not quite in its usual sense, to signify the difference between the time at which you "will" to hit, and that at which you actually *do* hit. You may judge the time accurately, and try to make bat meet ball at that instant, but perhaps your hand may not obey your will quite truly.

The amount of your "personal error" equals the amount of disobedience of hand to will,

This amount differs in different persons. But as a rule a maximum of good health and fitness means a minimum of personal error. Hence the value, for cricket and all similar games, of a regular, wholesome life. Note, by the way, that the term "timing" is sometimes used to cover the whole process of watching, judging, and hitting accurately; and "eye" to include all faculties therein employed.

From these considerations we see that, apart from faults of technique, or of the application thereof in a particular stroke, there are general points where a batsman may make mistakes common to all strokes. The matter may be summed up thus: The conditions of a correct technique, and a right application thereof, are (1) careful watching, (2) correct judging, (3) sufficient knowledge, (4) accuate timing.

The correctness of what I call the technique of a stroke depends on (1) position of feet (and legs), (2) attitude of body, (3) action of arms, (4) management of bat.

POSITION BEFORE THE STROKE.

But there is the position before the stroke to be considered. It is twofold. The first part is a sort of *stand at ease*, with bat in the block; the second a position *at attention*, with the bat lifted back ready for the stroke, whichever it may be.

Good players differ much in the first part of the position, but nearly all shape alike in the second. All things considered, the more the two parts are of a piece the better. In the first, the batsman waits, resting and comfortable, until the bowler is on the point of delivering the ball; then he assumes the second, in order to watch the ball in its flight and to shape for the stroke.

The points to aim at in these anterior positions are (1) to be easy and comfortable, (2) to be able to command and keep a good sight of the ball, (3) to be able to pass with facility into any stroke whatever.

Having grasped these requisite points, you had better so stand as to secure them. The following I consider the best position:—

PART I.—Right foot: Toe just clear of leg stump; inside of toe 2ins. inside crease: heel 1in. inside crease. Left foot: Toe 1in. clear of leg stump; inside of toe 6ins. outside crease; heel 2ins. outside crease. Bat blocked near right toe, covering the middle and the leg stump. Bat quite "straight"—*i.e.*, upright. Legs straight; body just enough inclined over bat for comfort. Line of shoulders at right angles to crease. Arms hanging flexible and easy. Weight entirely on right foot.

PART II.—Lift bat up and back towards top of middle stump; and stand bolt upright, but quite easy. On no account shift your feet.

[NOTE.—Way to hold bat: Left hand should grasp top of handle; the right hand immediately below it. Back of left hand should be seen full by mid-off. Do not hold tightly, except when actually making the stroke.]

From Part II. of the position recommended, you can watch and judge the ball, and can pass straight into the poise and motion required for any stroke whatsoever. Note the position of the feet; for in all strokes the key to correctness is a correct position of the feet. Really, if the feet are right, the rest of the stroke follows almost naturally.

The criteria of a good stroke are:—

(1) Safety, (2) effectiveness, and, as a corollary (3) ease.

By *safety* is meant that the stroke is so made that the batsman is as unlikely as possible either to be (1) bowled, or (2) caught; *i.e.*, not getting out.

By *effectiveness* is meant that, in so far as the stroke admits it, runs are scored to the greatest possible extent; *i.e.*, getting runs.

By *ease*, is meant making the stroke with a minimum of exertion and a maximum of effect; *i.e.*—(1) not tiring; (2) looking well.

Safety is the first requisite; that being provided for, effectiveness is the next. *To secure these two essentials the bat, in all strokes except the cut, hook and leg-hit, should be kept perfectly "straight"—i.e., upright to the bowler's eye; and all strokes should be played so over the ball that it travels on the ground.* The reason for the latter precaution is obvious—to avoid any chance of being caught. A "straight" bat exposes less of the wicket and has a better chance of meeting the ball than a "crooked" or crosswise bat. Ease in securing these requisites comes from correct attitude and from practice.

Next month we will take the principal strokes one by one, and try to grasp their technique and application.

C. B. Fry.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. N. Morris.—The club is wrong. Your brother is a professional secretary and not a professional footballer. Mr. Lacey, the secretary of the M.C.C., is not a professional cricketer.

E. F. Gellard.—Write to Mr S. K. Holman, secretary of the London Athletic Club, Stamford Bridge, Chelsea, S.W.

H. K. Jones.—To run hurdles well you must learn the three stride method, that is, to take three strides between

each hurdle and one stride over. You must also be able to last the distance. The best way to practise is to run four days a week. Run over three or four flights three or four times until you get the stride; then take two or three more flights in. You will soon learn to run the whole distance evenly and fast. You should practise sprinting on the flat to increase your pace. For high jumping, practise three days a week, and jump each day as in a competition. Do not alter your diet.

G. V. Stewart.—Begin with a lighter weight till you get the knack, then increase the weight gradually up to 16lbs. Throw four days a week. Half-a-dozen throws is enough.

G. H. Cole.—Unless you are ill or physically unfit stitch comes simply from want of training and condition. Do not force yourself too much when first you begin to train. With improved condition stitch will go. Apart from running there is nothing like walking for the leg muscles.

R. H. Carmichael.—It is a matter of individual preference. I have tried both and do not know which is the better. But I am inclined to think it is better to "rub" the moment one gets up, go for a quarter of an hour's walk, and then have breakfast.

Fifth Form Boy.—Regular meals, plain, wholesome food, and early hours. Don't eat between meals, do plenty of walking and some running, play games. For the rest, actual practice in the gymnasium will effect all you require.

A. H. de Viane.—Eleven and one-fifth seconds is an ordinary good time for a school-boy 100yds. on grass. But you must get under eleven on cinders to do any good in handicaps. Sprinters improve enormously with practice. Your mile 4mins. 58secs. is about the average for school-boy time. I should say half-a-mile is your best distance.

M. O'Brien.—Cigarette-smoking, as a practice, is very bad for training. Run between half-past four and half-past five. I cannot give a routine without knowing the distances you mean to try.

A. E. Ereant.—(1) Cycling is bad for running. (2) Lemons—that is, a minute slice thereof—is better than liquid.

S. B. Watt.—Regular meals, early hours, general rules of health, and proper amount of practice on the track. Tips are no good.

A. Ward.—Improve the condition by wise and moderate training. Stitch will disappear when you get fit.

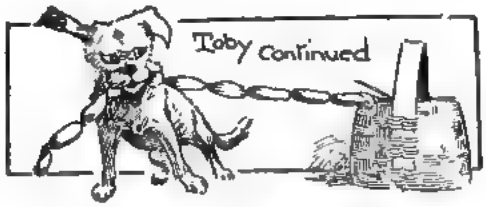
R. G. Brooke.—Let me refer you to the concluding words in the first paragraph of my article. If you enter for a conglomeration of events you must either train for a very long time and very gradually, or else be content to practise each event very, very little. The worst thing possible is to be jaded or tired. You ought to have got through all your real work before the last week. The two days are only to keep you in trim. I should like to argue with you *viva voce*.

N. A. Brown.—(1) Yes, quite suitable provided you are leading a regular, wholesome life. (2) By practising running and gradually increasing the distance.

C. S. Radley.—Fish and a cutlet for breakfast, cold beef for lunch, and whatever you jolly well please for dinner.

Harrier.—Your programme is excellent, but be careful to modify it the moment you feel you are overdoing it ever so slightly.

C. B. F.



"THE LONG WHITE LINE"

A TALE OF GREYHOUSE.

BY R·S·WARREN·BELL.

I.

GREYHOUSE INFIRMARY was ringing with distressful cries.

"Oh, my eyes!"

"Oh, please—*please* bring the sponge!"

"Nurse, it's *my* turn next!"

"Nurse, you said you'd sponge me next. I've been awake for hours."

"Sponge, O!" in a deep growl. "Why can't you bring that sponge?"

Ejaculations of a similar character were filling the air of the makeshift hospital at Greyhouse. They all proceeded from boys who, though wide awake, could not see until the sponge gave them vision. Wherefore let me hasten to explain this woeful condition of ocular affairs.

One gusty, gaunt March—the gustiest, gauntest March I ever remember—there came to Greyhouse an epidemic. If you look in the dictionary you will find that worthy Mr. Nuttall describes ophthalmia as: "An inflammation of the eye," but probably Mr. Nuttall had never had it, or he wouldn't have dismissed it so carelessly.

I will tell you what ophthalmia is. First your eyes begin to tingle, and then to smart, and then they become pink, and then red. Then, one morning, when you wake up, you only do so mentally, as it were, because you cannot raise your eyelids. You struggle and struggle to open your eyes, but the ophthalmic fiend says that you shall not, for during your slumbers he has set his seal upon your lashes, and look upon the fair sunlight you cannot, until some kindly soul brings a warm sponge and releases your organs of vision from their bondage.

But this is not the worst. The cure is as bad as the disease. A doctor comes, bearing a little bottle and a camel's-hair brush. Being the school doctor, he talks to you just as if he were a master, and as a master you recognise him. Obediently you pull down your lower lid, and he plunges into each eye the brush, soaked in what the bottle contains. Then for a few minutes you rather wish that you had never been born; if somebody were to kick you, you wouldn't feel it; a flogging would not even distract your attention in any material degree. You roll about, and groan, and bite, and sob, and gradually the awful tingling abates, and at length, in a bloodshot way, you leer at the world again. Of course, it is all for your good, and (after the pain has gone) you understand this.

Now, this gusty, gaunt March, the ophthalmic fiend descended upon Greyhouse School, and in a single night set a score of eyes itching. Twenty-four hours later forty eyes were feeling funny, and the same malignant humour had extended itself to a third of the school ere another morning wore to eve.

Things were now looking very black—or, in the case of the stricken ones, unpleasantly crimson. The Head took counsel with his staff—"the end" (by which I mean the end of the term) was only three weeks' distant.

The Head decided to hold out during that period in hopes that the scourge would abate. Meanwhile, the doctor's gig bowled merrily up the drive two or three times a day, instead of at 4 p.m. only, his usual hour of call.

Did a "Grey" wish to avoid "deten.," he had but to rub his eyes, and a watchful form-master whisked him off to the matron, whence he was passed on to the sick bay—there to await the doctor. But such malingerers paid penalty for shamming, for even though the doctor found their eyeballs clean and white, on their own confession or knuckle-rubbing they had felt the fatal itch, and so they were detained in the infirmary to await developments, with the result that the infection from a hundred eyes soon caught them and claimed them as victims.

Each morning added fresh patients to the already heavy roll, and at last things came to such a pitch that one day, while Greyhouse was breakfasting, the Head stalked into the hall, and, after grace, commanded the whole school to line up in the playground. This plan had evidently been laid over-night, for in the playground was found the doctor, irreverently dubbed "Goaty," on account of his beard—or, rather, the shape of it. Monitors and all had to line up—only Gardiner, the captain, walked up and down the serried ranks, and eyed his fellows in a mournful manner, for half the football team had been struck down by the malady, and the sports had had to be postponed.

The Head and the doctor conferred together, and then, as Gardiner gloomily returned to his place at the head of the monitors, the doctor walked towards him and started his examination. Each fellow was directed to pull down his lower eyelids and glance heavenwards. Gardiner was all right, but two of the Sixth were condemned, and, before the doctor had reached the end of the line, another five-and-twenty were dispatched to the infirmary. So already a hundred and forty out of three hundred fellows had fallen under the ban of excommunication.

The school infirmary was a big building, but it proved too small for this occasion of sickness.

The doctor, looking tired and weary, went to the Head.

"We are full up, sir: the boys are herded together now like cattle. You must give me the biggest dormitory."

The Head was correcting the Sixth's Latin prose, and the blunders had made him grind his teeth.

He rose from his desk, irritably thrusting aside his papers as he did so.

"This is as bad as the fever of five years ago."

The doctor disagreed with him.

"Not half as bad; a flea-bite compared with that fever," he said.

"Ah, but we look at it from two points of view," returned the Head.

"How you can say that ophthalmia can be as bad as a fever epidemic I can't think," rejoined the doctor, warmly. "Why, my dear sir, at the time you speak of we lost two boys, while in this event it is merely a matter of inconvenience——"

"Inconvenience!" snapped the Head.

"Yes, sir, inconvenience. I am a doctor and you a schoolmaster. Allow me to know! Ophthalmia seldom injures the eyesight, being about equal to an attack of measles. It comes and goes, leaving the boy no worse. Fever may kill."

"Well, well," replied the Head, in a milder tone, "you must forgive me for being a little short-tempered. This matter has spoilt the term; still, as you say, we must be thankful that it is not a more serious complaint. Now, let us see what can be done."

Thus did these two worthy men almost come to high words. They talked the matter over quietly, and at length arrived at a decision which surprised both masters and boys when they came to hear of it.

On the far side of the asphalt playground was a Covered Way for wet weather. Hard by this was the "gym." In times of rain you would find the Upper School disporting itself in the gym. and the Lower School indulging in gambols in the Covered Way. A Lower School has a habit of avoiding an Upper School, which is a wise habit, for an Upper School has an exacting way with it, and the Lower School loves not the boot that is heavy and the hand that is hard.

Well, over the Covered Way was an immense room, now a lumber-room; it was a very old room, full of dust, goal-posts, tattered flags, broken stumps, old school caps worn green with age, and nibbled by mouse and moth. Once upon a time, of course, that portion of playground covered in by this long chamber was, tradition said, a class-room, but even Old Greys, who were now masters at Greyhouse, could not remember when it was used as such.

As a result of the doctor's deliberation with the Head, it was decided not to turn one of the dormitories into a temporary hospital, but to use this big room over the Covered Way for the purpose. That would keep infection out of the main building.

No sooner settled than seen about. A number of spare beds were carted across the

playground by the school porter, the boot-boy, the gardeners, and Bill (Bill looked after the playing fields). The whole matter was superintended by that stately person, Saunders, the butler, who wore a gorgeous livery, received visitors, hectored the other men-servants, and wasn't at all a bad sort when he forgot what an important man he was.

II

So the overflow from the infirmary were lodged over the Covered Way, in the cleaned-up lumber-room, from the barred windows of which the invalids gazed on their happier comrades below, and wished they were well again. The nurse at the infirmary was already being assisted by two assistants from Petershall Hospital, so in charge of the overflow was placed a fat, good-tempered lady from the Cottage Hospital in Greyhouse Village. There were no patients in the Cottage, so the Doctor sent Nurse Smith along to sit up all night with the patients, and keep a general eye on them. During the day Saunders, helped by Bill and one of the gardeners, saw to their wants in the way of meals and so forth.

"Well, doctor, any fresh cases?"

"Not one," said the doctor.

With a sigh of relief the Head took a box of cigars out of a drawer, which was conveniently near to his hand as he wrote at his desk

"A weed, doctor?"

"I never smoke till after supper."

"Nonsense," said the Head; "tobacco is a recognised disinfectant. I may be catching ophthalmia from your clothes at this moment."

Viewed in this light, the cigar which he was holding out appeared to the doctor an absolutely necessary thing to accept, and so both gentlemen smoked, and the Head told anecdotes, and the doctor chuckled. Such was the effect of his welcome news. The spread of the epidemic was stopped; so, after all, the thing might be got under by the end of term, which would mean that Greyhouse would break up on the day it had broken up from time immemorial —*i.e.*, the Thursday before Easter—and all would conclude smoothly.

The outlook was decidedly encouraging, but the Head would not have chatted so cheerfully had he known what the night was to bring forth.

Presently the doctor's gig was seen bowling down the drive, and the ophthalmic patients were left to the care of their nurses for another twenty-four hours.

And it was a dull time—oho! a cooped-up, dreary time—for those same patients! In the infirmary the afflicted Greys roamed from room to room, played draughts and chess, quarrelled, and sighed for the time when their eyes would be well again. The worst of it was they weren't allowed to read. We are immediately concerned, however, with the makeshift hospital over the Covered Way. The afflicted Greys confined here had to fall back on much the same sort of amusements as their fellows in the infirmary proper, and the more unruly spirits proved thorns in the sides of the butler and the other men who waited on the invalids. After all, ophthalmia is a purely local complaint, and does not hinder the free use of arms and legs, and so boisterous games of "high cockolorum" and dormitory "prisoners' base" filled the air with dust, and caused many an inflamed eye to smart the worse. Goodness me! The pack of Greys cooped up in that old long room were as restless and as fidgety as a dozen ferrets would be if you crammed them into a Gladstone bag.

"Tuck" of all kinds was, of course, forbidden fruit, and so, naturally, the captives pined for jam tarts, jumbles, hardbake, and a new sticky, stringy confection which had lately come into favour, called "chew-boys-chew."

But the nimble boy-mind is roughly inventive, and a manner of procuring tuck from the exterior world was soon hit upon.

A small boy, gambolling in the playground below, was hailed, in stentorian and commanding tones, from a barred window of the dormitory by Hawkins, an over-grown dunce in the Fourth. From what I know of school forms there always seems to be a big boy, with a gruff voice, standing several inches higher than the other boys, in the Fourth Form, and, as a rule, he is as bad at games as he is at his work.

The small boy came at once, for he knew and feared Hawkins, who was as tyrannical as he was thick-headed. In matters pertaining to his stomach, however, Hawkins was particularly quick-witted. It was explained to the small boy that the brush-and-comb bag, which would presently be let down to him, would be found to contain the sum of two shillings, as well as a list of tuck-shop dainties. He was to unfasten the bag from the string, proceed to the tuck-shop, purchase the dainties stated on the list, return at full speed, re-attach the bag to the string, and signal "All serene," when the bag would be hauled up, and the dainties distributed to contributors to the tuck fund.

This illegal errand was successfully performed —the small boy carefully choosing a time to re-attach the bag when no monitor was in sight. He was rewarded for his despatch with two jumbles and a stick of "chew-boys-chew."

The experiment proved so successful that the

small boy was directed, in a note flung to him by Hawkins, to hang about that district whenever he was not in school or at meals—the result being that he became the accustomed messenger of the invalids, and, being rewarded liberally every time for his speed of foot, as well as his saint-like, innocent attitude, whenever a monitor hove in sight, stowed away more dainties than had fallen to his lot during the whole of the term.

The dropping and hauling up of the bag, and awaiting its return, afforded much excitement to the ophthalmic brigade, and, as sympathetic uncles and big brothers sent Postal Orders to the imprisoned ones—a sympathetic uncle always regards a ten-shilling Postal Order as the best sort of medicine for all ailments—there was no lack of purchase money to put in the brush-and-comb bag. The small boy who acted thus as middleman soon tumbled to the fact that, however dreadful a person Hawkins might be, Hawkins couldn't get at him, and so that small boy grew truculent, and, in spite of all threats of dire castigation, he declined to be rewarded with either jumbles or "chew-boys-chew"—of which latter commodity he was by now heartily sick—and demanded a fee of one penny per journey, which was reluctantly granted him. The invalids were at his mercy, you see.

Once a day arrived the doctor, his camel's-hair brush, and his horrid little bottle; once a day you might have heard loud ejaculations of distress in that makeshift hospital. The doctor was thoroughly hardened to his work, and remorselessly pulled down each eyelid, and thrust the brush in, for he knew that before the eyes could heal the lotion must be applied regularly. Hawkins was not only the biggest boy in the room—he was also the biggest coward. One day he howled and blubbered when the stuff hurt him, and another day his fright of the lotion caused him to snatch up a broom and keep the doctor at bay with it. But "Goaty" was not to be terrorised by a mere domestic utensil. He knocked away the broom, grabbed Hawkins by the collar, thrust him, back downwards, on to a bed, and, in spite of the bully's blubbering, applied the lotion by main force. Such were the incidents of this school epidemic. As I have said, the time came when there were no new cases to be reported to the Head. The spread of the ophthalmia had been stopped, and it looked as if the term were to end peaceably after all, and that no more worry was in store for the Head. But the Head was to have just one more shock; a fresh chapter in the history of Greyhouse was about to be written.

III.

MRS. SMITH, of the Cottage Hospital, and at this time temporary night-nurse to the sick-room over the Covered Way, was not a lady of active habits. She was large and ponderous, and her walk resembled a waddle more than anything. She was good tempered, however, and the Greys were glad to have her in the makeshift dormitory, for, as I have explained, when an ophthalmic patient's eyes are once closed fast in sleep, the application of a warm sponge is necessary ere they can re-open. Such is the grim clutch of this malignant demon.

"Now, young gentlemen," Mrs. Smith would say, when she arrived and found her charges all in bed, "don't forget that I am here when you wants me. If any of you wakes up and feels frightened when you can't open your eyes, or wants a drink of water, you've only to say 'Mrs. Smith!' and I'll come at once. Now, just you go off to sleep and don't talk, there's good young gentlemen. I knows you don't want to give me any more trouble than you can help."

Mrs. Smith's arrival was invariably hailed with rapture. She was a prime favourite, because she was so easy-going.

"I say, Mrs. Smith!"

"Yes, my dear?"

"Did Petershall beat the village this afternoon?"

"No," proudly; "the village beat 'em by two goals."

(Loud cheers from all the beds.)

"Yes, and one young gentleman from Petershall sprained his ankle."

"Hard luck!"

"Petershall said that Cobb, the butcher, deliberately tripped him."

(Loud denials from all football enthusiasts—Cobb was an excellent full-back, and much respected by all Greys.)

"And Cobb offered to fight 'em one by one, he was that indignant at the accusation."

(Many expressions of approval.)

"I say, nurse!"

"Yes, my dear?"

"You'll let us have just one tale, won't you?"

"My orders *is*," Mrs. Smith would commence in a weak voice, "that there's to be no talking whatsoever, and ——"

"Oh, but you don't mind *just* one tale?"

(This in a very wheedling tone from Mrs. Smith's pet boy.)

"Oh, well," Mrs. Smith would say, settling herself in her easy chair by the stove; "just this once and never no more."

"Oh, thanks, nurse; you're an *awfully* good sort, nurse!"

Alas! Mrs. Smith couldn't hold out against flattery, and one tale would follow another until the champion yarn-spinner himself fell asleep in the middle of an exciting story about Mexican desperadoes.

Now on the night when the Head was feeling much relieved by the doctor's favourable news, during a long bout of story-telling, everybody in the makeshift hospital dozed off. At last the yarn-spinner-in-chief, observing a strange silence around him, sat up, and very pertinently inquired:—

"Anyone awake?"

There was no reply.

"Good-night, nurse," he muttered, and promptly betook himself to his slumbers. Mrs. Smith did not reply to him, for the simple reason that she, too, was snoring.

It is extraordinary how a boy will watch his opportunity in order to do something that he ought not to do. A few minutes later, when he was sure that everybody else was sound asleep, Hawkins sat up in bed, reached for his coat, and took a cigarette out of the inside breast pocket; then, throwing off the clothes, he crept stealthily to the stove and lit the cigarette; then he got into bed again and proceeded to smoke it. Half-way through, an uncomfortable feeling took possession of him, and so, being aware of what would happen if he did not immediately desist, he chucked the cigarette away and lay down. He had been rendered very drowsy by staying awake so long, in order to break a rule, that he was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

Unthinkingly he had thrown the cigarette end into a corner of the room where was a miscellaneous assortment of string, boots, caps, and a large amount of that very thin and inflammable paper in which sweetmeats are wrapped. The cigarette end, in its death struggles, came into contact with the sweetmeat paper, and ignited it, helped in so doing by the slight breeze which came in through the top of an open window.

"GOATY" WAS NOT TO BE TERRORISED BY A MERE DOMESTIC UTENSIL.

Soon the pile of paper was burning in real earnest. The flames crept up one of the wooden walls, ran across the ceiling, and extended long, fiery fingers in all directions. The fire had now got hold of the rafters, which began to crackle and shed sparks.

Mrs. Smith stirred wearily in her chair. A moment later a whiff of smoke sailed up her nostrils, and then proceeded to tickle her bronchial tubes, so that her throat remonstrated with a cough, and the cough awoke her. She sat up and blinked about her.

She stood for some seconds in an irresolute attitude; then, suddenly, the awful fact that the sick-ward was on fire burst upon her dazed mind, and she uttered a shriek. Immediately a dozen fellows who slumbered lightly sat up. The smoke went down their throats and made them cough; they cried out in their terror, for though their eyes were fast closed their other senses were doubly on the alert, and they thoroughly recognised their peril.

IT WAS A SIGHT THAT THOSE WATCHING NEVER FORGOT AND NEVER WILL FORGET—THAT CREEPING LINE—THAT LONG, WHITE LINE OF FELLOW BEINGS SAVED FROM A FRIGHTFUL DEATH BY ONE READY BRAIN

Mrs. Smith rolled over to Hawkins's bed—he being the biggest boy in the room

"Wake up! wake up!" she cried, shaking him roughly.

"What's the matter?" growled Hawkins, sleepily.

A shower of sparks fell on him; he uttered a yell, and sprang out of bed.

And now on all sides there were loud cries.

Alas! their eyes were fast sealed by the ophthalmia; they could not see; they were blind, helpless—at the mercy of the flames!

Hawkins almost fell down with fright. Then he dashed his hands into his eyes. It was no good, they were fast shut. Shaking with terror he plunged forward; his burly figure crashed against the stove. The pipe which conveyed the smoke through the roof came down with a run, so that the smoke and flames of the stove were added to the general conflagration.

The sick ward was a pandemonium; the poor blind invalids were rushing helplessly about, falling over beds, scrambling up again, and charging each other in a wild attempt to escape the awful monster whose hot breath was fanning their cheeks. Mrs. Smith, too terrified to act, sank on to a bed, and covered her face with her hands. They could not open the door, because Mrs. Smith, knowing the turbulent spirits she had to deal with, had, on coming in that night, turned the key, and then put it in her pocket.

Hawkins was sobbing like a child, and many were huddled around him, too scared to move. Even those fellows who had sense enough to seek the door felt all the heart go out of them when they discovered it to be locked. They rushed to the windows, and clawed at the bars and broke the glass, and thrust out bleeding hands and arms, crying vainly for help.

At this moment the door was kicked open, and Gardiner rushed into the ward. His voice rang out above the crackle and roar of the fire and the shrieks of the invalids.

"*Now, you fellows, listen to me! Come over to me here by the door. You can hear my voice—I am by the door. Look sharp, I am waiting for you.*"

The terrified boys leapt up at the sound of his well-known tones, and scrambled along towards him, Mrs. Smith with them. Gardiner pushed the nurse into the little landing outside, telling her to go first. This landing led to another door, beyond which was a flight of steps, narrow and steep, on the outside of the building, leading to the playground.

By this time the fellows in the dormitories on the other side of the playground, awakened by the din and glare, were crowding to the windows. Staring open-eyed at the strange sight, they saw several figures dart across the playground. These were some of the masters, who had been aroused by the school porter. That functionary, going on his last rounds, had seen the flames shooting up just as he reached the door of Gardiner's study. Gardiner immediately darted into the playground, while the porter hastened away to the common room at the far end of the corridor, where he knew several of the masters were sitting up.

The boys in the dormitories, watching events with straining eyes, saw the masters dash up the iron stairway, but as they reached the outer door, Gardiner suddenly appeared and waved them back, speaking rapidly to them as he did so. Then he disappeared.

The onlookers held their breath. It seemed to them that the whole of the sick-ward was in a blaze. What did Gardiner mean by waving back the masters? Was he going to save all the patients single-handed?

They waited and waited, and presently, after what seemed to them an interminable period, the captain of Greyhouse reappeared on the threshold of the outer door, and this time he was not alone.

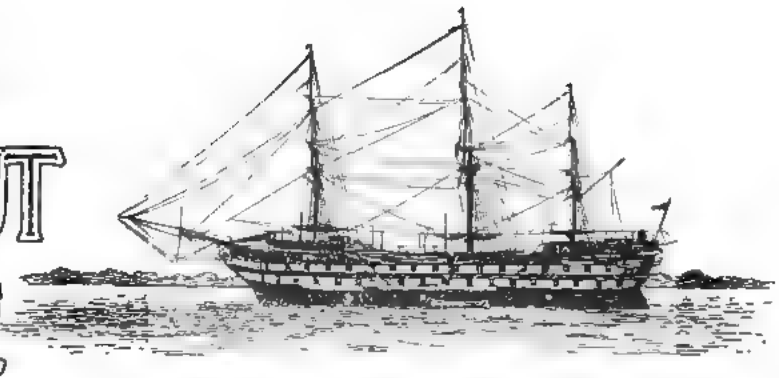
For, grasping him by the shoulder, came Hawkins, and grasping Hawkins in the same way came another fellow, and behind him another, and another, and thus, each holding and guiding himself by the boy in front, came all the inmates of the makeshift hospital. With Gardiner at its head, the long white line felt its way cautiously down the narrow iron staircase. One by one the ophthalmic patients emerged from the doorway, and moved steadily down the steps, each seeming to know that upon his coolness and nerve depended the safety of all those behind him.

Thus, without a single slip or tumble, Gardiner led his school-fellows out of the blazing ward. It was a sight that those watching never forgot, and never will forget—that creeping line—that long, white line of fellow-beings saved from a frightful death by one ready brain.

The line wound slowly down the staircase, and, as the last boy tremblingly placed his barefoot on the cold asphalt of the playground, with a tremendous crash and up-flying of sparks, huge tongues of flame shooting skywards, the Covered Way and the whole of the makeshift hospital fell down together in a blazing heap.

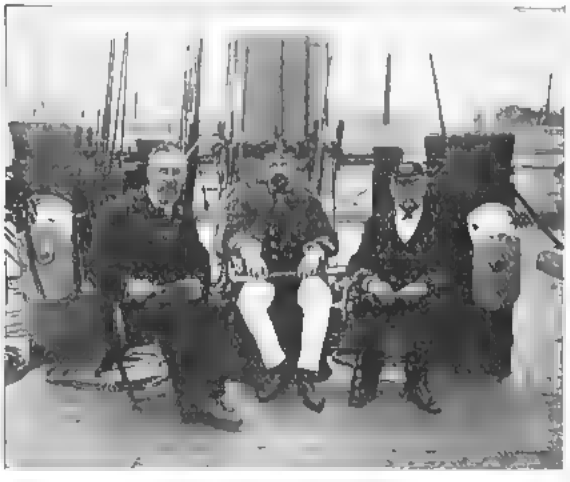
THE END.

ALL ABOUT THE "WORCESTER"



By the Rev. A. B. Pedley, B.A., Chaplain.

When Jack Gordon, the only son of the Rector of Eastbury-on-Dane, waved adieu to his heart-broken mother from the deck of the barque *Rosalind* one sunny afternoon in the early 'sixties, he little thought—nor she either, for the matter of that—what hardships were in store for him. He had pourtrayed to himself the sunniest side of a sailor's life, with all the pleasure attached to seeing foreign lands, and never once had looked on the darker picture. If the good rector and his wife, who had lavished such care upon their darling child, could have seen him at his work, with days of accumulated grime upon his face, and longing for a tropical fall of rain and the luxury of a decent wash, they would scarcely have recognised him as their own. If they could have seen him at his mess, hammering the weevily biscuit on the table to clear out the maggots ere he had his lunch, if they could have fancied him mixing day by day with those whose manners were coarse and language foul, if they could have realised that their son might have to depend on his own abilities and application for mastering the intricate problems of navigation and nautical astronomy, they would doubtless have wished they had not so quickly yielded to his desire. Even Jack himself would not have been so keen. But if the Rev. Septimus Gordon and his help-meet in life did not think of these things, there were others at that time who were pondering them in their minds. They were convinced that to take a boy from a refined home and to send him straight to sea with not a scrap of previous training for the work was wrong in principle and injurious in its consequences. They were of opinion that a midshipman's status in the Mercantile Marine should be raised, and that considerably. Their views were quickly put into practice, and that is how the *Worcester* was



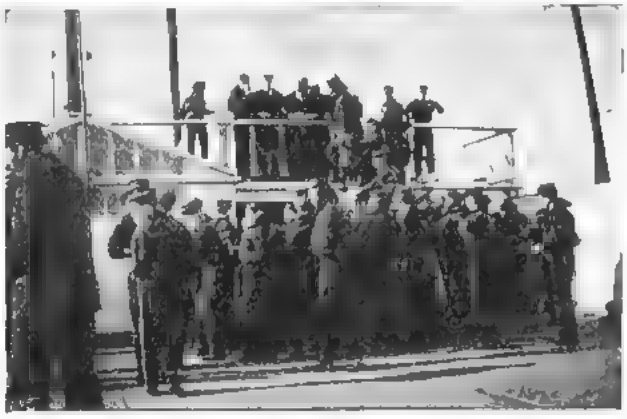
CAPTAIN D. WILSON-BARKER,
MR. DUCK *(Head Master)*. MR. CLARKE *(Chief Officer)*.

"SLEWING" ON THE UPPER DECK.

established in 1862. Of the original founders only two or three are still alive, and one of these, I know, has locks as white as the driven snow; but their zeal in the cause is not one jot abated. The benefits of an institution like this, which they have lived to see proved up to the hilt, are threefold. Firstly, the cadet is, in reality, serving his apprenticeship under very pleasant conditions, because two years on the *Worcester* count, under Board of Trade regulations, for one year at sea. Secondly, he gets a liberal education in the principles of navigation. Thirdly, he learns all about ships and their tackle before he goes to sea, and gets accustomed to habits of order and discipline, diminishing thereby considerably the hardships of his early career.

"SWABBING."

But the *Worcester* of to-day (Captain D. Wilson-Barker in command), moored off Greenhithe, opposite the Abbey Park, and within easy reach of London town, is a very different vessel to the old tub that first was stationed at dirty Blackwall, and later on for two years off Southend. Then the space was limited, indeed. Now there is ample room not only for work and for such sports as boys delight in when the work is o'er, but for the indulgence of hobbies, too, such as photography. Then one could only read at night with the aid of a lamp and colza oil. Now, thanks to the energy of the present commander, all parts of the ship are lighted by electricity, and a great cluster fixed above the upper deck gives light for games even on the darkest night. At Southend, too, the position of the ship was bad; for if the sea were rough—as sometimes seas will be—and the ship began to pitch and roll, the effect was quickly felt by those on board. Often have I heard old masters tell of stormy days off the Essex coast, and how the boys, with faces white as chalk, would, one by one, steal out of class, until there was no class at all. Or perhaps the master first would disappear, ostensibly to fetch a book, but his pasty face had told its tale, and the braver boys would nudge their fellows in the ribs and chuckle with subdued delight. Now there is no cessation of study because of stormy seas, for the ship is moored securely fore and aft, and rocking is not serious even on the foulest day. Not but that it can be nasty off Greenhithe. Many a time have we watched the barges driven ashore by violence of wind and wave, or sink before our eyes, and the bargees barely save their lives by leaping into the boat. It is not far from ship to shore. A few good strokes would land one at the pier. Yet often, in the winter term, crowding in the forecastle to get a better view, have we seen the boat struggling for an hour or more in the teeth of a nor'-west gale, though the crew was composed of the pick of the *Worcester* cadets, and every oar was double-banked, and every bit of beef put into each stroke that willing hearts and hands could



PIPING HANDS TO SCHOOL.

force. 'Twas mighty fun for us who were not pulling in the boat, and loud we laughed when every sudden gust of wind sent a sheet of salt water o'er the bows, drenching the occupants from stem to stern. These are, however, merely incidental turns, with but a spice of danger in them all. At other times old Father Thames is right enough, and on a sunny summer afternoon, when boys are rowing round about the ship, or visiting the craft that may be anchored near—torpedo boats and pleasure yachts—or plunging in the briny when the tide is high, or getting up regattas with their own small self-made boats for prizes from the tuck-shops on the shore—why, life is but a pleasant dream, and old boys like myself do wish us young again.

GYMNASTICS.

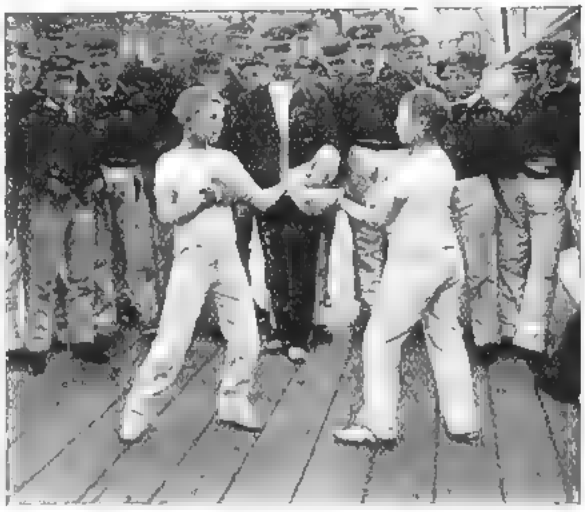
But it is time to get on board, or we shall have no leisure to look around and learn about the routine of the work. Two gangways fixed upon the port side of the ship give easy access to the upper deck, the scene not only of much romping fun, but hours of discipline in dumb-bell exercise, gymnastics free, and cutlass drill. The masts and yards, and sails, and stays, and ropes, are things which first will catch the youngster's eye, and, doubtless, he will long to climb aloft. 'Tis there, when weather fits, that much hard work is done.

"'Play,' do you call it?" said a *Worcester* boy. "By golly! you go up aloft and try. Bend sails, unbend, send down and up again, furl and re-bend. You won't wonder why we eat so much."

Up there, as well, on summer eves when work is done, is where the youngster seeks a glad repose — up by the crow's-nest in a little throng, or perched upon the yard-arms with a book. 'Tis not as easy getting up there as you'd think, though most boys seem devoid of fear. I never shall, perhaps, forget my first ascent soon after joining in the spring of 1892. My previous climbing feats were as a lad when nesting in the woods. One evening, when the boys were safe in mess, I thought I'd try to reach the main-top for a blow. Step by step up the ratlines, and gripping fast the shrouds, I reached at last the futtock chains, but had not nerve to do the rest. Just then "four bells" was struck and a crowd of boys came trooping on the deck. All eyes were turned aloft. What could one do? "Bravo!" cried the merry-hearted ones, "Up over the futtocks, sir, not through the lubber's hole." How could I face those boys again, or preach to them of bravery and fighting fearful odds at sea, if I retreated in disgrace, or ignominiously scrambled through the lubber's hole? So grasping hard the chains, with teeth set fast and coat-tails fluttering in the breeze, I struggled o'er that last stiff bit, and reached the main-top with a beating heart.

"OFF DUTY."

But let us step below. The main deck claims us for a while. Cleared of her guns, seventy-four in all, the *Worcester* bears a different aspect now to what she did in 1864, when figuring on the Navy's "Active List" of ships. No booming cannon wakes the sleepers on the shore, though there is one for gun-drill on the upper deck. The fore part of the main deck is the mess room for cadets, and aft the various cabins of the staff. The space amidships is the real workshop of the ship. Here we have school. Here seamanship is taught. Here do the boys read books, weave hammocks, write letters home, or, with their special chums, build "castles in the air." Here too, on each succeeding Sabbath, do we "rig" for church. Three English classes form the junior school, from which the navigation classes draw supplies. You will not conjugate τυπτω in the lower school, nor dabble with the "Gallic Wars," but you will learn to write and spell, and get such a grounding in the mathematics as will stand you well in after years, even though you never went to sea. In the nautical classes there is much to learn—navigation, nautical astronomy, meteorology, steam, magnetism, the sextant and the chart, *plus* algebra, Euclid, trigonometry, geography, drawing, and French. When school is over a different class of work is taken in hand, for boys at sea must learn to knot and splice, make wire ropes, learn the "rule of the road," and signalling. Besides this there are decks to swab, brass-work to clean, boats to lower and hoist and clear, and a hundred other duties to perform that fall to the lot of an apprentice-hand at sea. Alas, for that boy's leave on shore that does not strive to do his best, for the chief officer—who has spent the greater part of a long life at sea, much of it in command of one of the Union line of steamers, and who knoweth a ship as he knows his mother tongue—loves discipline as he loves his own soul. Youngsters do not always see the need of this, but they do in after years when the world has rubbed the corners off, and of none do they think more kindly than of him whose motto is, "Work before pleasure." But hard work with such agreeable changes as one gets here does good, not harm. "What magnificent specimens of British boyhood!" said a visitor the other day. He was merely repeating what had often been said before.

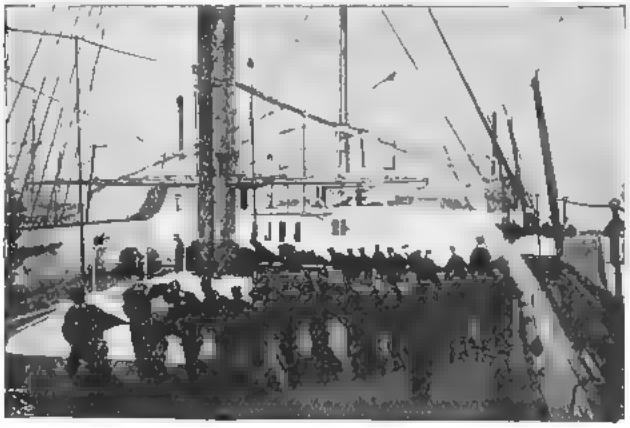


CADET NELSON DISPLAYING THE SPIRIT OF HIS FAMOUS ANCESTOR BY HAVING A "SPAR" WITH CADET EDLER.

CLEANING BRASSWORK.

With duties of such varied kinds one might imagine there was no time for play. Such, however, is by no means the case. Much work is accomplished, because all is done by rule. But the *Worcester* has a fine record on the football field on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and in cricket holds its own. Boat-racing, of course, takes the chief place in our thoughts. Who has not heard of the annual race between the *Worcester* and the *Conway*, when—with hundreds of enthusiastic onlookers—the pick of each ship in six-oared gigs compete for the magnificent silver cup? We have our own ship's races, too. Starboard *v.* Port for the

handsome Wilson-Barker Challenge Shield, and the Junior Race for Mizzen-topmen Challenge Shield, presented by W. J. Fernie, Esq., an old

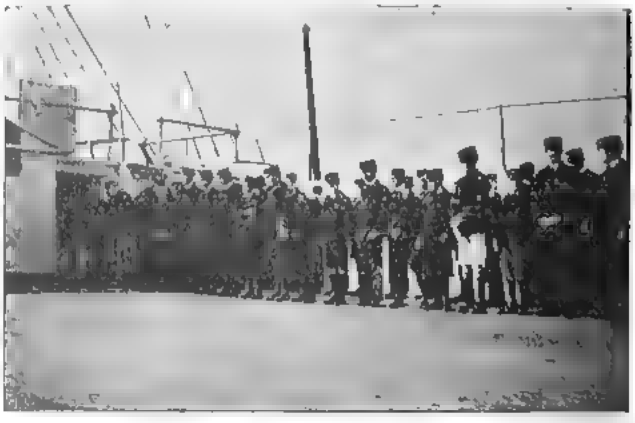


BOXING BOATS.

"Worcester," and twice stroke of the Cambridge eight. Aquatic sports, general sports, and gymnastic competitions, also play their parts in building up the constitutions of the boys. Writing just lately from Heidelberg, one of the earliest of the "Worcesters" says:—"Personally, I owe a great deal to my *Worcester* training; for, though my sea life was merely one episode out of many, the *Worcester* taught me how to rough it, engrained habits of discipline in me, and gave me the foundation of a physical education that stands to me to this day—for I can still run a mile, cycle a hundred, and jump the bar at 4ft. 6ins., which I consider to be quite a respectable achievement for a man who will be fifty next November."

Next to the main deck is the lower deck, where the boys keep their chests, sling their hammocks, and woo the gentle sleep. Many happy hours besides are spent there when awake, and sometimes 'tis the scene of boisterous merriment. Oh, that I could paint to you in fitting terms the glories of a pillow fight on the last evening of the summer term, when every boy—from captain of his top to tiniest mite upon the ship—strips to the waist and enters into the conflict with an eager zest, fighting the future battles of our land. Port *v.* Starboard, on they come and rally up to aid their special side, though blows fall thick and hard and fast. Or the chariot races round the deck, with table for a chariot upside down; till, worn out with fatigue, they seek repose and dream of holidays and weeks of bliss. Time scarcely now permits to go below and view the library; or lower still to what was once the engine room, but now gymnasium, concert room, and lecture hall combined.

There is one thing of which a *Worcester* cadet is always proud, and that is the interest which the Queen has taken in the ship ever since the Prince of Wales distributed the prizes on board in 1866. Once a year does Her Majesty give a gold medal to the boy who, in the opinion of his fellows, displays the qualities likely to make the finest sailor. It is a great day for the cadets—election day. For the first time, probably, in their lives are they called upon to exercise the privileges of the ballot. The shining "tiles" of Sir George Chambers (the chairman), and Mr. Bullivant (the hon. secretary), do excellently as ballot-boxes. Great is the excitement when the result is read out, and the winner is promptly "collared" by his shipmates and rallied shoulder-high around the upper deck. But the second on the list may well be envied, for a gold watch from the P. & O. Co., and the certainty of a berth in years to come, if he lives up to the record, is a consolation prize devoutly to be wished for by any boy. This is not all that Her Majesty does for the good of the ship, for there is a special Royal Naval Cadetship, granted by the Admiralty, and to the winner of this prize the Queen gives a magnificent binocular glass, with suitable inscription, and £35 towards his outfit.



HALF-HOLIDAY SHORE PARTY FALL IN ON THE UPPER DECK.

Talking of prizes reminds me of Prize

Day, the red letter day of the ship, when the special steamer from London Bridge brings visitors to the ship, and the boys, in brightest uniform, man yards, and sailor-like receive their guests. Such an array of rewards for merit and inducements to persevere it has never been my lot before to see. From the Elder Brethren of the Trinity, from the Royal Geographical Society, from the Meteorological Office, from the leading London shipping companies, from ship-owners, committees and friends of the ship, come such an abundance of sextants, aneroids, barometers, binoculars, telescopes, and books, as almost pass the bounds of credibility.

SENDING LINEN TO THE LAUNDRY

Space forbids to linger more. Enough has been said to show that, from the time they pipe "All hands" at 7 a.m. to the call for silence on the lower deck at half-past nine, there is plenty of occupation and plenty of change. The majority of prizes are, as I have said, encouragements to those who have chosen the sea as a profession to make themselves competent in all the branches of their calling. The Queen's Prize, however, looks on the other side of the calling. A gold medal to the boy who shows the qualities likely to make the finest sailor; which, in the opinion of Her Majesty, are: "*Cheerful submission to superiors, self-respect and independence of character, kindness and protection to the weak, readiness to forgive offence, desire to conciliate the differences of others, and, above all, fearless devotion to duty and unflinching truthfulness.*"

SWEEPING UP DECKS.

Surely this is something great to aim at, and many a *Worcester* boy has lived up to it. As for unflinching devotion to duty, there is a fine record now of brilliant deeds. When Barney Barnato, the millionaire, lost the balance of his mind and sprang from the royal mail steamer *Scot* in mid-Atlantic, the papers sang the praises of Sub-Lieutenant Clifford, who, regardless of all consequences, at once leapt after him, although the ship was going at full speed. "Worcesters" had a double right to sing his praises, for he was one of them.

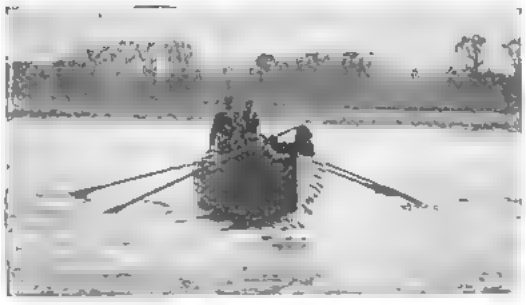
THE LOWER DECK.

Jumping into the water to save a person's life, although, happily, of common occurrence, needs some amount of pluck, and has its share of peril, for a drowning man is devoid of reason. Sometimes the risk is exceptionally great. It was so in the

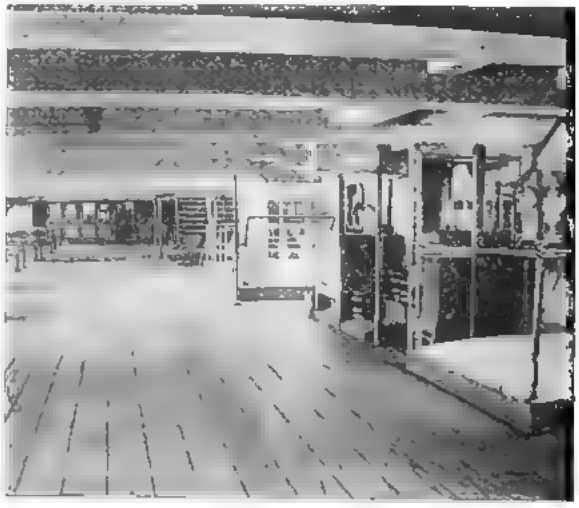
case of another ex-cadet (Adams) in San Francisco harbour. A youngster was playing about the docks, seeing no danger where danger was, when he slipped and fell into the water between the ship and the dock walls just at a time when a swell was on the water. To be crushed by a huge ship against an unyielding wall would of course mean pounding of every bone in the body. Yet, with the possibility of this awful death staring him in the face, young Adams never hesitated a moment. In he plunged, just as he was, and, fortunately, brought out the child alive. It was on the upper deck of the *Worcester*, in 1897, that he received the vellum certificate of the Royal Humane Society for his plucky deed. Another *Worcester* worthy is Lieut. Gaunt, R.N. Things have not been so quiet and comfortable in the Samoan Islands lately as they were when Robert Louis Stevenson was living in those parts. The rebels have been giving a lot of trouble. At Apia it was necessary to land a body of British bluejackets from H.M.S. *Porpoise* to protect the Government House and support the new King of the Samoan Islands. Lieut. Gaunt was put in command. For some time the British sailors were in a tight place and in grave peril, for the rebels were round them on every side. But nerve and pluck were successful after three short engagements with the enemy. It was a very pleasing and graceful ceremony on the *Porpoise* afterwards, when, at the hands of the King, for special bravery displayed, Lieut. Gaunt was presented with the sword of the late King.

A CORNER OF THE MESSROOM.

When we read of the brave deeds done in the Matabele War we remembered with pride that the Hon. Maurice Gifford had sat at these desks and gone through the discipline of the ship. When the *Aden* went down off Socotra, Ralph Manning and E. Hurlstone displayed fine pluck in attempting to save the women and children, and when these two officers had done what they could, they "went to their God," as Kipling puts it, like true sailors. But why say more? Are there not hundreds ready to go and do likewise? In every case a "Worcester" has done his simple duty, without question, without demur, facing death with that splendid courage which is the crowning characteristic of the British sailor. To the cool pluck of her sea-going sons, Great Britain owes her proud position as Queen of



LEARNING TO ROW.



THE MAIN DECK, LOOKING FORWARD.

the Seas, and every "Worcester" bears in mind, wherever he be, whatever the time, that he is expected to play the man.

With all due respect to the officers in our Merchant Service, I must say that you never find a vessel kept so trim and tidy, or navigated so carefully, as when the master or mates happen to have been educated in such schools as the *Worcester* and *Conway*.

The Captain of an "ocean greyhound," with his several hundred passengers, naturally prefers officers who have had a gentlemanly training, since on a liner the officers perforce must mix more or less with the passengers, many of whom belong to the cultured classes. So let *Worcester* boys remember that in the after-time, when they are in command of the bridge, a great deal more will be expected of them than would be the case if they had merely worked their way out of the fo'c'sle.

H.M. "WORCESTER" (GREENHITHE).

So to each and all of them, to the scores who are serving as officers in the Royal Navy or Indian Marine, to the hundred and more in the service of the P. & O., to the many in the pay of the other big companies, to the little army of them bringing merchandise from every quarter of the globe, to those who have taken up other modes of life—behind the bank counter in Mexico, or on the cattle ranches of the distant colonies—to all of them, wherever they may be, wandering over land and sea, the ship sends greetings kind, and wishes them, on the great voyage of life, God-speed, and safe arrival in the Port of Peace.

The photographs have been kindly supplied by Commander Wilson-Barker and Cadet Malet.

Esprit de Corps.

Esprit de corps is the feeling that every right-minded boy has for his school. It is a form of loyalty. It makes him very careful to respect the traditions of the school, and prevents him breaking through the unwritten code of school-boy law prevalent there. *Esprit de corps* grows up in a boy instinctively—often without his knowledge or realisation. He feels it first when he hears another boy speaking slightingly of his school. Instantly his fists are up, and he is ready to do battle for the good cause. No boy worth his salt will allow another to speak disparagingly of his school or college, any more than he will allow another to slight his mother, father, or sisters.

If it were not for *esprit de corps* the fagging system would be impossible. All games, especially games like football and hockey, involve *esprit de corps*—the sacrifice, if need be, of the individual to the good of the cause.

Esprit de corps is still stronger at the Universities than at the public schools. For men to have been at the same college together is a link which will bind them always and prevent them doing each other a shabby turn.

While boating on the river last year I moored my punt alongside some beautiful grounds. An elderly man came out of the house and, shaking me warmly by the hand, asked me to lunch. He had noticed my coat with the college arms, and twenty-five years ago he had been at the same college. This was an instance of *esprit de corps*.

The same spirit is shown to its greatest extent in the army. The officers and men of a regiment are bound together by an unwritten code of sentiment. It exists in time of peace, but it bears its fullest fruit in times of war when, shoulder to shoulder, men face the fire and feel themselves "comrades" even unto death.

THE ADVENTURE OF TWO HARES

By G. E. Farrow.

Author of "The Wallypug of Why."

"Come on, Gilderoy!"

"Hang it all, man! You know I've got to do this beastly impot. Of course, I'd like to come well enough, only if I do I shall have to miss 'ducker' in the morning, if I am to get this rot done by ten, and I don't want to do that."

"Oh, blow the impot! Do it when we come home. Look here! I'll do your Greek for you, and that will give you time to finish it to-night. Come on!"

And without further pressing Gilderoy threw away his books, seized his cap, and tore down the steps after his chum, and was soon in the midst of a group of boys gathered together in the playground, making the final preparations for a paper-chase.

"Hullo, here's Gilderoy!" shouted someone as soon as he came up. "He'll do for one of the hares; Sutcliffe and Boxall, that's three. Look sharp, man! Here's the scent—be off now; we don't want to waste all the afternoon starting!"

And slinging the satchels containing the finely torn paper "scent" over their shoulders, the three hares started off down Spinny Drift as fast as their legs could carry them, scattering a handful of the paper now and then as they went.

Over Hog's Back and through the copse by the railway line the boys tore, making the best of the start which had been allowed them, till suddenly Sutcliffe grasped Gilderoy with a detaining hand.

"Hullo! What's the row, Polly?" he shouted, for Boxall, the youngest of the boys, who was a little way ahead, had given a sudden cry.

"My aunt!" cried that youth, who, greatly to his disgust, was called Polly by the other boys on account of his curly hair and pretty features. "Look here, you fellows quick!"

The others hurried up to the gap in the hedge through which the youngster was peering.

A landslip had occurred, and the bluff over which they had intended going had been bodily carried away, and lay in large lumps of grass and crag thirty feet below.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Gilderoy, when he

THE FEEBLE SUPPORT GAVE WAY.

saw what had occurred. "What a smash up! But I say, you chaps, what on earth are we going to do? We can't go back, you know; the other fellows will have found the trail by now, and would be sure to catch us before we could get on to the road again."

"I know!" said Sutcliffe, who had flung himself flat down upon the ground, and was looking over the edge of the gap. "The roots of this tree are sticking out down there, so we can lower ourselves by them and drop down on to the bluff."

The others threw themselves down beside him and peered over also.

"Huh! Looks rather risky," said Gilderoy. "Think you can do it, Polly?"

"Rather!" said Boxall, contemptuously. "You try me!"

"All right, then," agreed Gilderoy. "Let's make a false scent, and then drop over; it will be a fine lark; they will never think of our having done that."

And after scattering the paper for some little distance in two directions, the two elder boys let themselves down by the roots of the tree, dropping the few remaining feet at the end on to the loose soft crag below, and then called to Boxall to follow.

"HULLO!" HE EXCLAIMED, "HERE'S ANOTHER OF 'EM!"

"Look sharp!" shouted Sutcliffe, as the little fellow lowered himself over the edge. "You'll have the hounds here before you're down. By Jove!" he continued, as a confused noise sounded in the distance. "Here they come. Drop, you little duffer! Quick!"

Boxall scrambled down on to one of the lower roots, steadying himself by the one above, and was just about to jump, when the feeble support gave way, and he fell to the ground with an involuntary cry.

"Hurt yourself?" exclaimed the other boys, running to his side.

"No!" said Boxall, scrambling up, and biting his lip to prevent himself from crying, for he had ricked his ankle very badly.

"Come along, then, you young ass. What on earth did you want to do that for?" and they hurried round the bluff just as the hounds reached the gap in the hedge.

They crouched down behind some furze bushes and listened, for they could hear the others talking quite distinctly.

They had evidently not been seen, for after discussing the situation for a few minutes, the false trail was discovered, and, with a wild whoop, the whole pack started off to follow it up.

"That's where we score," chuckled Gilderoy. "Jolly lucky thing, youngster, you didn't spoil our little game altogether!"

Boxall smiled in rather a half-hearted sort of way, and Sutcliffe, seeing that he was looking very pale, exclaimed: "Blowed if I don't think the poor little beggar has hurt himself after all, and is too game to say so."

"Have you?" demanded Gilderoy, hurrying to his side.

Boxall nodded dolefully, and bit his lip, while the tears started to his eyes.

"Poor little chap! Hard luck!" said Gilderoy sympathetically. "Where is it?"

Boxall pointed to his foot, which by this time was beginning to swell.

Sutcliffe knelt down and began to untie his bootlace; but at every touch the poor fellow winced and groaned.

"Better cut them," suggested Gilderoy, and Sutcliffe whipped out his knife and did so.

Even then they had some difficulty in getting his boot off, for the foot had swollen very rapidly.

"If we could get some cold water and bathe it," said Sutcliffe, "it might do it good."

Gilderoy stood up and looked around.

"There's some smoke rising up down there on the lower road," he announced. "I expect it's from a cottage. I'll run down and see if they have a well; the water would sure to be cold from that."

And he pulled his cap down firmly on to his head, and set off at a quick run down the hill.

Meanwhile poor Boxall lay on the ground, his face white and drawn with the pain.

"Feel any better, old chap?" asked Sutcliffe.

"No! It's jolly bad," said the other, faintly. "I can't think how I shall get back."

"Oh! we'll get you back all right," said Sutcliffe, cheerily. "Perhaps a trap will come along, and we can get a lift, you know."

"What's that?" asked Boxall, suddenly raising himself up and listening intently.

"What?"

"I thought I heard Gilderoy shouting."

"I can't hear anything—yes, hush! listen!"

A sound of angry voices was distinctly heard, and Gilderoy's above the others:—

"Shut up, you cad! Let go! What are you doing?"—and a confused sound of scuffling, and then Gilderoy's cries became muffled, as though something had been put before his mouth.

"Whatever can the row be about?" said Sutcliffe, in a startled voice.

DR. TURNCOK MADE HIS WAY INTO THE TENT.

"Go! go!" said Boxall, excitedly.

"But you?"

"Oh! never mind me—go to Gilderoy!"

And Sutcliffe bounded off down the bank.

Boxall sat still, listening in the greatest suspense for what seemed to him an interminable time.

Presently Sutcliffe returned, his face very white.

"It's old Gipsy Blake and those poacher chaps that Gilderoy's father sent to prison last year," he whispered. "They've got a camp down there in the coppice, and they've recognised Gilderoy, tied him up with ropes, stuffed some rags into his mouth, and dragged him into the tent. I hid behind some bushes, and heard Blake say they'd 'got a fine chance now of paying old Gilderoy out.'"

"Will they kill him, do you think?" stammered Boxall, his face blanched with fear.

"No, I don't think so," rejoined Sutcliffe. "I expect they will try and get some money from Gilderoy's father as a ransom. I believe that's their little game."

"But w—what can we do?" said Boxall, his teeth chattering, and a bright red flush coming on either cheek.

"Blowed if I know," rejoined Sutcliffe. "It's no use us trying to tackle the roughs—they'd soon settle us; and I can't leave you here alone, you know, or I'd go and get help."

"You—you must!" declared Boxall suddenly. "I don't mind being left alone—much," he added bravely.

"By Jove, you're a plucky little kid!" said Sutcliffe admiringly; "and if we get out of this scrape all right I'm blowed if I'll ever call you Poly again, or let any of the other chaps do so either."

Boxall smiled gratefully.

"Go on!" he urged. "Hurry up and get some help; there's no knowing what they may be doing to old Gilderoy!

So Sutcliffe, without further ado, raced off in an opposite direction to the camp.

The time seemed very long to Boxall; his foot hurt him exceedingly, and he was getting feverish from the excitement and pain, and would have given anything for a drop of water.

Presently, to his great dismay, he saw two rough looking men coming straight from the direction of the camp.

He hoped that possibly they might not see him, but just as they had nearly passed one of them turned round suddenly.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "here's another of 'em!"

The other glanced at Boxall suspiciously.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded roughly.

"I—I fell over the bluff and have hurt my foot," said Boxall.

"Shamming!" said the first speaker. "Get up!"

"I—I can't," declared Boxall.

One of the men seized him by the arm, and dragged him to his feet, wringing from him a cry of pain.

"Were you with young Gilderoy?" demanded the man.

"Yes," said Boxall faintly, putting his hand to his head, for everything seemed to be whirling round.

"H'm," said the man, suggestively. "Was anybody else with you?"

But Boxall did not answer; the poor boy had fallen down in a huddled heap on to the ground.

* * * * *

When he came to he found himself in a corner of a black-looking tent. A fire was burning outside, and above it he could see the stars shining. His foot was still very painful, but had some wet bandages tied around it.

Three or four men lay around the fire outside, and at the further end of the tent a figure bound up with cords was restlessly tossing to and fro.

"Gilderoy!" whispered Boxall.

The figure turned around, and seemed to be peering in the darkness.

"Gilderoy, is that you?"

The figure nodded, and Boxall painfully dragged himself along the floor till he was close to his schoolmate.

"I've got a knife," he whispered, and a minute afterwards had cut the cords which bound the gag over Gilderoy's mouth.

"*Ough!*" cried the boy, freeing himself from the stifling rags which had almost prevented him from breathing. "*The cads!*"

"Hush!" whispered Boxall, warningly. "They'll hear you. Sutcliffe has gone for help, but he ought to have been back long before this."

"If he doesn't get back soon it will be too late," said Gilderoy. "I heard them saying that they were going to clear out of this at four to-morrow morning."

"*Ah!* Here comes someone," whispered Boxall, crawling back to the place where he had been lying.

A man came in and glanced at him and then went to Gilderoy.

"Oh! *that's* your little game, is it?" he said angrily, when he saw that the cords had been cut. "I thought you were up to something or other. Look here, Blake!"

The other men, hearing him call, came running in, with the exception of one, who stood at the door of the tent, glancing out in the direction of the roadway.

"Hist!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "There's someone coming."

"Help! Help!" shouted the two boys with all their might—their fresh young voices ringing out clearly on the night air.

The men, with an oath, sprang on them, and covered their mouths with their coarse hands.

"Shut up, you young fools!" they cried. "Do you want a knock over the head that will settle you altogether?"

Gilderoy wrenched himself away.

"Help! Help!" he shouted again, and to his great delight an answering cry came from the roadway.

Blake and the other man exchanged glances, and with a muttered oath rushed from the tent.

A scuffle—and a shot; a confused medley of sounds, above which Sutcliffe's shrill voice could be heard, proving to the boys that help had at last arrived, and a minute afterwards Dr. Turnock, the head master, and a couple of the other masters made their way into the tent.

"Gilderoy! Boxall!"

"Here, sir!" shouted the boys. "Oh, sir, we are glad you've come!"

"My poor fellows! Are you all right?" asked Dr. Turnock's kind but anxious voice.

"All but Boxall's foot, sir," said Gilderoy.

"Ah! to be sure, the poor foot!" said the doctor, kneeling down and examining it, while Sutcliffe held the lantern up so that he could see.

"H'm yes! Nasty sprain, but we'll soon get that all right again, my boy," he said, kindly, and, lifting the little fellow up tenderly, the head master carried him out to the wagonette which was waiting in the roadway.

Blake and his three companions, scowling and muttering, with their hands securely fastened, were standing in the roadway under the charge of some of the local policemen, one of whom was staunching the blood from a slight wound in the arm, caused by the discharge of Blake's pistol, which had gone off in the scuffle.

Gilderoy and Sutcliffe and the two masters followed into the trap, and the whole party were soon on their way to the School.

"What a jolly long time you were!" said Gilderoy to Sutcliffe while they were driving along.

"Yes!" admitted his chum, "but, you see, after I'd got back to the school and told the doctor, blowed if I didn't forget whereabouts the camp was, and we've been driving all over the place ever since five o'clock this afternoon looking for you. If you hadn't shouted when you did, I'm sure we shouldn't have found you at all to-night."

"Oh! well—it's all right as it turned out," said Gilderoy. "I suppose I shall get out of doing that impot now," he added, with a contented grin.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

II.—Engineering.

The two sides of a school, known generally as the classical and the modern, represent two very distinct tendencies of the human mind. Some boys have a natural taste for a classical education, for what are known as "the humanities," so called because the study of them is supposed to develop some especially precious human qualities. Others, again, show a decided bent for knowledge of a more practical kind. They delight in mathematics, physics, chemistry, mechanics—all the various branches of knowledge, whose practice naturally follows theory. Language, which the "classic" loves for the sake of literature, is to the "modern" only useful so far as it serves a very practical end.

Now, if you would make a successful engineer, you must be "a modern" to your finger-tips. You must have a marked liking for machinery and mechanical contrivances of every description, for mathematics and drawing, and for the physical sciences.

It must be your hobby, as well as your life work.

Again, as the world is wide, and Great Britain is a small crowded island, you may wait long for employment here. Your skill will be welcomed abroad; therefore, do not neglect your modern languages. Learn one, at least, thoroughly, whether it be French, German, Russian, or Chinese. *The command of any one of these languages will secure to an English engineer instant and unbounded occupation.*

Engineering offers greater scope and reward to the really clever man than any other profession. Its possibilities are limitless. The highest honours the State can bestow, the richest remuneration may be the lot of the successful engineer. It is, too, in a very real sense, the profession of the future as well as the profession of the present. Marvellous as are the achievements which have been obtained in mechanical, civil, and still more in electrical, engineering during the present century, it may safely be prophesied that the twentieth century will see still greater wonders.

And I may here add, as a "by the way" remark, that if you want a splendid picture of the responsibilities of tip-top engineering, you cannot do better than read "The Bridge-Builders," by Kipling, in "The Day's Work."

The profession of engineering is divided into three divisions, namely, civil, mechanical, and electrical. The term "civil" was originally used in contradistinction to "royal" or "military," but it has come to be applied to the branch of engineering which is devoted to works of construction—such as tunnels, bridges, harbours, piers, etc. In this sense it is distinguished from mechanical engineering, which, strictly speaking, is confined to machinery.

The Institute of Civil Engineers, however, comprises all classes of engineers.

There are various methods of becoming an engineer, and the choice of any particular one of them is generally a question of ways and means. In the case of a boy who wishes to become a civil engineer, and where every penny must be considered and the cost kept to a minimum, he may, on leaving school, enter the office of a professional man as an articled pupil. This will necessitate the payment of a premium, which may vary from £50 to £500, but, as a rule, need not exceed £150 to £200.

At the age of one-and-twenty he would be in a position to take up a post as assistant engineer upon some works in course of construction.

While he is undergoing this practical course he should, if he wishes to get on in his profession, be devoting all his spare time to the theoretical side of his work, studying the subjects as laid down by the council of the Institute of Civil Engineers. To become a student-member of this body he must first pass a qualifying examination comprising English, geography, history, and literature; mathematics, physics, elementary chemistry, geometry, and a paper in one of the dead or modern languages.

The boy who wishes to become a mechanical engineer must proceed in much the same way, by being apprenticed to an engineering firm or the engine works of a railway company.

If he be exceptionally smart and clever, and devote his spare time to reading and study, he may be able to shift for himself in this way; but for the average youth who is apprenticed straight away from school, the chances are that he will never become anything more than a mechanical workman.

The successful engineer must have a most

thorough and minute education, and be able to work with brain and hand combined.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers and the Institution of Civil Engineers require no formal examination for membership, both bodies relying upon experience as merits of qualification; but no one can hope to obtain a position of trust without having previously gone through a technical course and being able to show some recognised certificates or diplomas.

In every case, then, when it can possibly be afforded, the boy who is going in for the profession should have a three years' engineering course at some good college. For the first two years the course is the same for all engineers, while in their third year students specialise in the particular branch they intend to follow. Among the principal colleges where an engineering course may be taken are University and King's Colleges, London; Crystal Palace School of Engineering, Sydenham; Central Technical College, Kensington; Owen's College, Manchester; Yorkshire College, Leeds; University College, Nottingham; Mason College, Birmingham; University College, Bristol; Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh.

The fees at the above-mentioned colleges range from £60 to £120 for the whole course. The methods of training vary slightly at the different colleges, but in every case it is necessary for students to pass an entrance examination, and to satisfy the examiner that they are sufficiently proficient to profitably commence an engineering course.

To get through the examination, which is stiff and very thorough, it is advisable for most students to have recourse to a first-class coach.

At most of these colleges there is an examination at the end of each year in the subjects of instruction, and candidates must pass successfully in this before going on to the next year's course. At the Central Technical College, South Kensington, candidates must obtain at least sixty per cent. of the marks obtainable in their yearly examination, or they will not be passed.

When the three years' course is completed the final examination is held, and the successful student is in a position to start life for himself. If he has done little or no practical work during his course—and many students spend their vacations in the workshop—he should go into some good firm and work as a workman. It is absolutely necessary that he should be acquainted with every branch of the work—from the lowest upwards. If he has passed well there will probably be plenty of firms ready to take him without premium, and in a very little time he will be able to command a salary.

At many of the colleges named there are good staff appointments, which are offered to the best students, and almost every college and institution has some positions in connection with it which it gives to those who have been most successful in the final examination.

To hark back to the poorer student, who yet desires to have the advantages that a college course gives, he is amply provided for in the way of scholarships and exhibitions. In the London district alone there are over seventy such prizes open to engineering students, and in the large centres, like Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, there are many independent scholarships founded in connection with the technical schools.

Students of the Institute of Civil Engineers can compete for the Miller Scholarships of £40 a year for three years. At the Central Technical College ten scholarships are offered, from £30 to £60 in value, in several cases with free education for one, two, or three years.

Most of these scholarships are open only to students between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one.

For mechanical engineers there are the famous Whitworth Scholarships and Exhibitions. Sir Joseph Whitworth, once a struggling man, amassed a large fortune as an engineer, and left, at his death, a large sum of money invested in good securities, the interest of which goes to four scholarships of £125 per annum, tenable for three years, and twenty-five exhibitions of £50 each. These prizes are open to any of Her Majesty's subjects who have been engaged in handicraft in the workshop of a mechanical engineer for at least three years, and have been at work at the vice and lathe, or the forge, or the bench, for at least six consecutive months in each of those years.

I now come to the prospects of the profession and its remuneration. The engineering student has got through his course, secured his diploma, worked, say, for a year in the workshop—what next?

Well, if he be a man of means, he may then start for himself, take offices, and wait for work to come in, just as a doctor or barrister might.

But if he cannot afford, or does not wish, to wait, he endeavours to obtain an assistant managership in some engineering concern. In this capacity he may get anything from £200

to £700 a year, according to the practice of the firm and his own capacity.

From being assistant he may work up to chief manager, when his position, in a good firm, will very likely be worth £1,000, £1,500, or £2,000 per annum.

There are also most lucrative appointments as borough engineer, with salaries varying from £300 to £1,000 per year. There are also engineering posts in connection with county councils, railway companies, and other public bodies.

Electrical engineering offers a very wide scope nowadays, and there are posts for electrical engineers in connection with most of the corporations in our large towns and tramway companies.

In all parts of the world there is a growing demand for good engineers, and an Englishman who has gone through his course and received his diploma has, as a rule, little difficulty in obtaining employment anywhere.

Our colonies, too, offer good fields for work, and men from the mother country are welcomed there. English contractors, too, frequently receive orders from foreign Governments for the construction of railways and the fitting up of machinery in manufactories and so on, and send out their own engineers, who receive exceedingly good pay for this class of work.

I have reserved until the last mention of the most delightful college for engineering students. The Royal Indian Engineering College, standing in its own grounds, and pleasantly situated between Egham and Staines, is primarily maintained under the orders of the Secretary of State for India, with a view to the education of candidates for the service of Government in the Indian public works—telegraph, accounts, traffic and forest departments; but it is open, so far as accommodation will allow, to all desirous of following the course of study pursued in it. About fifty students are admitted yearly, and candidates must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one years.

In June of every year an entrance examination is held in the following subjects:—

(*a*) *English Composition*, to the extent of being able to write grammatically and with correct spelling, in a neat and legible hand.

(*b*) *Mathematics*, as under:—

Arithmetic.

Algebra, including quadratic equations, arithmetical and geometrical series, ratio, proportion and variation, surds, indices, and the binomial theorem.

Geometry.—Euclid, Books I.–IV. and Book VI., with easy riders.

Mensuration.—Elementary plane trigonometry, including identities; formulæ relating to the sum and difference, and the multiplication and division of angles; equations; properties and solutions of triangles, and use of logarithms.

Candidates must also give evidence of having received a fair general education by satisfying the examiners in some classical or modern language, as well as in history and geography.

A fee of £2 is charged for the examination, and only those who are undergraduates at a university, or who have received some diploma from a recognised examining body, are exempt from it.

The cost for every student is £183 per annum, which includes all charges for tuition and for board, lodging, and washing. Every student is provided with a well-furnished room, and there is a boat club, football club, cricket club, reading room, etc., in connection with the college, to which a small subscription is charged.

The college course in both engineering and forestry extends over three years; that in telegraphy, accounts and traffic departments, over two years.

The life at Cooper's Hill resembles in a great measure life at one of the universities. A chapel is attached to the college, which the students are expected to attend, and, although academic dress is not always requisite, there are occasions when the wearing of it is obligatory.

At the end of every year there are test examinations for students, and at the end of the course the final examination is held. The Secretary of State for India offers annually a number of appointments (generally about a dozen) in the Indian Public Works Department, for competition among the students, who become eligible for them in accordance with their order of standing after the final examination.

The passed students thus selected are appointed assistant engineers (third grade), at a salary of 350 rupees per month. They are provided with free passages to India, either on leaving the college or after the completion of a course of practical engineering, as may be arranged.

Employment in the Public Works Department insures a good income and a pension for old age. It also offers to the ambitious ample scope for rising to the higher ranks.

The various ranks of the Public Works Department are as follows :—

Rank.	Salary per Ann. (in Rupees).
Chief Engineers, First Class... ...	30,000
„ „ Second „	24,000
„ „ Third „	21,600
Superintending Engineers, First Class	19,200
„ „ Second „	16,200
„ „ Third „	13,200
Executive Engineers, First Grade ...	12,000
„ „ Second „ ...	10,200
„ „ Third „ ...	8,400
Assistant Engineers, First Grade ...	6,600
„ „ Second „ ...	5,400
„ „ Third „ ...	4,200
Apprentices	1,200

Certain prescribed departmental and language examinations have to be passed in India, according to the regulations of the service, as a necessary condition for obtaining promotion to a higher grade.

Other employments which are open to students at Cooper's Hill are :—

Employment in the Indian Telegraph Department.—This department is chiefly recruited from the college at Cooper's Hill. Students selected are appointed Assistant Superintendents (Class VII., Second Grade) of the Telegraph Department, with a commencing salary of 3,600 rupees per annum.

Traffic Department, Indian State Railways.—The initial salary for officers appointed from England is 300 rupees per month. The appointments are non-pensionable, and the officers selected are engaged for five years, with chance of renewal.

Accounts Branch of the Public Works Department.—The duties of the staff of the Accounts Branch consist in the auditing of all charges for expenditure, in supervising the keeping of the accounts, and in maintaining regularity in the financial operations of the department. The students selected from the college will be appointed to the Service as Assistant Examiners (First Grade) at a salary of 3,600 rupees per annum.

Before being permitted to accept an appointment in India every student must pass a medical examination, to show that he is of sound constitution. He must also be able to ride well.

Those who, from ill-health or other causes, cannot proceed to India, and have obtained the diploma, can, as a general rule, on application to the authorities, be taken as pupils by civil or mechanical engineers of standing at moderate rates of premium.

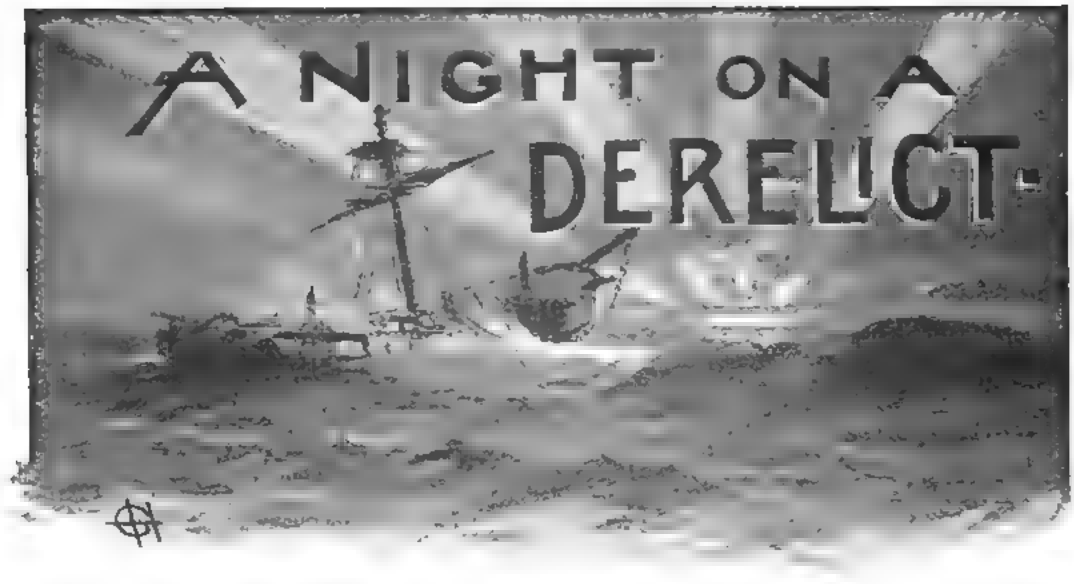
Further particulars with regard to the college can be obtained from the courteous secretary, Lieut Colonel Boyes, Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, Staines, and for those who are contemplating an engineering course a visit to the college is recommended.

I shall be pleased to answer any questions that correspondents may desire to ask. Address all letters to "Employment, care of the Editor of THE CAPTAIN."

A. E. MANNING-FOSTER.

(*The next Article of this Series will deal with "Employment in the City."*)

AFTER YE OLDE SCHOOL.



By J. L. Hornibrook.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

The big four-master, with her towering spars, long, tapering yards, and vast spread of snowy canvas, was bowling merrily along through the misty wastes of the North Atlantic, bound for the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.

Looking up from her poop—where the skipper, Captain Soames, paced slowly from side to side—one seemed to be gazing into the thick folds of a great white cloud, with the dark outlines of spars and ropes showing through it. Then—as the eye came down and swept the trim, holy-stoned deck, noted how the brass cap of the binnacle shone, and the polished gleam of the bars which protected the cabin skylight—one felt that the *Strathearn* was a ship to be proud of.

Of the five apprentices on board, two—Carruthers and Watts—had been in her since she made her maiden trip across the Atlantic. Carruthers was a tall, gentlemanly, intelligent lad; Watts—or "Wee Willie," as he was called—a short, chubby youngster, whose uncle was one of the principal partners in the firm of owners.

On this breezy afternoon the whole five were down in the waist of the vessel. Carruthers stood at the side, his arms resting upon the bulwarks, looking out over the tumbling waters. Watts and the others amused themselves at leap-frog. Close by, perched upon a water-butt, the cook's mate—a coloured individual named Jobson—was busily engaged in peeling potatoes. He grinned and showed his white teeth when a roll of the ship sent one of the boys down on his nose; but when they took to pelting each other with the potato peels, he threw back his head, opened his huge mouth, and laughed uproariously.

On the poop, Captain Soames continued to pace up and down, listening to the laughter and chatter of the boys with a good-humoured smile. Presently the round, jovial face and broad shoulders of Mr. Lanyon, the first mate, appeared upon the companion-ladder. He stepped to the captain's side, and the two were soon deep in a consultation regarding the weather.

A hail from the lookout forward, who reported a vessel in sight, interrupted their conference.

"Where away?" demanded the skipper.

"On the starboard bow, sir," was the reply.

"What does she look like?"

"Can't make out, sir. She's very low down in the water, and a couple of her masts are gone."

Mr. Lanyon seized a glass and ran forward. Carruthers, Watts, and the other youngsters scrambled into the shrouds, all eager to get a glimpse of the strange vessel. Away in the distance, on the far horizon, they could distinguish one solitary tapering mast, standing out clearly against the evening sky. Nothing else was visible; the vessel's hull was so low down that it was completely hidden by the foam-capped billows that rolled between.

Google

The mate remained in the bows for some considerable time, with his glass fixed upon the distant vessel. Then he tucked it under his arm, and walked slowly aft.

"Well?" demanded Captain Soames. "What do you make of her?"

"Water-logged, sir," replied the mate.

"A derelict?"

"Fancy so, sir. No sign of life on board, as far as I could see."

"We must be sure of that," said the skipper. "Some of her fellows may be huddled up down below, as there's nothing much to keep them on deck."

He gave an order to the man at the wheel, and the *Strathearn's* bows swung slowly round until they pointed towards the water-logged vessel. Under the fresh breeze she plunged and dashed through the lumpy seas, sending the spray hissing from her bows.

Half an-hour ago there was little to divert the attention of those on board; for the most part they had occupied themselves in endeavouring to while away the tedium of the long afternoon. But now a buzz of excitement, an unwonted stir, prevailed on every hand; the word "Derelict!" had spread like wildfire through the ship, and there is nothing which arouses such a keen interest at sea as the sight of one of these abandoned and helpless ocean wanderers. The crew clustered to the side, talking earnestly, and pointing towards the dismasted vessel. The boys still hung from the shrouds, chattering and calling out to each other in their excitement. To them this was a new experience; not one of the five had ever beheld a derelict before, though they knew that a score or so of these battered wrecks were drifting about the Atlantic.

Nearer and nearer they drew to the water-logged vessel. By five o'clock they were within a couple of miles of her. What a sight she presented—that dismantled, crippled ship—lying there at the mercy of wind and waves! Her boats were gone, her bulwarks had been torn away, and her decks were almost flush with the water. The main-mast alone was standing, and, with the exception of the lower yard, even that was stripped of its rigging. Sea after sea leaped over the stern of the vessel, and tore onward towards the bows, pouring at last over the sides in white cascades.

"A DERELICT?"

On board the *Strathearn* every eye was turned upon the derelict, while the captain and first mate swept her from stem to stern with their glasses.

"Can you make out anyone on board, Mr. Lanyon?" asked the skipper.

"No, sir. Seems to me there's something bobbing in and out from the fo'c's'le, though Can't tell what it is, though."

"Well, we must overhaul her at any rate," replied the captain. "Swing out one of those starboard boats, Mr. Lanyon, and board her."

As the mate hurried down from the poop,

Carruthers came rushing aft, wild with excitement.

"Oh, please, sir, may I go?" he cried

"Well, you may, my boy," said Captain Soames, kindly.

"And me too, please, sir?" put in "Wee Willie," who was close at his companion's heels.

"Very well. But only you two, mind," added the skipper, as he saw the others hurrying aft. "I can't have the whole lot of you scampering away from the ship in this manner

The *Strathearn* Love to, the boat was swung out, and bumped down into the water with a splash. The four men selected by Mr. Lanyon were quickly on board, and then the mate himself slipped down into the stern. At the last moment Carruthers and Watts came rushing up, fearing that the boat might put off without them. The mate looked an inquiry at Captain Soames, who nodded his head, and the next moment the two boys were over the side.

Across the heaving space which separated the two vessels went the boat, at one moment whisked along on the summit of a wave, the next lost to sight in the deep trough of the sea. As they approached the derelict, the mate craned his neck whenever the boat rose. He still saw something moving in the bows.

"What is it?" he said, pointing it out to the boys.

"I think it's a dog, sir," replied Watts.

"No, put in Carruthers, whose eyesight was remarkably keen. "It's—it's—a goat!"

"A goat!"

"Yes."

As if in corroboration of his statement, and to put an end to all doubt on the matter, the animal poked out its head and screwed it round in their direction. The curving horns, the long, scraggy neck, and the tuft of hair hanging from its jaw, were now distinctly visible. The next moment a faint bleat came across the water, as if the unfortunate creature was appealing to them for help.

THEY SCUTTLED AWAY FORWARD AS FAST AS THEY COULD.

"Give way, men!" cried the mate, turning an anxious eye towards the west. "That looks remarkably like a bank of fog over there," he added, to the boys. "If we don't hurry up, it

Google

may sweep down upon us and cut us off from the ship."

On approaching the wreck, it became evident that the goat was the sole occupant of the deck. As the boat ranged alongside, Mr. Lanyon sprang on board, followed by the two boys. It was no easy matter to maintain one's footing on the wet, slippery planks; but they scuttled away forward as fast as they could, and quickly gained the shelter of the forecastle.

The goat, a lean, miserable, uncanny-looking creature, with a half-starved look, appeared to regard them with considerable doubt. It backed away from them cautiously, and when Watts ventured to approach it, showed a decided disposition to receive him with a butt of its horns. The youngster promptly skipped back out of range, and stood looking at the animal with grave misgivings.

Meanwhile the mate had made a hasty examination of the forecastle. It told its own tale—a tale of panic, of hurried desertion. Rough garments, sea boots, and odds and ends of every description were lying about, as if the crew had rummaged through their belongings before taking their departure.

"Nothing much to be seen here," said Mr. Lanyon. "We must have a look at the cabin next. But stay! You two had better remain where you are. The deck is so slippery that if the vessel gave a lurch you might be pitched off into the sea."

Off he went aft, the boys watching him as he advanced cautiously across the open expanse that lay between them and the poop. The derelict had a slight list to port, which made it all the more difficult to move about.

Just as the mate was within ten or twelve paces of the door leading to the cabin, a wave came tumbling over the vessel. Mr. Lanyon made a bolt for it, but slipped, missed his footing, and rolled over into the torrent. Down the slope of the deck he went, and the next moment was sent flying off into the sea.

Fortunately the boat was lying at that side, under the shelter of the poop. The sailors, hearing a startled cry from the two boys, and seeing a dark object roll from the deck, pushed off at once. The mate, however, was swept away to a considerable distance before they could reach him. Even then it took some time to drag him on board, during which the boat drifted further and further from the derelict.

While the boys were still anxiously watching the rescue, a thin, vapoury wreath swept down between, growing denser and denser every moment. Then a startling sound came to them from the *Strathearn*. They knew well what it meant: it was the blast of the ship's foghorn.

A sudden chill, a thrill of dismay and alarm, passed through both lads. Looking out from the shelter of the forecastle, they saw the white swirls of fog drifting past, and rapidly shrouding the derelict in its thick folds. The *Strathearn* was no longer visible; the boat, too, had disappeared.

The boys bellowed and roared for help, and then listened with feverish intentness. But no answering hail reached them—nothing, save the mournful splash of the water against the vessel's side. From time to time they still heard the faint tooting of the fog horn. The sound seemed to grow more and more distant, as if the two ships were rapidly drifting apart.

When at last it died away altogether, the full horror of their situation began to dawn upon them. There was little chance of the boat finding its way back to the derelict; still less of the *Strathearn* hitting upon them in such a dense fog as this. The lads looked at each other with white, agitated faces. The silence, the solitude, the utter loneliness of the situation weighed heavily upon their spirits. Even the goat awed them somewhat; the creature seemed like some evil spirit mounting guard over the derelict.

"Come," said Carruthers, at length, endeavouring to shake off these gloomy impressions. "It's not a very lively lookout, certainly, but it might be worse. The *Strathearn* will stand by till morning, and take us off the moment the fog lifts. Meanwhile, as it is clear we will have to spend the night on board, we may as well——"

Good Heavens! what was that? A snarl, a low growl, a scratching and tearing in the cabin yonder—that is what it sounded like. Watts, with white cheeks, and quivering lips, clutched his companion by the arm. Carruthers, though of a bolder disposition, was scarcely less agitated.

"What is it?" asked "Wee Willie," in trembling tones.

"Don't know," replied the other. "There's something very queer about it. Wonder if it's a man or a beast?"

With a vague feeling of awe and dread they stood there and listened. At intervals the sounds were repeated -the same angry snarl, the deep growl, and the scratching of wood. What could it be?

"Carruthers!" cried Watts suddenly, grasping him by the arm again. "Look at the goat!"

The other whisked round, and what he saw only served to increase his bewilderment and alarm. The animal was cowering back into a corner, trembling in every limb, and moving about uneasily upon its legs. It was evidently overcome by terror.

"Can't think what on earth to make of it," said Carruthers. "There's something or other shut up in the cabin—that's clear! 'Pon my word, I have half a mind to go and see what it is."

"No, don't!" interposed his companion, in alarm.

But Carruthers, once he had taken an idea into his head, was not easily deterred. He looked doubtfully towards the door of the cabin, as if debating whether he should make the venture or not. It was growing dusk already; in another hour darkness would have set in. The thought of having to remain on board all night—not knowing when that creature in the cabin, whatever it was, might break loose—was not pleasant to dwell upon. Anything was better than this uncertainty, this tension of mind, the haunting fear of some unknown but impending danger.

"I'll do it!" cried the lad. "I'll find out what it is!"

In vain Watts pleaded and endeavoured to dissuade him. Carruthers was bent upon solving this mystery, no matter what risk it entailed. The two ventured out on deck, and as the sea had gone down somewhat they found less difficulty in making their way towards the cabin.

Close by the main-mast Watts halted, and Carruthers went on alone. He approached the cabin door boldly, though his heart was thumping unpleasantly, turned the handle, and glanced inside. Before him was a narrow passage, very gloomy, into which he cautiously stepped. Beyond, he could hear the sound of deep, regular breathing. What was it?

"TO THE MAST!" HE YELLED. "UP THE MAST FOR YOUR LIFE!"

He groped his way along, his senses keenly on the alert. Suddenly, with a cry of terror and dismay, he turned and bolted out on deck, in his alarm quite forgetting to slam the door behind him.

"To the mast!" he yelled to his companion. "Up the mast for your life!"

Watts seized a rope that was dangling down from the yard, and swarmed up the mast as fast as he could go. After him went Carruthers, his eyes dilated with terror, and looking round in dismay towards the open door of the cabin. Scarcely was he out of reach than there was a rush—a deafening roar—and, with a bound, a huge speckled beast shot out on deck. It was a jaguar!

For a second or two the fierce creature stood still, and glared around the deserted deck. Then a terrified bleat from the unfortunate goat attracted its attention, and it bounded off towards the forecastle. The next moment it had seized upon its prey.

The two boys clambered out upon the yard-arm, and there they clung, palpitating with fear. Below, they could hear the piteous cries of the goat, followed by a horrible rending and crunching, as the ferocious brute devoured its victim. The sound thrilled them with horror; they felt that they had narrowly escaped the same dreadful fate themselves.

Night came on, with all its attendant horrors, and still the boys remained perched up there upon the yard-arm, not daring even to move. What were they to do? At one time they thought of slipping quietly down the mast and

HE KNEW THAT A JAGUAR COULD CLIMB LIKE A CAT.

making a bolt for the cabin; but the jaguar, now it had gorged itself upon the carcase of the goat, was prowling uneasily about the deck. To descend in the face of such a danger would mean certain destruction for one or other.

After a time, which seemed ages to the boys, the brute retired again to the forecastle, where they could hear it crunching the bones of the goat. Watts stretched out a trembling hand through the darkness, and touched his companion on the arm.

"Now's our chance!" he whispered. "Shall we slip down?"

"Better wait a minute," returned the other, in the same low tone.

The delay, however, proved fatal to their hopes. As if aware of their intention, the jaguar stole out from the forecastle and laid itself down before the entrance. They could just distinguish the dusky outlines of its form as it crouched there. Then, as the darkness deepened, nothing but the glare of its savage eyes was visible.

The baleful light which shone from those two fiery orbs seemed to fascinate the boys. Upon Watts especially it produced a thrilling, an all-powerful effect. He couldn't withdraw his gaze from the spot where the scintillating gleam of the brute's eyes twinkled through the darkness, and felt an almost irresistible impulse to hurl himself from the yard-arm.

"Carruthers, what are we to do?" he whispered again. The poor fellow's teeth were chattering, for the cold, damp night air chilled him through and through.

"There is nothing for it but to remain where we are," was the reply.

"I suppose so. We are safe up here, at any rate."

Carruthers made no reply. For some time a horrible fear had beset him, and he dreaded to think what might occur when daylight revealed their position to the ferocious beast below. The derelict was an old wooden vessel; the mast was of pine; and—*he knew that a jaguar could climb like a cat.*

To depict the horrors of that long night, during which the two lads sat astride of the yard-arm, would be utterly impossible. With cramped and numbed limbs, a constant strain upon their minds, they remained in that awkward position, feeling as if the hours of darkness would never come to an end.

When at last the night began to wane, and the grey light of dawn stole over the heaving waters, they looked around them with eager, searching eyes. Though the fog had cleared to some extent, it still shrouded the horizon, and they could see no further than a mile or so from the wreck. In that limited range all was a blank. Not a vessel of any kind was in sight.

The sound of a mighty yawn came to them from the deck. Looking down they saw that the jaguar had risen to its feet, and was stretching its powerful limbs. Whether it was some involuntary movement on their part, or a half-stifled exclamation from Watts, that caught the brute's attention, it was impossible to say. It drew itself up, reared its massive head into the air, and glared up at them. The next moment, with slow, cat-like tread, it moved towards the mast.

Round and round it went in a circle, keeping its head turned upwards, as if considering the best manner in which to reach the yard-arm. They could hear the soft patter of its paws, the occasional low growl, and saw the hot breath streaming from the creature's mouth. In an agony of suspense they watched it from above.

Suddenly the brute backed away to a short distance and crouched on the deck. Its back was bent in a strong downward curve; it seemed to brace its powerful muscles, and to measure its distance carefully. Good Heavens! it was about to spring!

A breathless pause; and then, like a stone from a sling, the jaguar shot into the air. It struck the mast, which shook under the shock; the terrible claws were driven into the wood, and there for a moment or two the beast hung. The boys shrieked, and scrambled far out upon the yard-arm. It was a question of a minute or two now; if the jaguar maintained its hold nothing could save them.

At that critical moment, with death hovering so near, a sound reached their ears which brought a thrill of hope to their hearts. It was the loud blast of a fog-horn! They looked round, and—oh, joy!—there was the *Strathearn* bearing down upon them. Those on board seemed to be aware of their terrible plight, for the lads could see several figures rushing about the deck, while some of the crew were already scrambling over the side into a boat.

At the sound of that blast the jaguar, still clinging to the mast, had turned its head round in the direction. Suddenly it relaxed its hold and dropped back on deck, where it stood glaring across at the boat, which was now rapidly approaching the wreck. In the stern, with a rifle sticking up between his knees, was Mr. Wardlaw, the second mate. The very sight of him brought relief to the boys, for often they had seen him practising with that same rifle—smashing bottles which he had flung into the sea

As the boat drew in close to the derelict the men rested upon their oars. Wardlaw stood up, took steady aim at the jaguar, and fired. With a snarl of rage the brute bounded into the air, but came down on its legs again. A second, a third shot followed; and then the jaguar was sprawling on its back in the throes of death.

When it had ceased to struggle Carruthers and Watts crawled feebly back along the yard-arm, and slid down the mast. The terrors of the night, the long strain upon their minds, had told severely upon both. They were crippled with cold, too, and could barely keep their feet until Wardlaw reached them.

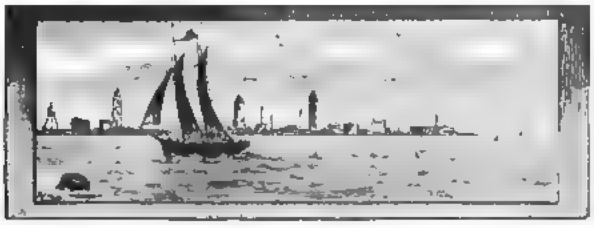
Before quitting the derelict the mate determined to have a look at the cabin. There was little to be seen there, however; the place was in dire confusion, and fragments of bones, which looked like those of a human being, lay upon the floor. One of the crew, at least, must have fallen a victim to that fierce beast.

As they rowed back to the *Strathearn* the mate informed the boys that Mr. Lanyon's boat had got safely back to the ship the previous evening, after pulling about in the fog for an hour or more. Indeed, as they neared the vessel's side, one of the first persons they caught sight of was the chief mate himself, who roared out a cordial welcome to them.

They would probably have remained in ignorance as to how the jaguar came to be on the wreck but for one of those curious coincidences that sometimes occur at sea. The following day they fell in with a couple of boats, the occupants of which proved to be the crew of the water-logged vessel. When they were taken on board, they told how their ship, the *Lone Pilgrim*, had sailed from Rio with a general cargo. Part of their freight consisted of several wild beasts, consigned to a well-known importer in Liverpool, which gave them no little trouble even at the outset of the voyage.

A succession of fierce gales blew them out of their course, and drove them far north. As their vessel was badly injured and fast becoming water-logged, they were compelled to take to the two remaining boats. By this time all the beasts, with the exception of the jaguar, had been washed overboard. The captain, who was the last to quit the ship, was just stepping out from the cabin, when this ferocious brute broke loose and bounded towards him. Before the unfortunate man could close the door the creature was upon him. Probably, in the struggle which ensued, the door was slammed to, so that when the beast had devoured its victim, it found itself caged up there. That was all they had to tell.

Though this adventure on the high seas occurred many years back, Carruthers and Watts have always retained a vivid remembrance of it. Each now commands a vessel of his own; but neither has forgotten, or is likely to forget, the terrible experiences of that night on a derelict.



SANDY HOOK.

Some Curious Postage Stamps.

By H. M. Gooch.

AN EARLY SHANGHAI.

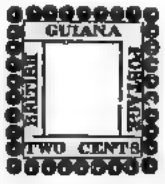
It has been estimated that the total number of all known postage stamps issued throughout the world up to the present year is fourteen thousand, this number being decidedly exclusive of any minor varieties, such as shade, watermark, perforation, etc. Those who have set themselves to the herculean, but not fruitless, task of accumulating these varieties must have met with many a curious design which has figured on the postage stamps of various countries. A little inquiry will elicit some interesting information upon their *raison d'être*, and in certain cases stories worth keeping in memory. A curious design is met with; the person who realises no interest in stamp-collecting passes the specimen over as a crude and ill-formed production of the engraver's art; the stamp collector sees in his curiosity that which is an object lesson in past history.

Some of the most curious designs in postage stamps pertain to the earliest issues, and this with good reason. It is customary in days of quick travelling and prompt communication for the leading centres of commerce to be requisitioned for a new stamp design, or series of designs, these executed in present-day excellence of engraving. The primitive issues of postage stamps were for the most part the product of local genius, in some cases representative of local art, in others a design with little or no special meaning.

The design of the first issue of British Guiana would in all probability be passed over by the uninitiated as an ordinary post-mark. The design is certainly curious, being type-set; the difference between the four values, 2c., 4c., 8c., and 12c., being distinguished by a mere alteration of the central numerals, and a difference in the colour of the paper used for each value. The curiosity attaching to these stamps extends to their difficulty of acquisition, and consequent value, the 2c. being worth several hundred pounds, while the specimen illustrated is valued at £8 in used condition.

FIRST ISSUE.

In these "circular" stamps, as they are called, so primitive was the design that it was deemed advisable to initial each specimen before issue, this being effected by the postmaster.



BRITISH GUIANA—PEARL BORDER.

Another curious stamp pertains to the same colony at a later date. Many a curious design owes its existence to a temporary exhaustion of a regular issue. To this cause the accompanying rude design is attributable. The stamps were merely type-set in the local printing office, and so limited was the supply of type that varying ornaments were used for the surrounding frame. In the illustration a border of pearls is shown, but the same design showing borders of "hearts" and "trefoils" is obtainable.

Here is a stamp which must always take rank among the most curious stamps which have been issued, and this in an historical connection. It is the 5c. stamp of New Brunswick, which had an ephemeral existence in the year 1860. The portrait in the oval is that of Mr. Charles Connell, the then Postmaster-General of the colony. Just after his accession to office the currency of the colony was changed from "pence" to "cents," hence a new series of postage stamps became necessary. A happy thought which struck the Postmaster-General was to include his own portrait on one of the values, the 5c. The order was given, and the stamps arrived in the colony, when an unlooked-for event took place. The political opponents of Mr. Connell raised objection to the new stamp, with the final result that a new 5c. stamp was substituted, bearing a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen. Mr. Connell, mortified and disgusted, retired from office into private life, taking his stamps with him, which at a subsequent date he burned, with the exception of a few specimens which are known, and which it is supposed were given to personal friends.

"CONNELL" STAMP.

Among the Russian rural stamps there are many curious and grotesque designs, in some cases with interesting meaning attaching to them. These stamps, by no means popular with British collectors, owe their origin to the vast extent of

RUSSIAN RURAL POST STAMP.

Russian territory, and the great distance between many of the towns and villages. The carrying of mails over such great distances proving unremunerative to the Government, the towns and villages were but poorly served, in some cases there being no facility for delivery of letters at all. The local authorities instituted local posts for the conveyance of letters between certain distances, issuing distinct stamps for the pre-payment of the postage. The illustration is that of the local for Oustsysolsk, and although the design may appear meaningless to the reader, there is good reason for its curious nature. The Vologda district, in which this town is situated, is inhabited by numerous bears and wolves, which commit serious depredations on crops and Government property. This has caused the Government to offer rewards of 10 roubles (£1) for every bear's head, and 5 roubles (10s.) for every wolf's head, captured by the peasants.

WINANS' CITY POST.

Among a similar class of stamps—the United States locals—some very quaint designs may be found. The accompanying illustration of the stamp for Winans' City Post is an example of these curious stamps, all of which are now obsolete, being superseded by Government issues.

THE SMALLEST STAMP IN THE WORLD.

Considerable difficulty might be found, even by the stamp collector, to mention off-hand the smallest stamp in the world. The first issue of Venezuela, the four quarters of the Mecklenburg-Schwerin 4/4sch. stamp, the Brattleboro', and even the obsolete ½d. adhesive of Great Britain, are among the smallest stamps that have been issued. But we think claim to the smallest stamp in the world can be made by the Republic of Colombia, which has issued the accompanying microscopic label for use in the State of Bolivar.

The primitive designs which form many of the first issues of various countries are extraordinary. The early Shanghai stamps, much coveted by collectors, bear a grotesque figure as a centre-piece—a dragon—the remainder of the design being type-set locally. It is not surprising that so simple a label has been extensively forged, although the detection of the counterfeit is generally an easy matter, the forger having given the dragon a more bushy beard than natural, the original having *seven* points only!

EARLY MOLDAVIAN.

The earliest issue of Moldavia are among the most curious stamps which are to be found. These consist of a single-lined circle enclosing an inscription which stands for "Postage stamp," a star above a bull's head, and a posthorn, in the bend of which appear the numerals of value—27 paras, 54 paras, 81 paras, or 108 paras. All these stamps, although little better than postmarks in appearance, are excessively rare and valuable.

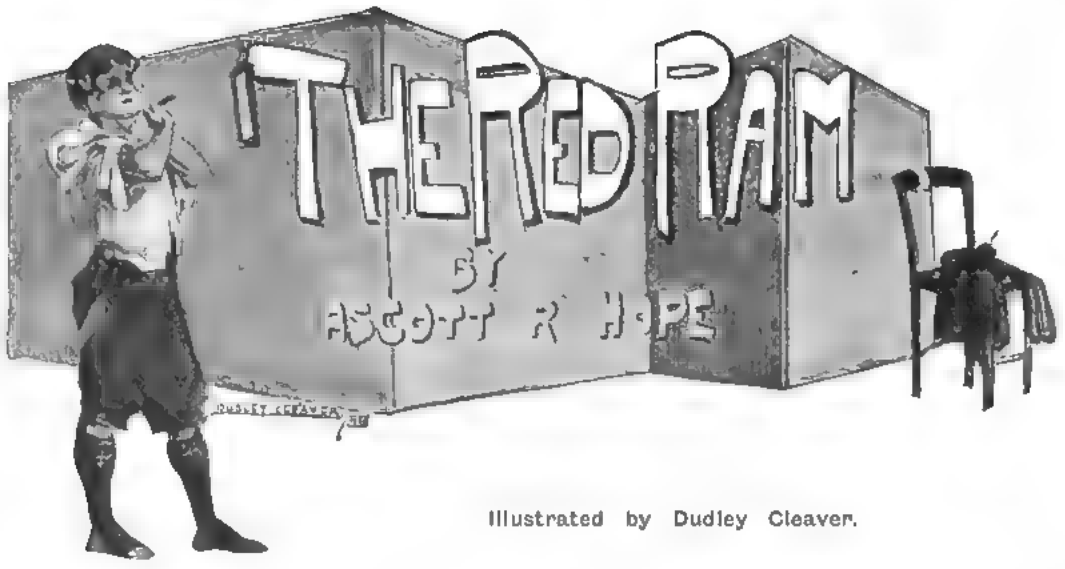
The stamps of Naples, bearing the arms of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, are curious both in their design and history. The well known varieties of the "Arms" and "Cross" stamps figure among the curiosities of postal romance. The alteration of the "Arms" design, illustrated, consequent upon the accession of King Victor Emmanuel in 1860, was effected by the addition of the Savoy Cross, the alteration of the plate being hastily done, so that the arms of the late kingdoms are to be seen beneath the cross in clear specimens of this issue.

"ARMS."

Bicycle stamps are not numerous, but one or two cases figure among the curiosities of the stamp album. During the railway strike in America (1894), an enterprising individual residing at Fresno in California, instituted a bicycle mail service for the purpose of conveying mails between Fresno and San Francisco, a distance of over two hundred miles; the journey being accomplished in eighteen hours. He issued a stamp the design of which represented a cyclist travelling at full speed, the inscription being "Fresno and San Francisco Bicycle Mail Route, 1894." The service was short-lived, enjoying but fourteen days' existence. The Coolgardie Cycle Express stamps were also issued in West Australia for a similar purpose, although no official warrant appears to have been given in either case for the service, both being of a private nature.

CROSS.

Another article for Stamp Collectors next month.



Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I.—IV.).

"Cambridge Hall," a private academy, receives a football challenge from a public school in the same town. Dr. Worgler, the Principal of Cambridge Hall, who for some time has been burning to meet his haughty rival "in fair field," accepts the challenge with great satisfaction, and immediately proceeds to train up his team for the contest. He sends off a mysterious telegram, and late in the afternoon of that day there arrives at Cambridge Hall a "new boy"—a big, rough-spoken, uncouth fellow, of apparently eighteen or nineteen years of age, who is promptly dubbed "The Red Ram," on account of the colour of his hair. The new boy, whose name is "MacGubbin," makes himself at home with astonishing ease, but pays no respect to the assistant masters, and very little to the Principal himself. He is allotted a bed in the biggest dormitory, and wins instant popularity by jumping on a monitor whom he discovers in the act of bullying the cripple of the school. It soon becomes evident that the "Red Ram" does not realise his position, for he plays practical jokes on the head master himself, and without troubling to ask permission goes off, on the following afternoon, to see an important football match at a neighbouring town. Returning late at night, and finding several monitors sitting up in the big schoolroom, he organises a dribbling match, which is interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Nunn, the second master. The monitors slink out, leaving the "Red Ram" and Mr. Nunn together.

CHAPTER V.

Nor till the lights had been turned out did MacGubbin arrive in the dormitory; then he, for once, showed himself rather grumpy, and declined to discuss the matter which kept the rest of us from going to sleep. All we could get out of him was that the Principal had not come in yet, and that he "didna care a brass bawbee" for whatever Mr. Nunn had said to him. He went straight to bed and lay snoring ostentatiously when both the assistant masters came to see that we were all quiet, "making their rounds in a couple of them, like the Irish constabulary," as MacGubbin remarked next morning, which showed he must have been pretending to be asleep. In view of the mutinous spirit abroad, Mr. Nunn had reinforced himself with Mr. Delaney; and I guessed the latter would be rather disappointed than otherwise by not getting a chance to try his hand at reducing the Red Ram to submission.

Next morning, that worthy was stirring before the bell rang, when we discovered him half dressed behind his screen, engaged in shaving off a few bristles from his beefy chin. This toilette operation attracting general notice, he proposed to shave us all round, by way of a friendly joke. As many fellows as would submit to the ordeal he lathered and scraped so vigorously that more than one of them came down to breakfast their smooth cheeks ornamented with cuts and dabs of gore.

He was in high good humour again; and in vain we tried to impress upon him a sense of his situation as a criminal awaiting sentence.

"You are bound to catch it, you know, if Nunn has reported you."

"I'll tell my mither!" he answered, with a comic affectation of alarm.

"But we'll catch it!" Josephs told him, as a point of more importance.

"Do ye good to be waked up a bit," was all his sympathy.

"There will be no end of a row, and all because you cheeked old Nunn, like an idiot," grumbled someone else; but we could not get our reckless accomplice to display any concern either for us or for himself.

He produced a bag of peppermint drops, which he threw about the floor and set the small boys to scramble for them, "trying to make us all late and

get us into more scrapes!" as Josephs vainly protested. Also, he gave a performance of his trick with a wet cork on the window pane; and showed us further how to draw lines on the looking-glasses with a piece of soap, so as to make them look cracked. But Josephs prudently stayed behind to obliterate these marks of mischievous art, when at last MacGubbin went downstairs, cheerily whistling the "Wearing of the Green," as if no reckoning were in store for him.

At breakfast-time, indeed, there were evident signs of a storm in the air. One look at the Principal's face told experienced judges that he knew how we had taken advantage of his absence. At his end of the table Mr. Delaney sat very stiff and silent. It afterwards came out that he and MacGubbin had encountered each other at that football match, and that some fresh unpleasantness there took place between them. Mr. Nunn had his usual air of meditative composure. The untimely football players were more or less overcast by a foreboding of calamity at hand. Only MacGubbin devoted himself heartily to his breakfast, snatching at the bread and butter like a hawk pouncing on a swallow, bawling lustily for the mustard, and winking to the maid to fill his cup, like one unconscious of any cause to spoil his appetite.

SNATCHING AT THE BREAD AND BUTTER.

We knew better, for the half-hour between breakfast and school-time was the time our Principal usually chose for holding assizes of justice. And sure enough, when, at the accustomed signal, we rose to follow Mrs. Worgler out of the room, as soon as Mr. Delaney had performed his accustomed ceremony of opening the door for the lady's exit, her husband arrested us by a gesture.

"The lower boys, go!" he bade. "The seniors—those who were sitting up last night—will stay. I have a word to say to them."

A good many words, we culprits guessed by his tone, as we huddled together towards the fireplace, where he took up his stand, beckoning us to come forward for sentence. MacGubbin got up with the rest, but presently squatted down on the edge of the table, swinging his legs and sprawling his arms very much at ease. The two masters held a little aloof, as if waiting to be called as witnesses to our delinquency.

The court thus constituted, our judge began his charge. I need not report all he said, because it was very much what other schoolmasters have to say on such occasions, and because he said it at a length which might be only less trying to the reader than to the hearers. Our master rather "fancied himself" as an orator, and when he had time, as now, to prepare a speech, he made the most of it, not less eloquently denouncing any outbreak of spirits than if it were a real disgrace to the school. We knew pretty well beforehand what he would say, and were mainly interested about his coming to the point, which he came to in the end. Yet he did not come to it very clearly even then. In a doubtful way we understood ourselves condemned to an imposition of five hundred lines; but this was not to be begun till after the match, and if our side won, a half-promise was held out of its being abridged or even wholly forgiven; so now interest as well as glory would spur us to play up against the Cauliflowers.

"You will write down the names of these boys and bring me the list presently," he enjoined on me. Though I was not big enough to be a prefect, Dr. Worgler often gave me commissions of the sort, in flattering testimony of my unrewarded trustworthiness.

All this time he had said nothing of MacGubbin's special offence; but at last, with apparent reluctance, he turned to that topic.

"Most of all am I concerned to learn that one of my masters has been insulted in the execution of his duty." It was grand to hear how the Principal rolled out *my masters*, investing them, as it were, with a reflection of his own dignity. "Stand up, if you please!" This to MacGubbin, who still sat comporting himself as if he had no concern with the matter. "I need not repeat the language you permitted yourself to use to Mr. Nunn. I have told him how much I regret it, and I am sure that, upon consideration, you will see fit to express your own regret. I have to

insist that you make him a proper apology here, in public. I hope Mr. Nunn will be able to report to me that he is satisfied; then I trust that such a thing will never again happen in my school."

With this, to our surprise, Dr. Worgler swept out of the room, manifestly in no mind to preside over the apology he had prescribed in such masterful style. Mr. Nunn was left to have it out with the rebel, on whom all eyes now turned. He stood sheepishly grinning, with his hands in his pockets; and there followed an awkward silence, impatiently broken by Mr. Delaney.

"Well, sir; we are waiting to hear what you have to say."

"You mind your own business, will ye!" growled MacGubbin.

His fellow countryman stepped forward with an exclamation, but Mr. Nunn beckoned him to keep quiet, saying mildly to the culprit: "You must know that you were rude to me last night; and you are old enough to feel that an apology is due."

"Apology—what like a long-nibbed word's that? I tell t ye to go and be hanged, did I? Well, then, ye needna gang—there!"

He brought this out in such a droll way that some of us could not help smiling; but Mr. Delaney looked furious, and seemed on the point of extorting a more civil apology by violence, if Mr. Nunn had not still held him back.

"Is this mere stupidity or fresh impertinence?" he asked, flushing a little, but keeping his spectacles steadily on MacGubbin, who seemed more impressed by his quiet air than by the other master's hardly-restrained indignation.

"What's a chap to say? There, then—I'm sorry; I'll be as good as pussy! Will that do for ye?" he ended, with an uneasy laugh.

"No, sir," said Mr. Nunn; "you have taken on yourself to upset the discipline of this school, and it is my duty to make sure that you understand your place in it."

"That's more than I do," put in Mr. Delaney, with a sneer.

"I am sorry that Dr. Worgler has not stayed to see this matter out. But as you seem bent on taking advantage of his indulgence, I insist upon your making your apology before him. Come!"

MacGubbin tried to grin, but it was a failure; he was too red to blush. Mr. Nunn moved towards the door, looking round with another "Come!" and there was something magnetic in his mild determination, for the Ram ended by following like a sulky lamb, Mr. Delaney bringing up the rear as if to guard him. We could understand how the two masters had made alliance against this despiser of their authority.

So, after all, the Principal would have to settle that difficult question which he seemed so willing to shirk, and we were much agog to know what went on in the privacy where he was now being brought to give judgment. As I had been charged to follow him presently with a list of my fellow-culprits, the others urged me to take this good excuse for prying upon the proceedings; but I shrunk from such intrusion, and less scrupulous scouts could only report the door shut and no high words to be heard within. Our curiosity, then, remained unsatisfied, with nothing to go upon but a fresh suggestion thrown out by young Bloxam, or somebody, that the Red Ram was a lunatic, who had come to school so late after being too soon let out of an asylum.

Not till the bell was about to ring for school did I venture to approach the Library on my errand. I met MacGubbin coming away, who, so far from appearing overwhelmed by the upshot of the long interview from which he had just been dismissed, winked at me jovially and jerked his thumb backwards in derision. He had left the door slightly ajar, so that I overheard Dr. Worgler soliloquising, as I supposed, in a dejected tone:—

"I have made a mistake. I never thought he would give so much trouble—the idiot!"

"Never mind, dear! He has promised to behave himself better now. It will turn out all right," answered the comforting voice of Mrs. W.—that milky-natured mother, who always took a hopeful view of things and stood up for everybody in trouble, for her husband above all.

He answered by a stifled groan, as if wrung from him by a burden too heavy to bear in silence.

But I wasn't going to listen at doors. I had already announced myself by a shy knock that passed unnoticed; now I gave a louder one.

"Come in!" cried Dr. Worgler crossly, all his grandeur gone sour. "What's the matter now? Oh, that list—put it down! Why will you all do nothing else but get me into trouble—and on the day of the match, too!"

From this peep into his retirement I gathered that our Principal was ill at ease in his mind, and wondered all the more what could be the cause of his putting up with a fellow like the Red Ram, who so clearly stood in no awe of him.

He came five minutes late for school, during which time, however, he had managed to compose himself so as to appear with his habitual majesty of demeanour. Then all went smoothly for the first part of the morning, the more so as MacGubbin did not turn up to disturb our studies. It was whispered among us that he had gone for good; that Mr. Nunn had presented an ultimatum—one or other of them to leave the school at once. But during the "quarter" interval the Red Ram strolled into the playground, as bumptious as ever. He had been up town, he said, getting himself fitted out for the match. We were not, then, to lose his valuable assistance. He declined to enlighten us as to what had been said or done to him in the Library, which evidently weighed little upon his spirits, for he now treated us to a performance, first of an Irish jig, then of a Highland fling, and was about to wind up with a sailor's hornpipe when the bell called us back into school.

Here MacGubbin was handed over to my charge, I being appointed to see that he began his imposition of five hundred lines from "The Deserted Village." A pretty way of getting through an imposition, in school time, thought I; but all Dr. Worgler seemed to be concerned about was this troublesome pupil's making some show of work to keep him quiet. And now he did have

the grace to sit quiet for a time, writing more or less industriously at his lines in a big clumsy scrawl, only now and then stopping to refresh himself by a yawn or a fit of fidgets.

But towards the end of the hour he was at his tricks again, distracting and disturbing all the desks within sight of him. Mr. Delaney, who sat in front of MacGubbin's place, could not make out what was tickling his class into such inattention, till, suddenly turning round, he caught that mischief-maker in the act. The Red Ram had cut out a ring of cardboard, and, with this screwed into his eye, like a glass, he was giving a ludicrous imitation of the teacher's manner behind his back.

AN IRISH JIG.

Mr. Delaney glared at the mocker in unspeakable wrath. Those who saw this bit of by-play fancied for the moment that he was about to appeal to the Principal. But he sat down without a word, and contented himself with frowning so fiercely at his small boys as to overawe any mood for further trifling on their part.

A few minutes later Dr. Worgler dismissed us with a speech, calling attention to the importance of the afternoon's match, and expressing his wish that every boy should be present. He strode to the door, our established etiquette being that the Principal should march off in state before anyone else offered to move. Mr. Nunn came next, and they went out confabulating together. The rest of us broke up to follow in more disorder, but when only some half-dozen had escaped, Mr. Delaney rushed up to slam the door, placing his back against it.

"Stop!" he said, and we all stood still in amazement.

"A word with you!" He addressed MacGubbin. "Dr. Worgler may have some reason for putting up with your impertinence, but I won't! Do you hear?"

"Aye, I hear fine!" said MacGubbin coolly. "Ye're making blether enough. Cackle away—give us the whole hen-yard!"

"I am going to give you a good thrashing!" announced Mr. Delaney, flinging off his coat, and turning up his shirt-sleeves with the air of one who would prove that he was not only a master but a man.

"You! Who are you? Small potatoes and few in a row!"

"Take off your coat, will you?"

"Here's a wild Irishman for ye!" taunted the Red Ram; but appeared not very keen for the encounter, so stern was the resolution displayed on our young master's face, his eyes shining with the lust of conflict, his lips set tight beneath the budding moustache.

"And it's the like of you that are a disgrace to Ireland!" retorted he, excitement making him drop for once into his native accent. "Stand away, you fellows! Move that form! Come in and shut the door!" he bade the few boys who had left the room, but now peeped back to see what might be detaining the rest of us. "I am going to teach this bounder a lesson he needs very badly. Now, sir, put up your hands!"

MacGubbin took his hands out of his pockets, but still showed himself not very forward for the fray to which he was thus plainly challenged, till Mr. Delaney, with a hit straight out from the shoulder, sent him staggering backwards.

Over went the Ram like a nine-pin, his downfall stayed only by a clutch at the master's desk; but up he sprang, as lightly as if made of gutta-percha, roaring defiance, and now—not waiting to strip—rushed upon his adversary. In another moment, with breathless interest, we saw these two doughty champions engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight.

Fighting is so much out of fashion at schools nowadays, that it was seldom we had such a thrilling spectacle, spiced by the zest of one of the combatants being a master, who should have set a better example. They were not ill-matched—both about the same height and age, MacGubbin the heavier and stronger, with long arms and big fists to give him an advantage, but the other a practised athlete, wiry and spirited, who now for the first time had a chance of showing that he had not boasted vainly of his skill in boxing. For a little the Red Ram seemed likely to get the

worst of it; but when once he had fairly measured his length on the floor, he rose with fresh fury, and, thoroughly put on his mettle, made such vigorous fight, though in a less scientific style, that Mr. Delaney found he would have at least no easy victory. He took to standing on his defence against the other's onslaught, who

> Showered his blows like wintry rain;
> And as firm rock, or castle roof,
> Against the winter shower is proof,
> The foe, invulnerable still,
> Foiled his wild rage by steady skill.

Thus, with clenched teeth and flashing eyes, they pressed together in dubious strife, hitting out at each other in the ring we had hurriedly cleared on the floor, desks and benches dragged aside to make room for this sudden encounter, which let us see how, when Irishman meets Irishman, then indeed comes the tug of war.

OVER WENT THE RAM LIKE A NINE-PIN.

So hot was it, that they did not allow themselves to be interrupted by the entrance of Cook, bringing in her mop and pail to clean out the schoolroom. Taken aback by the strange scene enacting in a place she expected to find abandoned to her peaceful toils, she dropped these implements with an exclamation, and waddled off to give an alarm. A minute later the Principal arrived on the battle-field in such haste that he had not put on his panoply of cap and gown, without which he usually made a point of not showing himself in the schoolroom.

"What is the meaning of this?" he might well cry in horrified astoundment; and, when even his presence did not avail to separate the blind combatants, he snatched up Cook's mop, rushing forward to interpose this wand of peace between them just as the Ram had at last succeeded in getting in a telling blow. Then only they drew apart, still exchanging defiant glances.

"Mr. Delaney! Have you forgotten yourself, sir, so far as to strike a pupil?"

Mr. Delaney, taken up with staunching the blood from his aristocratic nose, could not answer this reproach; but the panting MacGubbin spoke for him.

"'Deed, and all the striking wasn't on his side! Come on, will ye, and I'll show whuch of us is a disgrace to ould Ireland! Hurroo! Ulster against Cork any day!"

"I am giving this impertinent lout the licking he deserves," explained Mr. Delaney, and seemed ready to close again in combat, if the Principal had not barred his on-rush with the mop. "Either he leaves the school, sir, or I do. You had better let us fight it out."

"Do you wish to ruin my school among you?" exclaimed Dr. Worgler in fretful perplexity. Then his eye fell on us boys, whom he felt better able to command. "What are you all doing here? Leave the room this instant!" he ordered us, and fell to sweeping forth the spectators at the point of his mop. He banged the door in our faces; and once more we had to go disappointed of what could not fail to be a most dramatic scene.

CHAPTER VI.

Shut out from the counsels of our superiors, we could only give ourselves up to excited surmising what might be the upshot of this scandal—the climax of all the sensations that had agitated us, one after the other, during the last three days. Rumours ran that MacGubbin was to be expelled; that a policeman had been sent for; that the match would be put off; that we were sure to lose it if the Red Ram failed us. But fears on this head were quieted by his appearance at dinner in full football array.

Our uniform was a white shirt with light blue hoops. The shop that served us must have run short of this material, or could not supply a ready-made shirt of it, for our new member had fitted himself out with the nearest pattern, a blue flannel with white lines, which helped to give him the air of a glorified butcher's boy. He wore it unbuttoned about his red bull neck, but at the waist was tightly girded by a black leather strap. Short serge breeches and thick, grey stockings, protected by pads that to me suggested Homer's "well-greaved" heroes, displayed an athletic hiatus of hairy knees and brawny calves; and this business-like costume ended with a pair of formidable boots that seemed fitting foundation of a tower of strength for our team.

Josephs declared that he looked exactly like a prize-fighter. He had not been able to wash away from his face an extensive discoloration promising a beautiful black eye for next day. Mr. Delaney, for his part, had a swollen lip as trace of the recent combat. It was fine to see the formal

courtesy with which the young master asked his late antagonist to have some more veal. The Red Ram took all he could get, and swallowed it down in silence, appearing to be a little subdued out of his usual cockahoop demeanour.

But he had recovered his spirits when the time came to set out for the scene of action.

"Bet you I kick a goal in the first ten minutes!" he swaggered, taking the lead among the team without question, since Croft, our nominal captain, was quite used to playing second fiddle.

Mr. Delaney, we noticed with some surprise, did not go to the match. The fact was, he had already guessed what we were to learn presently, and stayed away to mark his disapproval; but we put his absence down to rancour against the Red Ram, whose popularity rose the louder he promised us victory. Neither was Mr. Nunn among the spectators, but nobody expected him to be. The Principal, however, and Mrs. Worgler, in her best bonnet, could not fail to grace a display that was to be so momentous for the credit of Cambridge Hall. It had turned out one of those beautiful November afternoons when summer seems for a few hours to raise its head again among the mists and rains, and the mild sun shone encouragingly on our hopeful ambition.

SWEEPING FORTH THE SPECTATORS AT THE POINT OF HIS MOP.

The grounds of the College were close at hand, and we would all have set out in a body, but Dr. Worgler broke us up, designing, like a clever stage manager, to spread his little army so as to make the most show. The team was sent on ahead, the rest directed to straggle after them in twos and threes.

"Don't look as if you might not walk unless in charge of an usher," enjoined our Principal, who was manifestly flurried by the importance of the occasion.

He himself made a point of coming late, as if just dropping in for a moment upon some every-day event. I limped last of the boys; and not without a certain shyness did I pass alone through the great College gates, which I had never thought to enter till now. I felt sure that the porter despised me as a private school-boy, and wondered how a lame fellow would get on in this huge hive of athletic scholarship.

I heard afterwards of the formal courtesy with which the College captain received our team, taking them into the pavilion to hang up their jackets—where they were lost in admiration of its luxury, the dressing-rooms, the stone foot-baths in the floor, the rugs on which these young sybarites lay to watch a match at their ease. Our fellows, in their eagerness, had arrived too soon, and when I came up they were standing idly at one end of the field, their opponents not having had the consideration to provide them with a ball to pass the time. The Cauliflowers were loafing about here and there, staring saucily at our blue caps, which soon huddled together in a knot to give each other countenance. A few of the College masters and their families, and a sprinkling of amateurs from the town, made up the thin line of spectators that presently gathered about the arena.

As the church clock struck a quarter to three the College team began to lounge forth in all the splendour of their purple jerseys. The two captains advanced to each other for the toss, and were joined by the tall figure of that athletic curate who had been agreed on as referee.

We won the toss, and Croft chose the goal at the pavilion as having the advantage of wind and sun. The other side left off knocking about their ball and moved across into position. Our champions took their places, Croft nervously signing to this and that one, but the Red Ram, too, seemed to be playing captain independently. He, posted as a right forward, made ready for the fray by rolling up his sleeves above his elbows, which gave him still more the air of a holiday butcher.

The ball duly placed, and the five College forwards in line, their captain formally kicked off by giving it a slight touch, passing it to the man on his left, who began to dribble deftly towards the semi-circle of our forwards ranged against him. Forth sprang the Red Ram to tackle him, and drew first blood on our side, for, with a nimble jerk of his foot, he had got the ball and went charging into the other ranks. This performance was greeted by a cheer from the knot of Cambridge Hall boys, feebly swelled by a little perfunctory applause from our hosts, which seemed mere mockery in contrast with the hearty roar that burst out among them when one of their backs cut short MacGubbin's first career, and the ball came bounding again into the centre of the game.

"Played! Go it, MacGubbin! Well kicked, Ram! Ah! Now then! Pass! Play the game! Go through yourself! Shoot! Off-side!"

Such were the ejaculations that rang out thick and fast when the spectators as well as the players had warmed to their parts. Two or three fields off these cries were echoed, at times almost drowned, by the distant din that arose round another school match, which seemed to excite more interest than ours. Dr. Worgler exerted himself to stir up the applause, clapping his gloved hands as he called on us to admire each achievement of his new recruit. I am not sure if our Principal knew enough of the matter to put in his admiration always at the right place; but he could talk of "passes" and "dribbles" and such like as glibly as anyone.

"Buck up! Buck up, light blue!"

I could hardly believe my ears when I heard this slang resound from his magisterial lips, wont to give out none but most exemplary phrases. I was amused also to note how Josephs, strutting up and down with a sky-blue flag, as linesman, held his nose in the air, as if critically regarding our champion's prowess, for his part.

MacGubbin, however, was quite independent of encouragement or disdain. He moved as in his element, dashing in and out like an animated battering ram, or like a nimble knight or a far-stretching bishop among the common pawns of the game, or like a jumping frog on springs, here one moment and there the next, where you would least expect him, while Croft, playing back, had little to do but look on at the feats of that formidable lieutenant. The comparison that came most readily into my mind was from a bit of Homer I had been hammering out with Mr. Nunn that morning: "He seemed like a comet sent by the son of Saturn for a beacon to sailors, or to some great army; and in his fiery wake went dismay and downfall to the foe."

"Who's that fellow with the chimney-pot head?" the Cauliflowers began to ask each other; and presently one of them put the question to me in a tone of overdone civility which I felt to be a way of holding Cambridge Hall at a distance.

"His name is MacGubbin. He's our best player," I told them with an attempt at proper pride.

"Oh, a Scotchman! I suppose he means to come out as a professional?"

"No, he's an Irishman, and such a fellow to fight!" I boasted, thinking this would impress these public school-boys.

"Has he been long at your place?" asked another.

"He came only the day before yesterday," said I, innocently.

"Looks as though you had got him in on purpose!" sneered one, unable to keep up the strain of politeness to a guest.

"He gets his fair share of the ball, anyhow."

"That red head of his blazes into our fellows' eyes and makes 'em wink," quoth one joker.

"I don't wonder that his hair frizzles up in that queer way. It must burn the brush."

"You will see the water fizz when he takes a header."

"Do you never use him to warm the beds on cold nights?"

"BUCK UP! BUCK UP, LIGHT BLUE!"

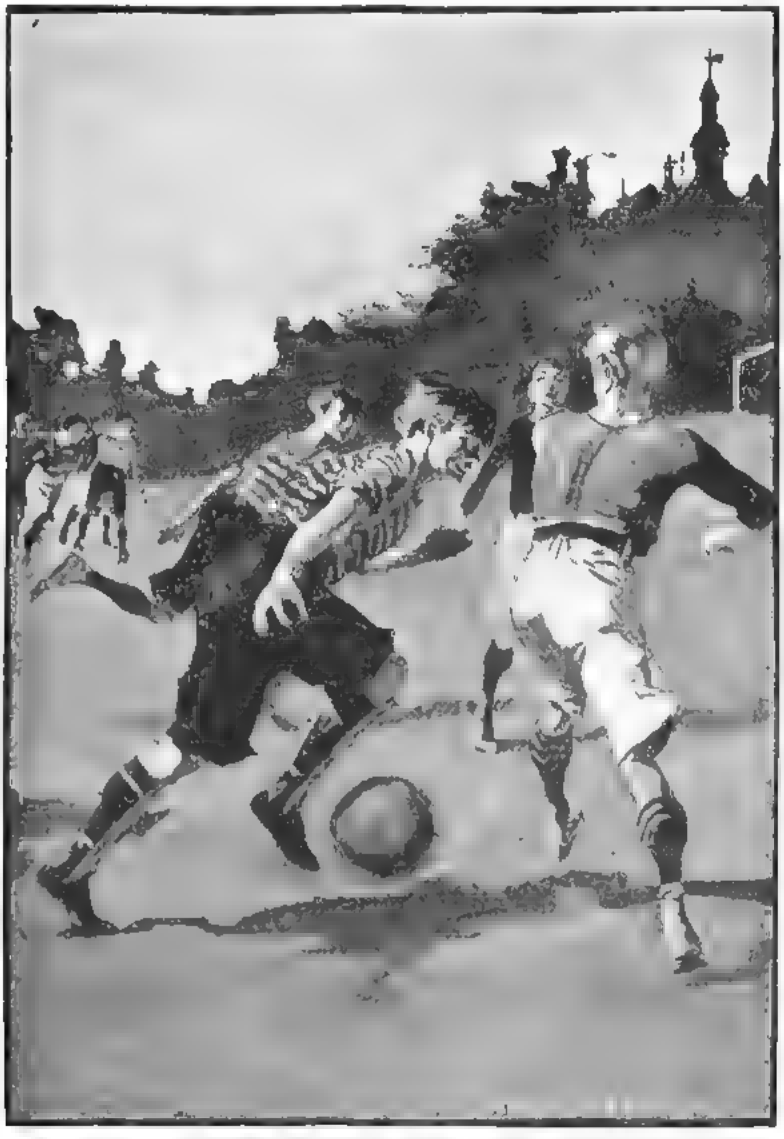
These ingenious pleasantries were cut short by a commotion among the players. The captain of the College team spun round and staggered to the ground, where he lay in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator, while over him stood the Red Ram, flushed redder than ever, tucking in his shirt. A group gathered round them, and to the spectators it seemed for a little as if a serious accident had taken place. Presently the overthrown leader got to his feet again, and was seen to be able to hobble along; but there was a hitch in the game. Where I stood at the opposite corner it was said that he had been winded, that MacGubbin had charged him in the back, that the referee had pulled up our hero; and all round me the College boys were heard loud in denunciations of this fire-tipped thunder-bolt as not playing fair.

That wrangle on the field soon spent itself, and play went on again, the Red Ram once more shining through the medley, the oriflamme of our side, and making such vigorous and dexterous efforts that we had indeed some right to be proud of him, while

> Even the ranks of Tuscany
> Could scarce forbear to cheer!

Secretary of the club as I was, I could not long keep my attention fixed on the fortunes of the match, as they ebbed and flowed in the usual exciting manner. In my dreamy way I fell to comparing this game with the one described in "Tom Brown's School-days"; and now for the first time the difference struck me, that then everyone seemed to play himself in a general mob, whereas nowadays most of those present are lookers on. From that my thoughts easily passed to this College, which ranks almost with Rugby among our educational foundations, and, in my honest veneration, stood second to

none. Sauntering along, I made the best of an unusual opportunity for a close view of the lordly school buildings and of the tall boys to whom I looked up so modestly, as knowing perhaps as much Greek as any of our masters. How I wished it had been my lot to belong to such a school, and not to be lame! But all at once my



DRIBBLING THROUGH THE COLLEGE BACKS.

eyes were brought back to the field through my ears, as a louder outcry from both sides proclaimed some crisis of the contest.

I turned to see how that doughty Red Ram had the ball to himself in the centre of the field, how he was dribbling through the College backs, how he got clear away, making straight for their goal, while they swiftly raced behind to intercept him if yet possible. He was not thirty yards from the posts, behind which I had strolled, when I saw him stoop to give the ball, bobbing up and down before him, a sly pat, so as to place it well for the final kick, which that anxious goal-keeper stood alone to baffle. Even I knew enough of football to understand that this touch with the hand was an offence against Association rules.

And mine were not the only eyes that caught his manœuvre. MacGubbin must have too rashly reckoned on the referee and the other players being behind him. Just as he seemed to secure his triumph with a clever cross-shot, sending the ball almost through the goal-keeper's hands into the further corner of the goal, the referee's whistle blew; and our joyful shout was lost in the College boys' clamour:—

"Goal!"—"Foul! Foul!"

The referee hurried up, and a crowd gathered round him, its centre forming a core of angry dispute. When I got up to the skirts of this word scrimmage, all I could make out at first was MacGubbin talking very loud and bold—denying, asserting, arguing, abusing, in his broadest accent and rudest manner. The reverend referee could hardly make his clear-cut tones heard to give the decision that it was certainly a foul; then the Red Ram, in his vehement protest, used the word "lie," and a general hubbub broke loose.

"We won't have this sort of thing here," cried one of the College masters above the din. "The match can't go on if the referee is to be insulted."

"Yah! Who are you?" retorted MacGubbin.

"Who are you, is the question?" put in the referee. "I thought I had seen you somewhere before, and I remember now. You were playing last week for the Birmingham Swifts. They told me you were a new man brought up on trial from Glasgow."

"And it's Glasgow now I wish I was back at;

they wouldn't cheat a chap out of his goal there!" said the Red Ram, sulkily.

The referee, the College master, and their captain turned aside to consult in a low tone. I edged my way a little further into the crowd. Inside the circle I saw Dr. Worgler, looking very ill at ease. To him spoke the College master with icy civility:—

"May I ask if you represent this fellow as one of your pupils?"

"Certainly," stammered Dr. Worgler, all his dignity shrivelling up like a pricked bladder. "He has recently entered my establishment—that is—I was induced—I considered——"

"Are you aware that he is a professional football player?"

To this our unhappy Principal had nothing to say; but the Red Ram answered for him, brazening out the matter with a touch of his jovial impudence.

"Well, and if I have signed on with the Swifts, what's that to hinder a body from improving his education meanwhiles?"

"I think there is no more to be said," the College master put it to the referee, who lifted his eyebrows significantly.

"If you play a professional I am afraid we can't match you!" the College captain told Croft, trying to keep himself up to the same tone of calm contempt, before which our fellows might well wish the ground to open and swallow them, but MacGubbin burst into a horse-laugh.

"WELL, AND IF I HAVE SIGNED ON WITH THE SWIFTS, WHAT'S THAT TO HINDER A BODY FROM IMPROVING HIS EDUCATION MEANWHILES?"

"Och, but there's a good game spoilt! Heth! I could have shown ye a whole bag of tricks to open your eyes for ye, stuck up spalpeens that ye are!"

"You have shown us quite enough," one of the Cauliflowers drily replied; but his captain refused to bandy further words.

At this point I slunk out of the crowd, unable to face the scorn of those haughty young aristocrats. What passed next I cannot report, beyond the fact that presently the Cambridge Hall team came sneaking away with their tails between their legs, the match at an end, and all hope of friendly contest between the two schools. Had we lost the game, even that had been glorious; but now honour and all were lost, and we felt for the moment that we could never again encounter any school in the town. Such was the disgrace our Principal had brought upon us in his crafty zeal for victory.

How he had ever supposed that he could make this rough clown pass for a pupil, I cannot understand. He had seen MacGubbin, it was said; then we could only suppose that their interview had been too brief to let him realise what intractable material he was taking in hand. Bloxam devised a story that some trick had been played on our master, another youth having been introduced to him as a dummy representative of the wild Irishman, who for three days thus played the part of bull in the china shop of our scholastic proprieties. You may be sure we never ventured to question the Principal on what was too manifestly a sore subject with him. He, indeed, must have bitterly repented of the troubles he brought on himself and on Cambridge Hall through the introduction of such an alien element. I tried to draw some information out of Mr. Nunn; but he would not utter a word on the subject beyond an expressive "*H'm!*"

MacGubbin we saw no more of—smuggled off from Cambridge Hall, as he was, that same evening. But it was long before his meteoric career would be forgotten, either by ourselves or by the other schools of the town, among which an exaggerated account of his doings quickly spread. To his late school-fellows, if so we might be called, he left a painful legacy, not only in that long imposition he had brought upon some of us—which Dr. Worgler even doubled in the resentment that should have turned upon himself—but through certain vulgar tricks he had found time to teach in the school, that continued to bring others into trouble long after his departure. And worst of all was the consciousness that henceforth made us hang our heads before those haughty Cauliflowers.

They printed a magazine of their own, vainly run down by our envy as the "Cauliflower Leaf." In it next month, under the head of "Football Intelligence," appeared a sarcastic paragraph, gleefully elaborated, no doubt, while we were toiling over that imposition of ours.

COLLEGE 2ND v. CAMBRIDGE HALL 1ST.—This match, of which so much was expected, came on,

but can hardly be said to have come off, upon our ground, November 18th. Our opponents, it seems, had a *professor* of the game on their staff, so that we were hardly in a position to match them. Some clever tricks were displayed, but the play could not be called *good;* and the referee considered himself justified in putting a stop to it before a goal was *fairly* won. May we suggest that the ambitious name Cambridge Hall might be exchanged for Whitechapel Court?

To such sneers what could we reply, even had we had access to any print? We had to bear it, without grinning.

At Christmas Mr. Delaney left Cambridge Hall in disgust. Mr. Nunn, too, went away to a head-mastership of his own. And I, also, to my satisfaction, was removed to another school where, though far from being head boy, I found myself in the way of learning more. I am hardly, then, in a position to say whether Cambridge Hall recovered from these blows to its welfare. Of the Red Ram, however, I can tell that he has flourished exceedingly in his proper sphere of action, to judge by the renown which, after a year or two, he began to gain in the football world. There are columns in which the name of MacGubbin is famous and familiar, and many boys—men, too, for the matter of that—already know more about his career than about Nelson's or Napoleon's. But that early episode of it, I believe, is now for the first time communicated to the public.

The Aim of Education.

EDUCATION and instruction are very often confused, though they mean two very different things. Instruction is "putting in" knowledge; education is "drawing out" possibilities. The true aim of "education" is development of character.

To have a large knowledge of more or less useful facts is not the results of education but of instruction. When you have learnt to think for yourself, to follow an argument or a train of thought, your education is beginning.

Hear what the late Professor Froude said:—

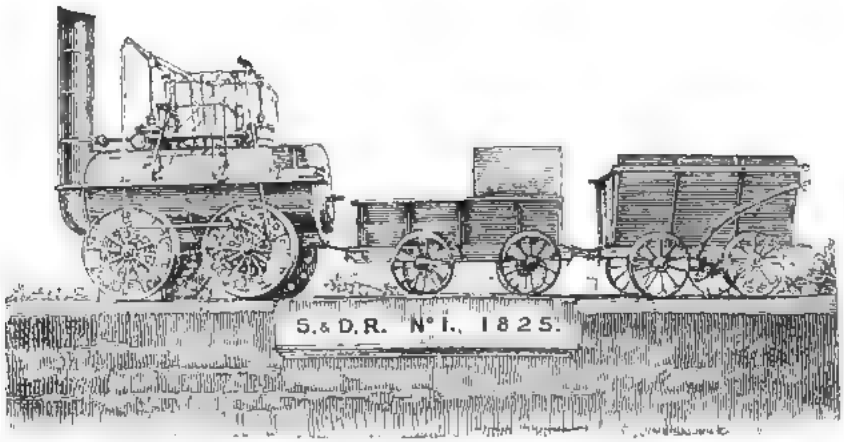
"To make us know our duty and do it, to make us upright in act and true in thought and word, is the aim of all instruction which deserves the name, the epitome of all purposes for which education exists."

People often speak—incorrectly—of So-and-so having "finished his education." No one has finished his education so long as he is alive, and probably not even when he is dead. Certainly all life is education—the gradual unfolding and development of all the powers and capabilities in a man.

Education has for its object the whole of man. It does not propose to deal with one part of his being and leave the rest untouched. Man is a three-fold personality, and a true education aims at the development, in due proportions, of his mind, body, and soul.

The mind will be trained to think, the body to act, the soul to feel.

A perfect education would mean a perfect man, since it would follow that the man would be perfectly developed in proper proportions. Mind, body, and soul would act think and feel in unison.



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE RAILWAY.

By Walter Dexter.

The majority of my readers will say that the first railway engine was that invented by George Stephenson, and that the first railway was the Stockton and Darlington.

This is right and yet wrong.

The first railway consisted of wooden rails, and was laid down about the year 1602. at Newcastle, to make the transport of the coal from the pit's mouth to the river easier for the horses, who had to draw the trucks behind them. Many such railways then sprang into existence, the motive power still being horses.

In 1776 the first iron set of rails was laid near Sheffield, and in 1801 the first railway was sanctioned by Parliament for the carriage of passengers. It was known as the Surrey Iron Railway, and ran between Wandsworth and Croydon. But still the motive power was the horse. No one had thought of utilising the power of steam, which James Watts had so clearly demonstrated some time previously!

It was in the next year (1802), however, that a Cornish mining engineer, named Trevithick, patented the first steam locomotive, and exhibited it in London. In 1804 he made another, and used it in place of horses at a mine at Merthyr Tydvil. For the next ten years several other mining engineers adopted steam to draw the coal trucks, but most of their engines were ineffective, and neither as reliable nor as rapid in their progress as the horse. Amongst those who had constructed such locomotives was George Stephenson, an engine wright at Killingworth High Pit, whose first locomotive was constructed in 1814 and called "Bluther."

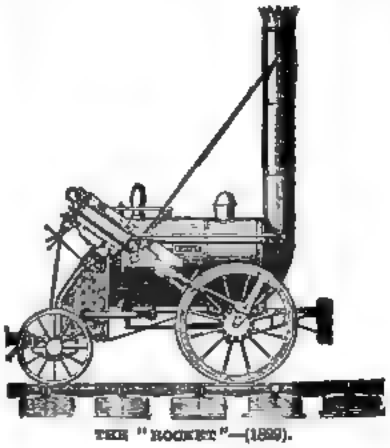
About this time Edward Pease was endeavouring to get a Bill passed through Parliament to enable him to construct a line between Stockton and Darlington. Stephenson heard of this, and by the aid of his employer, Lord Ravensworth, he obtained an interview with Mr. Pease, and informed him that he had constructed a locomotive engine capable of drawing a load fifty times as great as that which could be pulled by a horse. Pease was greatly interested in this wonderful engine, for he had purposed using horses to draw the passengers, and inspected Stephenson's engine at Killingworth Pit. So struck was he with the utility of such an invention that he made Stephenson his partner, and established a manufactory for the construction of locomotives. By the help of Edward Pease, George Stephenson was appointed chief engineer to the new railway at a salary of £300 per year.

September 27th, 1825, was a red letter day in the annals of the world's history. That day saw the execution of an idea which was destined to revolutionise modern travelling. Little did those who were gathered together on that particular morning at Darlington think of the rapid strides which would be made with their but infant project. It was a momentous period in

the lives of the projectors. Would it succeed?—or was it destined to be a dismal failure?

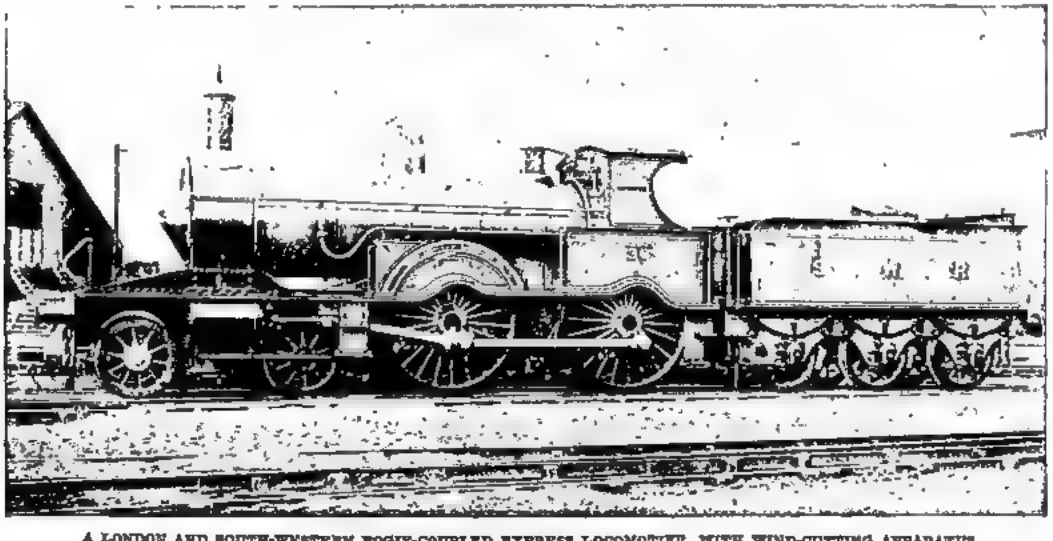
No better account of the opening of the first passenger railway propelled by steam can be given than by an onlooker, who, writing at the time in the *Scots' Magazine*, says:—

"On Tuesday, that great work — the 'Darlington and Stockton Railway'—was formally opened by the proprietors for the use of the public. It is a single railway of twenty-five miles, and will be the means of opening the London market to all the surrounding country. . . . . The novelty of the scene and the fineness of the day had attracted an immense concourse of spectators — the fields on each side of the railway being literally covered with ladies and gentlemen on horseback and pedestrians of all kinds. The train of carriages was attached to a locomotive engine—'No. 1,' of the most improved style, and built by Mr. George Stephenson — and in the following order. Locomotive engine No. 1, with the engineer (Mr. Stephenson) and assistants; tender, with coals and water; six wagons, loaded with coal and flour; an elegant covered coach, with the committee and other proprietors of the railway; twenty-one wagons for passengers; six wagons, loaded with coal—in all, a train of thirty-eight carriages, exclusive of engine and tender. The signal being given, the engine started off with this immense train of carriages, and here the scene became most interesting — the horsemen galloping across the fields to accompany the engine, and the people on foot running on each side of the road, endeavouring in vain to keep up with the cavalcade.



THE "ROCKET"—(1829).

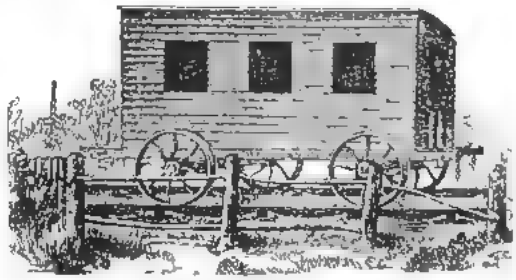
"The railway, descending with a gentle inclination towards Darlington, though not uniform, the rate of speed was consequently variable. In some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour; and in one place for a short distance, near Darlington, fifteen miles per hour; and at that time the number of passengers was reckoned at 450, which, together with the coals, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near ninety tons. At length the engine and its load arrived at Darlington, a distance of eight and three-quarter miles, in 65mins., exclusive of stops, or at an average rate of about eight miles an hour. Six carriages loaded with coals, intended for Darlington, were then left behind, and after obtaining a fresh supply of water and arranging the procession to accommodate a band of music and passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again. Part of the railway from Darlington to Stockton has little declivity, and in one place is quite level;



A LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN BOGIE-COUPLED EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, WITH WIND-CUTTING APPARATUS ON SMOKE-BOX—(1899).

and, as in the upper part it was intended to try the speed of the engine, in this part it was decided to prove her capability of dragging a heavy load, and certainly the performance excited the astonishment of all present, and exceeded the most sanguine expectations of everyone conversant with the subject. The engine arrived at Stockton in 3hrs. 7mins., including stoppage, having completed the whole length of the railway at the rate of four miles an hour.

"Nothing could exceed the beauty and grandeur of the scene. Throughout the whole distance the fields and lanes were covered with elegantly-dressed ladies and all descriptions of spectators. The bridges, under which the procession in some places darted with astonishing rapidity, were lined with spectators, cheering and waving their hats. At Darlington all the inhabitants were out to witness the procession. Numerous horses, carriages, gigs, carts, and other vehicles, travelled along with the engine and her immense train of carriages, in some places within a few yards, without the horses seeming the least frightened, and at one time the passengers by the engine had the pleasure of accompanying and cheering their brother-passengers by the coach, which passed alongside, and of observing the striking contrast exhibited by the power of the engine and the horses—the engine, with her six hundred passengers and load, and the coach with four horses and only sixteen passengers. And the engine gliding smoothly and majestically along the railway at such an astonishing rate of speed, left an impression on those who witnessed it that will never be forgotten. Part of the workmen were entertained at Stockton and part at Yarm, and there was a grand dinner for the proprietors and their most distinguished guests at the Town Hall in Stockton."



THE "EXPERIMENT"—(1825).

In such a manner was the first line of railway opened, and in such a manner did a paper of the time look upon a travelling speed of from four to eight miles an hour as "*an astonishing rate.*"

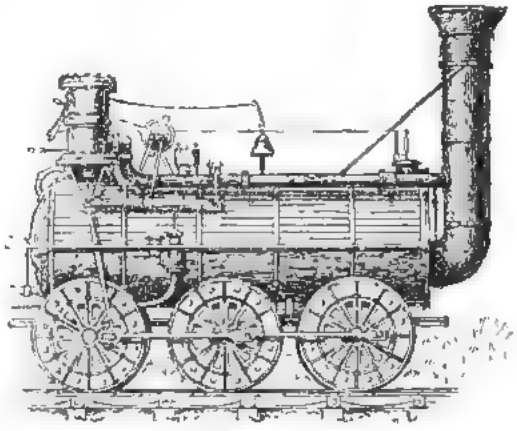
The opening day was a huge success, and on Monday, October 10th, 1825, the line was opened for regular passenger traffic. The coach was called the "Experiment," and, contrary to what one would think, instead of being driven by the "No. 1" locomotive, was drawn by one horse, which completed the journey between the two towns (which was a distance of twelve miles) in two hours. One journey to and from was made every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. On Tuesdays one journey only—from Stockton to Darlington; on Saturday one journey only—from Darlington to Stockton. The fare was one shilling for each passenger, and 14lbs. of luggage was allowed. Excess of this was to be paid for at the rate of twopence per 14lbs. Small parcels were carried for threepence.

The coach, the "Experiment," of which we give an illustration, resembled very much a showman's caravan, and had three small windows on each side. The seats were all round the inside of the carriage, and, moreover, it boasted in the centre a long deal table. Entrance to the carriage was made by a door at one end.

Following in the wake of this first railway, a second was projected, and sanctioned by Parliament after a great amount of unnecessary argument. It was called "The Manchester and Liverpool Railway," and a tempting salary of £1,000 induced Stephenson to leave the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and become engineer to the new venture. Once again steam had been decided on as the power to be used on the new railway. The old "No. 1" was not sufficiently powerful; what was wanted was an engine that could travel at an average rate of not less than ten miles an hour, and, consequently, it was resolved to excite the mechanical talent of the country to supply the best possible form of engine for the required purpose. A premium of £500 was accordingly offered for the best engine to run between Manchester and Liverpool, consuming its own smoke, in accordance with the Railway Act. If it weighed six tons it had to be capable of drawing on a level railway a train of carriages weighing twenty tons, including the tender and water tank, at a rate of ten miles per hour. It was also stated that preference would be given to an engine of lighter weight, provided it performed an equal amount of work. Stephenson had been busy perfecting his first locomotive, and decided to compete for the prize. On October 9th, 1829, the day appointed for the trial, he presented his engine, the "Rocket." He was not the only competitor,

for Messrs. Braithwaite & Ericson showed the "Novelty," T. Hackworth the "Sans Pareil," and Mr. Burstall the "Perseverance."

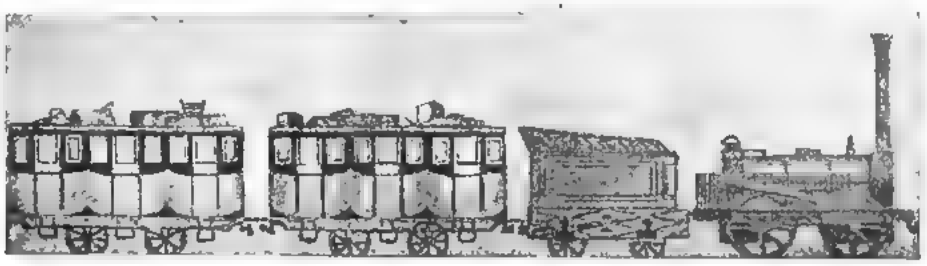
The "Rocket" was tried first, for the "Perseverance" was unable to compete, as its inventor could not make it go. The "Rocket" went twice over the prescribed thirty miles, and at times reached a speed of thirty miles an hour. The "Novelty" was next tried, but broke down after going four miles. The "Sans Pareil" was little better, for after fifteen miles, its cold water pump got out of order and it had to give up. So Stephenson's "Rocket" gained the prize; and more than that, it showed the spectators, much to their surprise, that it could go for thirty miles at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, or five miles more than specified by the company. Its greatest speed was thirty miles an hour. In consequence of his success, Stephenson was appointed chief engineer at a salary of £1,000 a year, and he held the post until his death.



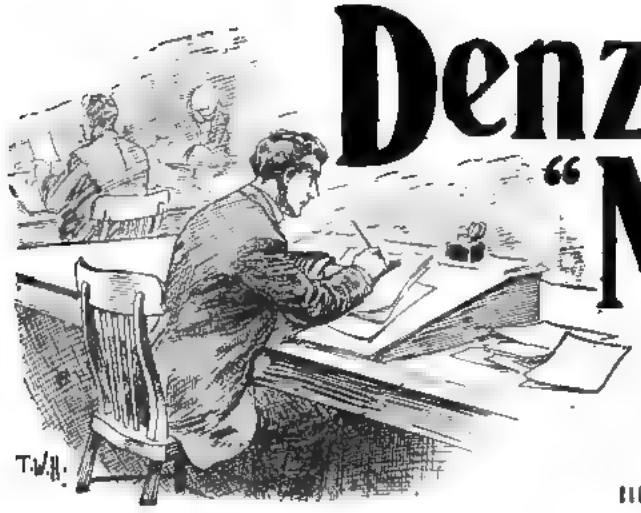
THE "SANS PAREIL."

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened on September 15th, 1830, with far more pomp than had attended the formal opening of the Stockton and Darlington line five years previously. Although the King had declined the invitation to be present, yet the Government was well represented in the Duke of Wellington (the Prime Minister) and Sir Robert Peel (the Home Secretary). The procession was headed by eight new engines, the foremost being the "Northumbrian," driven by George Stephenson himself. Then came the "Phœnix," driven by George's son Robert. The "Rocket," which had won the £500 prize, was next.

And so the first lines of railway were laid down in this country, and the first trains were run on them. What a difference seventy odd years have made in the history of the railway world!



AN EARLY TRAIN.



Denzil's "Matric."

BY

A. E. Manning Foster.

Illustrated by T. W. Holmes.

Denzil Somers chewed the end of his pen savagely. On the table before him lay a tattered Euclid, very much thumbed and decorated with strange drawings not wholly in harmony with the subject of the volume. But his mind was not in the work. A letter in an envelope bearing an Indian stamp lay by his side, and this he now took up and read for the third time in twenty minutes.

There was no grain of comfort to be derived from this constant perusal, and he crushed the thin paper in his hand and was about to throw it into the grate. But he changed his mind, and, smoothing out the sheet, replaced it in the envelope.

He turned again to the Euclid, but in vain. His mind was too full of gloomy thoughts to permit of his dwelling with any sort of satisfaction on triangles and semi-circles.

There was a knock at the door, and a sallow youth, with a rather blotchy complexion, entered noisily.

"Hullo, Denzil!" he cried. "Hard at it, I see. I thought I would look in and see how you are after last night."

He stopped short as he noticed the air of settled melancholy on Denzil's boyish countenance.

"What's up?" he inquired. "You look beastly off colour. Is it that infernal whisky we had at Brown's? I've got a bit of a head on myself?"

"I'm in a dickens of a fix, Percy!" said Denzil, shutting up the Euclid viciously. "I have just got a letter from the governor, and he won't part. Read it."

Percy Bishop took up the crumpled paper.

"Dear Denzil," he read, "I am much surprised and annoyed at the request in your last letter. When I sent you a remittance a few weeks back it was on the distinct understanding that you would settle up your bills and incur no further debts of any kind. Your allowance of £250 a year ought to be more than sufficient to cover all necessary expenses, and I absolutely refuse to increase it. You will be going up for your matriculation examination very shortly after you receive this, and I trust you are well prepared for it. If you prove successful in it, I may, perhaps, help you, but certainly not otherwise; and you must distinctly understand that I will not do so on any other occasion."

"Well, Denzil," said Bishop, folding up the letter, "the only thing for you to do is to get through that exam."

"But I haven't a ghost of a chance. I know absolutely nothing about mathematics and mechanics."

"When does it start?"

"In a fortnight. There's no time to do anything. Besides, I can't wait. Old Moses is sending round every other day about his money, and Walker has put his bill into a collector's hands I don't know what I can do."

"You must tell them that you will settle after the result of the exam. is out."

"But I am positive I can't get through."

"Now look here, Denzil," said Percy, "you be guided by me. I know a man who will pull you through if any man on earth can. He is a chap of the name of Mitchell, rather

disreputable, but as clever as they're made. He was sent down from Cambridge for something or other—drink, I believe—and I know he's on his beam ends. He is the most tricky coach, and manages to get fellows through in a marvellous way. You drop him a line and tell him what you want."

A little further discussion decided Denzil to adopt his friend's proposal.

"After all," he remarked, "I can but have a shot at it. If I don't get through, I shall be no better or worse off than I am at present."

A letter addressed to James Mitchell, Esq., at his rooms in Bedford Square, promptly brought that gentleman to Denzil's abode. In appearance Mitchell was more like a broken-down actor than a respectable tutor. He looked somewhat out at elbow, and his face had that particular blue-grey complexion that suggests the constant use of grease-paint. His manner was urbane and hopeful.

"Your friend was quite right, Mr. Somers, in mentioning my name to you. I flatter myself I can prepare a man for an exam. in the shortest possible period, and no doubt, as you are already in some measure prepared, my task will be comparatively easy. The great thing is to know what to cram. So much superfluous energy is wasted on getting up useless information."

But James Mitchell had in this case reckoned without his host. Denzil Somers, though by no means a fool in most matters, showed an absolute inability to grope with the intricacies of mathematics. His mind was pre-occupied with the difficulties he had got himself into, and the fact that so much depended upon his success in the examination seemed to paralyse rather than excite his energies.

His father, who held a Government appointment in India, had sent Denzil to London to prepare for a professional career. The responsibility of this only son, whom he had not seen for years, and whose mother had died while he was still a boy, weighed rather heavily upon him. He had decided views on the subject of education, and insisted on carrying them out in spite of the fact that, being separated from his son, he was unable to test their effect upon the boy's character. He had a strange prejudice against the English universities, and had decided that his son should live in town and take his degree at the London University. This was, as a matter of fact, the worst thing for such a boy as Denzil. He found himself, at the age of seventeen, freed from the restraints of boarding school life, living in rooms in London. His father, owing to his long residence abroad, had few friends in the metropolis, and Denzil had to choose his own circle of acquaintances. Being of a happy-go-lucky disposition, and very good-natured, he was not very fortunate in his selection, and a few months after he was installed in town he got into a somewhat wild and rakish set. Most of the men in it were considerably older than he, and it was not long before he found himself by slow degrees led into all sorts of habits from which a few years earlier he would have instinctively shrunk. Gambling, horse-racing, drinking, and many other pursuits by which some youths seek to obtain colour in their lives, became

"YOU MUST TELL THEM THAT YOU WILL SETTLE AFTER THE RESULT OF THE EXAM. IS OUT."

his daily routine, until at last he was unable to concentrate his attention on other matters.

At the end of a week's tuition Mitchell was obliged to realise that his pupil's knowledge of the examination subjects was totally insufficient for success.

"Look here, Somers," he said at last, "we've been at it a week now, and you don't seem to be much more forward. You don't give your mind to the thing. My advice to you is, chuck the exam. this June and wait for another six months. You seem run down, and want a change of air."

"Impossible," replied Denzil. "I must have a shot at it any way So much depends upon my success in it."

Mitchell said no more at the time, but next week, when there were only four days to elapse before the exam., he returned to the charge. Denzil had not the least chance, he said, and it was only a pity to go up for certain failure.

Denzil listened gloomily. Then he explained all the circumstances of the case to Mitchell.

"If I don't get through I shan't get a farthing from the guv'nor, and Heaven only knows how I am going to live through six months. I've only got a fiver left of my allowance, and another quarter is not due until September."

Mitchell listened sympathetically, but kept silence for some time.

"Is there nothing you can suggest?" asked Denzil.

"Well," said Mitchell reflectively, "how much is it worth to you to get through?"

"Oh, I think I can get a couple of hundred from the guv'nor."

"Then you would be willing to give £80—say—to see your name among the successful candidates?"

"Oh, I don't say that, but ——"

"Promise me £50 down when the result is published, and £30 six months later, and I guarantee to get your name on the pass list."

Denzil hesitated.

"I don't understand——," he began.

"Oh, it's quite simple," replied Mitchell coolly, as if he were speaking of an every-day occurrence. "I mean I will take the examination for you."

The simplicity of the plan proposed fairly staggered Denzil. Briefly, and in a matter-of-fact tone, Mitchell explained how easily he could impersonate him. The conditions of the examinations held at the London University render such a course very possible. Denzil was known to no one at Burlington Gardens. He was acquainted with only one man who was up for the examination. The affair, Mitchell assured him, was simplicity itself.

Still Denzil wavered. He was not by nature dishonourable. A few short months ago he would have scouted the proposition scornfully; but now, immersed in debt, he found himself considering it seriously, and finally assenting to it.

"Just give me a written guarantee for the money," said Mitchell, "and all you have to do is to keep out of the way during examination time. Don't go and meet any of your friends in the streets."

The examination week came at last, and every day Denzil grew more feverish and restless. His friends who saw him at the time put down his distraught looks to the anxiety of the examination. But, indeed, it was his own dishonour preying upon his mind; and once or twice on the eve of the battle he felt inclined to step boldly into the breach and do the right thing. Had it not been for the presence of Mitchell — cool, calm, and self-assured — he would probably have done so.

On the actual days of the examination he either stayed indoors, or, if he felt too restless, he took a train into the country. At every step in town he was in mortal fear of meeting someone he knew, and he slunk down side streets and unfrequented alleys. Up to the last day of the examination, however, no untoward incident had taken place, but on that day, when he was beginning to feel a certain relief at the nearness of the end, he ran straight into Percy Bishop at Waterloo Station. The fact that Denzil had a ticket in his hand and was just proceeding to a platform made denial of his purpose useless He coloured up at Percy's surprised greeting.

"Yes," he said, "I got through my paper quickly, and was just going down to Wimbledon for a breath of fresh air."

As the time was just half-past eleven the explanation was a little lame, but Percy Bishop did not challenge it. Nodding carelessly, he passed on. But he was putting two and two together as he went on his way, and the upshot of his ruminations was that he called at Denzil's rooms. The landlady opened the door, and in reply to his inquiry for Denzil informed him that "Mr. Somers had just gone out."

"I suppose he has been out every day of this week, Mrs. Moggs?" pursued Bishop.

"No, sir, he hasn't," she replied. "I don't know what's come to the gentleman. He don't seem at all well. He paces up and down the room, and his face is so worried. I feel quite sorry for him, that I do."

Percy Bishop did not wait for further information, but, as the clock struck one, made his way to Burlington Gardens, and watched until the well-known form of Mitchell came

slinking out of the university. Mitchell was not altogether pleased to see him, but that did not trouble Bishop much, and, as the two lunched together, and talked long and earnestly, they had evidently some point in common.

* * * * * *

When the pass list of the Matriculation Examination was published, and the name of Denzil Somers appeared in the first division, there was a good deal of surprise among his friends. Denzil was much congratulated, and was obliged to stand them a dinner on the strength of it.

He had cabled the good news to his father, and was waiting impatiently for the next mail from India for the remittance he confidently expected to receive.

Two things only troubled him — the attitude of Mitchell, who had come in one day and demanded speedy payment, and the fact that Percy Bishop had met him that morning at Waterloo. One evening the latter made his way to Denzil's rooms, and after various congratulations and sly allusions to their meeting at Waterloo, he blurted out:—

"Denzil, I want you to lend me fifty pounds!"

"Great Scott, Percy!" replied Denzil. "You know I haven't got fifty shillings."

"But you will have when your father sends."

"Yes, but—but—I have to pay it all away."

Bishop changed his front. He turned round fiercely, with a nasty look in his eyes, and laid his hand upon Denzil's shoulder.

"See here, Denzil," he cried, threateningly. "You will have to find me fifty pounds within a fortnight, or it will be the worse for you. I know enough to make you very uncomfortable."

He went to the door, and with his finger on the handle turned and said:—

"Understand me! A fortnight—not a day longer. If you fail you will be sorry."

And, disregarding all protestations and entreaties, he walked resolutely away, while Denzil's heart sank at the thought of this new claim upon him.

As the days went by the net in which he had entangled himself grew closer and closer round him. He realised that he had to buy the silence of two unscrupulous men who held him in their power. He endeavoured unsuccessfully to raise a loan in order to get rid of them. Almost every day Mitchell would call and threateningly demand at least part of his payment.

"PROMISE ME £50 DOWN WHEN THE RESULT IS PUBLISHED."

An absolute despair seized upon Denzil. There was no one to whom he could turn for advice or help. He seemed alone in the world, with everyone's hand against him. All kinds of wild plans entered his brain—plans of flight, of stealing away in the dead of night never to return.

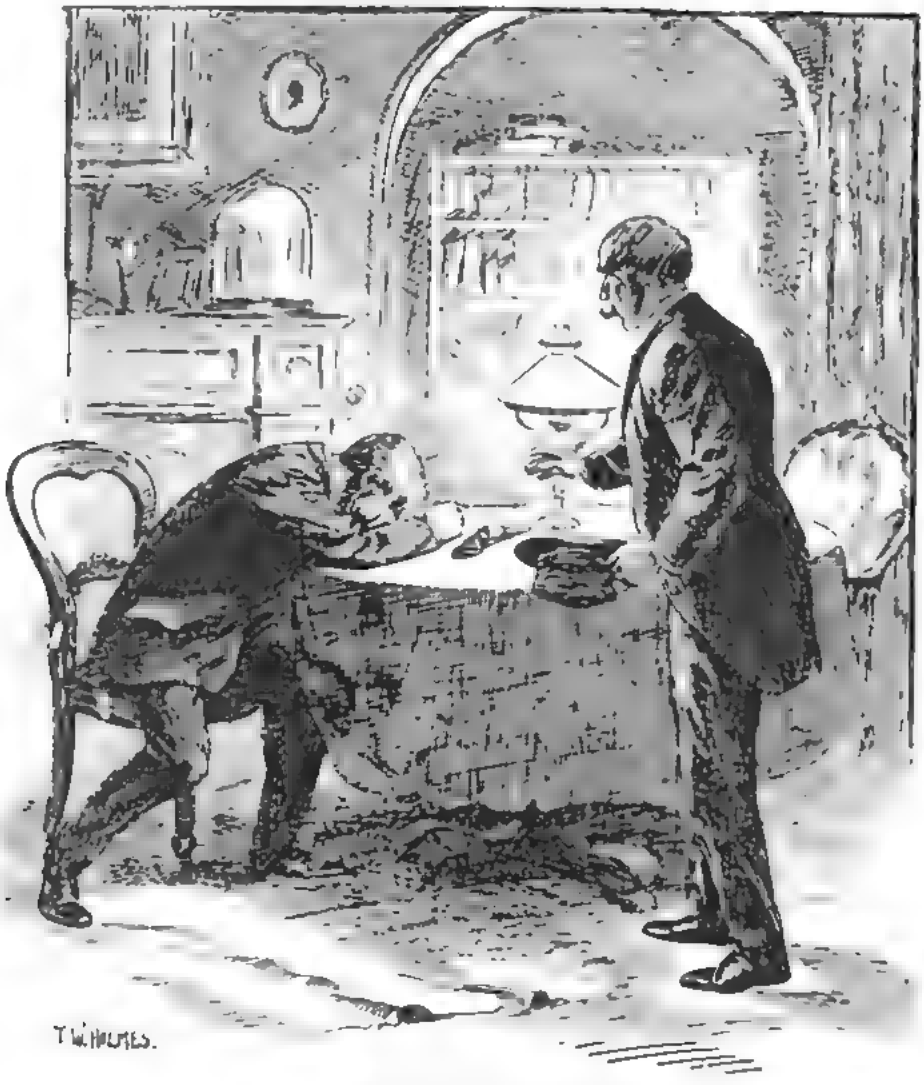
The fortnight's grace was up, and still he had not heard from his father. Mitchell came in and stormed and threatened. Denzil, he said, must get money somewhere. He didn't care where. He must and would have it. Finally, he departed, saying he would make the whole matter public unless Denzil paid him at least twenty pounds on the morrow. Close on his heels came Bishop, with the same threats.

When they had gone Denzil sat alone in his room with the deepest despair written on his face.

To-morrow the end must come. All his friends would know of his dishonour, and would shun him. His father would hear, and would have nothing to do with him. There was no way—but one—out of the ruin and disgrace he had brought upon himself. He resolved to end it all that night. He could not face the morrow and go through another day of torture. He got up, went to his drawer, and, unlocking it, took out a little pistol. He toyed with it almost lovingly, while memories came back to him of how he had practised shooting with it in happier days. Sitting down, he placed it on the table by his side, and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud.

He did not hear the ring at the bell, nor the footsteps on the stairs. He was conscious of nothing until he felt a hand placed on his head, and a kind voice saying:—

"Denzil, my boy—my poor, dear boy—what is the matter?"



"DENZIL, MY BOY, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

He could scarcely believe that the encouraging hand and voice, that the kindly eyes looking into his, were his father's—it seemed too good to be true.

"Father," he stammered, while instinctively he tried to conceal the pistol from that keen, searching glance, "you are too late! It is all over! I've disgraced myself, and you, too. You should have come sooner or not at all."

In his reckless misery he thought only of his side of the question; he did not realise the blow that it was to his father, who—seized with sudden anxiety about this boy so far away—had taken the first mail from India and hurried straight to his son's rooms, to find him sobbing in despair, with a loaded pistol at his side.

Denzil had thought of him so continuously as stern and inflexible that he could not understand all in a moment how much sympathy there was in the grave, bronzed face and in the

firm hand-clasp, until Mr. Somers said quietly: "My boy, if you are disgraced, to whom should you turn but your father? It seems to me I have come just in time. Tell me all about it."

Then suddenly Denzil felt confidence, and kneeling at his father's feet he slowly and brokenly told the whole of his miserable story, excusing nothing, omitting nothing.

Mr. Somers listened gravely without any comment. At times the lines on his face grew very stern and angry.

He had returned from India prepared to be very strict with Denzil. The constant demands for money and the silence on the boy's part as to his friends and amusements had led him to suppose that there was something wrong, but he had not been prepared for the tale of dishonour that Denzil poured out to him. The soul of honour himself, he could not readily forgive any breach in another. It cut him deeply that his own son could have been guilty of such conduct. But as he looked at the boy's wretched face his wrath died away and gave place to sympathy.

"I think," he said, at last, when Denzil had told him all, "that you have suffered enough. You have made your own punishment, and it requires no words of mine to drive in the lesson. Leave these men to me."

So it came about that when Mitchell called on the following morning, he was shown into the presence of the stout old Anglo-Indian.

"I hear that my son is indebted to you for getting him through his examination," said Mr. Somers pleasantly. "I should be glad if you would let me know how much he owes you for tuition?"

Mitchell fidgetted and hesitated, and finally said that his terms were fifteen guineas, but that there was a little private arrangement between him and his pupil for extra hours, and that he would call again and see Denzil himself about it.

"Here is your cheque," said Mr. Somers, "and it may save further trouble if I tell you that my son has confided to me the private arrangement you speak of, and I have this much to say about it: You are a thorough-paced blackguard, and if I find you coming near my son again I will give you the soundest thrashing you have ever had in your miserable life. Now go, and remember that I hold you in my power!"

Mitchell was so flabbergasted at the turn events had taken that, for a few moments, he was at a loss what to say. Finally, he began to bluster:—

"That's all very well, Mr. Somers," he said, "but I'm not to be put off so easily. I hold your son's promissory note, and I demand its settlement."

Mr. Somers waved him to the door. Mitchell became insulting. He had lost his temper, and the veins stood out on his forehead.

"Do you think, you dunderheaded old fool, that I am going to be done out of my money? I'll expose your blithering little idiot of a son, and you—you canting old hypocrite!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he received Denzil's fist square in the jaw. Denzil, hearing the loud voices, had entered unobserved. His blood was up in a moment when he heard Mitchell's words.

"I'll teach you to insult my father," he cried, furiously, showering blows on Mitchell's face. "Say what you like about me, but you shan't mention his name."

Mr. Somers stepped in between them.

"Enough!" he said; "we won't have any fighting here. Now, listen to me, Mr. Mitchell. Unless you leave this house instantly, I shall call for a policeman to eject you."

"Give me my money then," said Mitchell doggedly.

Mr. Somers walked across the room and threw open the window, as if to call a constable.

Mitchell waited to see no more, but turned tail hurriedly and slunk out of the house like a whipped cur. His nose was bleeding profusely, and his eyes were just turning into a rich blue-black. In this condition he met Percy Bishop at the corner of the street and confided to him the story of his morning's work.

After hearing the whole narrative, Bishop decided that he would not try conclusions with Mr. Somers, but contented himself with writing a threatening letter to Denzil, of which not the slightest notice was taken.

It is hardly necessary to add that neither of these two worthies ever ventured to spread abroad the story about Denzil. Their own positions and share in the matter made it far too precarious.

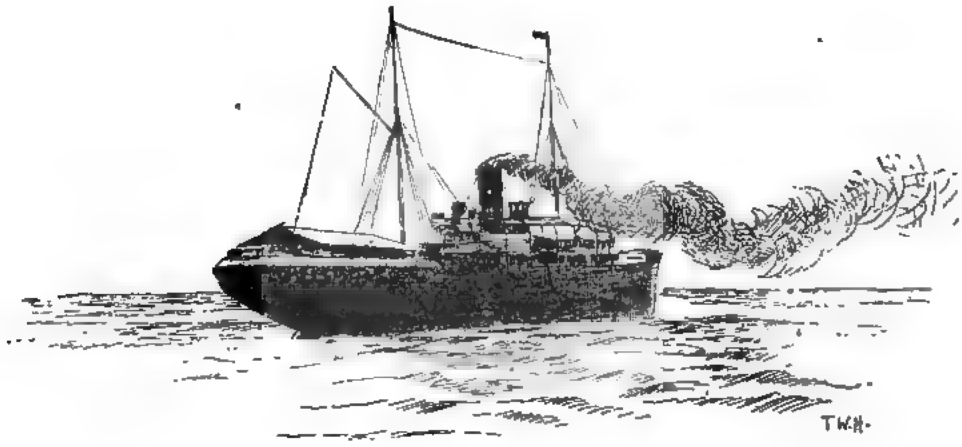
As for Denzil, from that time he was a different man. The lesson he had learnt was too severe a one to be lightly forgotten, and he had no desire to return to his former life and associates. It had shown him his father, too, in a new and delightful light, and a new-born affection had sprung up in his heart.

Mr. Somers on his side was ready to blame himself for his neglect of his son, and as he studied Denzil's character day by day, he came to thoroughly understand and appreciate him.

"What would you like to do, Denzil?" he said one morning.

"I should like to leave this horrible London and come away with you, father," Denzil replied.

"And so you shall, my boy. I have been thinking of retiring from the service for some time, and now I am decided. I will take a plantation in Ceylon, and you shall come and help me. London is not the place for you, and, now I come to think of it, I am wondering how I have got on all these years without you."



OFF TO COLOMBO.

What "Charley's Aunt" Wanted to Be.

In answer to your question as to "what I wanted to be when I was a boy," I must say at once that my position as a boy was unique, as I did not desire to be a policeman, engine-driver, or an actor.

I had a soul that aspired to be something totally out of the common, something that was to place me on the pedestal of fame, something that was to blazon forth my name over the whole earth's area.

Well may you start when I tell you that *I wanted to be a pirate*, one who would cause ocean travelling to be a dangerous exploit. I was intent upon deeds that would make the nautical achievements of Captain Marryat's heroes fade into insignificance.

With the aid of my little sister's petticoat and a rusty sword, once the property of a naval ancestor whose valour and renown was my father's constant topic, I fought my first action in our diminutive dining-room. The sofa was my junk, and the other articles of furniture were utilised as merchant ships named by some half-dozen playmates, who were intent upon curbing my marauding proclivities. The battle lasted but half-an-hour, my father's favourite arm-chair offering but feeble resistance to my mighty blows; indeed, anyone seeing it after that combat would have doubted whether it was fit for anything but firewood. How I revelled in that afternoon up to a certain point, and that point was when my father entered the room armed with a thick cane.

He was a nervous man, and trembled when he met a soldier or a policeman; but, unfortunately for me, he despised pirates, as I found to my cost. There ought to be a special and dignified method of punishing pirates, and it argues a want of originality in a father when he inflicts condign chastisement on such a delinquent by placing him, in the usual way, across his knee.

You will very likely ask, did I ever want to be anything else besides a pirate? Yes, I did; I always desired to be "somebody," in what sphere I could not tell; the desire was there, but what shape that "somebody" was to take was at that early age indefinite, though I felt it was to be something artistic. It is, in my opinion, a very good thing for a boy to make up his mind to be a "somebody," for, depend upon it, the boy who has no aspirations will be a "nobody."

In conclusion let me give boys a word of advice. When you are young learn to take your own part; if bigger boys try to bully you, stick up to them, and show no fear; it's surprising how their courage will evaporate if you are only firm and resolute. As I fought my way at school, so have I fought my way through life, until I have attained a position of which I am justly proud. Take for your models great men who have succeeded in life; disdain to be led away by false heroes, such as Jaggers—an insignificant youth made famous by newspapers—but rather set up as an example the boy who stood on the deck of the *Stella*, and who, in that terrible hour, fortified by his English pluck, resolved to die in company with his captain—the man who throughout his life had been his friend and benefactor.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCK
A NEAPOLITAN ADVENTURE

By G. F. Leatherdale.

Illustrated by George Soper.

We four were a cheery little party, as we sat over our wine and fruit in the saloon of the *Margherita*.

It was between Christmas and the New Year, but the night air, coming with its burden of sea-weed scent through the open portholes, was mild as any zephyr of an English June. The light brown locks on Linda's forehead scarcely stirred, and the smoke of Guido's eternal cigarettes curled calmly upward. The lights of Naples and its suburbs, to far Sorrento on the right, twinkled brightly across the bay.

We had come down by boat from Genoa that day—the young Americans, Linda Merton and her brother Walter, a boy of sixteen, Guido, a Neapolitan nobleman, and I myself, the roving Englishman. The Mertons were old friends of mine, but none of us knew much about Guido. He had been introduced to Mrs. Merton by mutual friends, and she had invited him to join our tour.

As I sat there smoking idly, I observed that Guido was looking at Linda in a dreamily thoughtful way, which rather puzzled me. Walter began writing quickly in a little note-book which he always carried. Linda leaned over and watched; then, almost before her brother had finished she snatched away the note-book.

"Very good for an impromptu!" she said lightly. "But I will not have you signing my name to your effusions, you bad boy. It is really quite clever, isn't it, count?" And she handed the book over to Guido.

"Very clever," answered the count. "One of our own improvisatori could not do it better, and then it is much harder, surely, to compose quickly in English. You need not feel ashamed to have your name under the verses."

"Oh, it isn't that," said Walter, laughing. "Linda's too rich to let her signature get about, now she is grown up and has got the dollars."

"But no doubt the handwriting is quite different."

The count threw himself back in his chair and began to light a fresh cigarette, although, as I noticed, he had laid down on his plate one which was hardly begun.

"No, it is exact," said Linda. "Nobody could tell the difference. Clever boy, isn't he?"

"It does seem fortunate, Walter, that you are such a Crœsus yourself," said I laughing; and Guido muttered sleepily:—

"Yes, it would be a great temptation."

Then he rose from his chair, and added as he reached the door, "Richard, my friend, let us leave these millionaires and go ashore."

I followed him, and on the way we discussed again our plans for the next few weeks. Our party was to sleep on board, and the next morning we were to catch one of the Capri boats. As soon as Mrs. Merton, who was coming to Naples by land, should have arrived, we young people were to be free for all the excursions we might wish to make, either along that classic coast or in the romantic haunts of Tiberius on Capri: all under Count Guido's guidance.

This programme we carried out with great success. Mrs. Merton was landed safely in Capri, and then we visited every place of interest in the neighbourhood, from Amalfi in the south to Ischia. Even Vesuvius was courteous, and had but a mild attack when we climbed among his venerable cinders.

But a great part of our time we spent in Naples itself, and a great deal more than time was spent in the fascinating shops, where Linda awoke at once to realise the possibilities of her enormous wealth.

In all her extravagance the count most certainly encouraged her.

When, therefore, Walter joined in the game and began to purchase recklessly, I felt obliged to mention the matter to the count. I had reason to believe that the greater part of the boy's expenditure was provided for by his sister, and besides, I was not greatly pleased with the Neapolitan's growing influence with both of them.

Guido probably divined my suspicions when I opened the matter to him, and by the light of subsequent events I can now imagine how he must have chuckled in his noiseless way, knowing how very far short of the truth they were.

Each of us liked the count, without being on confidential terms with him. He made no show of resenting my interference, but he seemed afterwards to avoid my society and Linda's too; Walter he cultivated more and more. One morning the count bade us good-bye "for a few days," as he said. He had business of his own, it seemed, to attend to in connection with an estate of his near Naples. He wished to take Walter with him, and the boy wanted very much to go; but Mrs. Merton had no very high opinion of Neapolitan manners and customs, and refused to let her son accept the invitation. Walter accompanied Guido to the boat, and returned to us in a very bad temper.

That evening he was missing, and we did not see him again for three days, during which time the poor fellow went through a terrible experience.

The count and he had arranged to visit one of the caves, of which there are so many round Capri. Here Guido had discovered a passage leading to a palace of the Emperor Tiberius, built more than eighteen hundred years ago. There were weird underground rooms, said the count, which had remained unvisited and unaltered while every vestige of the buildings overhead had disappeared. The subterranean halls were, in fact, a good hundred feet below the surface, and, so far as he knew, there was no communication with the outer world except by way of the cave.

THEY PASSED SUCCESSFULLY WITHIN THE LOW ENTRANCE.

There was a spice of adventure and mystery about a visit to such a place, and the fact that the cave was accessible only in the calmest weather, and even then to nothing but the smallest rowing boat, added considerably to the attractions of the expedition.

Guido came across from Sorrento that afternoon in his own small boat. He took Walter on board at the appointed time, and, lying down in the boat, they passed successfully within the low entrance and were lost to the bright world without.

As in the famous Blue Grotto of Capri, there was visible now in the eerie light, which came up through the still depths of the cave, a platform of rock at the further end. At this they landed, and entered what seemed a short and narrow fissure made by the natural action of

water. Here any further progress was apparently barred by a heap of broken rock, but this was really the result of a small blasting operation by which the count had gained access to a passage on the right. The existence of this passage was a secret which had been hidden for centuries—hidden even from the keen eyes of modern smugglers, and in the Middle Ages from the pirate bands of Barbarossa himself. It was long and winding, but high and broad, so that Walter and the count walked side by side. Each carried a candle. The passage ended in a small room, through which they passed directly into a larger room beyond. In this there was a low table of stone, or, rather, three tables in one, the whole being like a square horseshoe in shape. There were other apartments, Guido said, and in one of these he kept a few necessaries and fishing tackle, besides a few books. Here, in the hottest weather, he had been accustomed to come when the sea was calm. One thing had always puzzled him, and the problem had hitherto defied all his efforts—where did the ventilation come in? There seemed to be no draught, and yet the air was pure and dry.

CLUTCHED ALL THE PAPERS TOGETHER AS HE ROLLED OVER STUNNED BY A TERRIFIC BLOW ON THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD

"Now, Gualtiero mio," said the host, "you shall sit—or rather recline in the Roman way—at the table of an emperor. We will enjoy a frugal meal; then we will explore the rest of my palace."

The light meal was eaten in silence, and Walter was just about to remark that the ancients must have been pretty hard, unless they used softer cushions than the rugs on which he was lying, when the count looked up suddenly and began to speak with a slow, measured utterance.

"I have brought you here," he said, "to make you write a few words for me. You are millionaires, you and your sister, and I wish for some of your money."

Walter was naturally too much surprised to utter a word. The count leaned over towards him and looked closely into his eyes with a cold stare, which had a mesmeric effect upon the poor boy.

"Do you understand?" Guido went on. "I will tell you what you shall do. You yourself have no money. Your sister has about fifty thousand francs at the bank in Naples. She has a much larger sum with the agent at Paris."

The man was so calm and business-like that Walter felt no excitement whatever at his audacity, but lay there, resting his head on his hand, feeling no longer the stiffness of his arm and the pain which the hard ground was causing his elbow. The count's coolness fascinated him. He felt inclined to argue the point, and quite as calmly as his captor.

"How are you going to run it?" he asked coldly.

"Easily—oh, so easily!" said the count, in a mocking tone. "You remember your little poem impromptu in the saloon of the *Margherita*? See, it is here!"

He placed the paper before him on the table. "I have also," continued the count, "a letter in the pretty Linda's handwriting, a few sheets of her notepaper, two of her pens, and a little of the ink she uses. You will observe that I take every precaution. Your poem is, so far as I can see, not only signed,

but written throughout in a writing which closely resembles your sister's. Surely the rest is easy?"

"You think I will forge my sister's name?"

"My dear boy, you will please do your very best to write three short letters exactly as your sister would write them. The signature I could write myself, but that you shall also do."

"How are you going to make me?"

"*Ebbene!* I shall frighten you, hurt you, *kill* you, if necessary."

With the Neapolitan's cold eyes fixed hard upon his face, the American boy did a plucky thing. He darted out his left hand, seized all the papers together, and kept them clutched and crumpled in his fingers as he rolled over stunned by a terrific blow on the side of his head. When he came to his senses he was lying, bound hand and foot, on the table. The count was standing by his side looking down upon him with a sardonic smile.

"Fool!" said he. "What good could it do?"

Walter looked about him, but did not reply for a moment; then he answered, "It made you pretty sick. You can't use those papers."

"No. But you will have to stay here by yourself while I get others. You will have a few hours to think the matter over. Your resistance is useless; it is ridiculous. I want a few thousand francs. You have millions. You cannot give me your own, but you can help me to get a small part of your sister's money. She would not miss it, and later on you could pay her back. But to me it would be wealth. In any case I could get what money she has in Naples by copying her signature. I have made her spend money lavishly that there might be plenty passing through her account. I know there was over fifty thousand francs paid in from Paris a few days ago. But I want more, much more, and you, boy, shall get it for me."

"Never! You may kill me, I know, but what would you gain by that? You would be guillotined—if ten million dollars were spent in hunting you down."

"Boy!" exclaimed Guido, impatiently, "do not argue. You will make me hate you—until I shall kill you, only for the pleasure of it!"

Walter realised at that moment that he had played his trump card and lost.

"We shall see," he muttered, still defiant in spite of his real fear.

The count stamped angrily on the rocky floor.

"I will convince you! Oh, yes, I will make you see! Now I will go, and when I return you will not be so obstinate."

Three whole nights, and two days which were as nights, did Walter lie there, bound. His wrists had been tied together so tightly that he could scarcely carry food to his mouth. The count had left wine and fruit beside him, so that, except for the loneliness and the fear of what his fate might be on his persecutor's return, there was no great hardship for a strong and courageous youth. But the fear of death had its full effect during those dreary hours. Walter was not long in making up his mind to humour his captor. The money was nothing to his sister or himself. There was but one consideration which made him hesitate. What would stand between him and Guido's revenge when once the forged letters were in the Neapolitan's hands? He could not see his way to escape from his dilemma. If he refused there was no knowing what the count might do to him; but, on the other hand, if Guido had once got all he wanted, why should he wish to keep alive the chief witness to his crime?

But Guido's difficulties, as Walter said to himself, were almost as great. His prisoner must be in a fit condition to do the work he needed. If the fear of death had not been enough to subdue Walter's courage, surely no torture which would not seriously impair his fitness for the task required of him would serve his end. Walter, therefore, did not despair. Some compromise would, he thought, be found—if only the haunting dread which held his mind proved groundless—if Guido, weak and brutal as he was, were not driven by despair to revenge his defeat by murder.

After what seemed to Walter a full week of darkness the count returned. The prisoner's hopes died away when he looked up at the pale, malignant face.

After placing several lighted candles on the table, Guido came round and looked sharply at the boy's face; but neither spoke, and the Neapolitan lighted a cigarette and walked restlessly up and down the chamber. After a few minutes of silence he began to speak, letting the words out in jerky sentences, as though it were difficult for him to master his impatience.

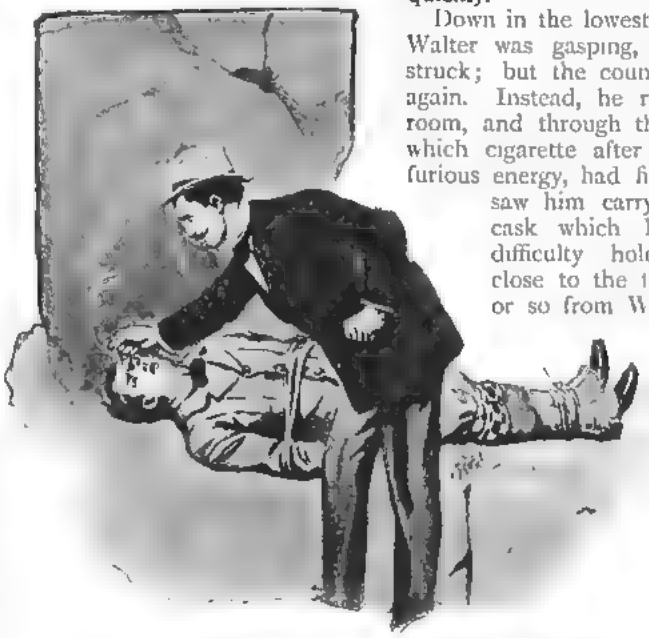
"It is the end," he said. "Do you hear? It is still dark outside. In a short hour it will begin to grow light. We shall have finished by then. The world outside is swarming with the searchers—it cannot bear to lose one of its millionaires. Fools that they are!" Then he walked up to Walter, and kicked him roughly in the side. "I have

more of the paper here. Sit up and write what I shall tell you, and take care you do your best. Any more of your tricks and you shall lie buried here till the Day of Judgment comes!"

"It is no use," answered Walter quietly. "You need not lay the paper out."

Guido restrained his anger by a supreme effort, and sat down upon the table by which Walter was lying bound.

"You have had time to think it over," he muttered. "You fear I would murder you when you had done it. But, my good boy, I should not wish to risk my neck for nothing. Capital punishment is not popular in Italy, but in the case of a rich American killed, what could the Government do? I should be guillotined. But if you will not do this little business for me, I do not care—you shall die a hundred deaths!"



HELD THE GLOWING END OF HIS CIGARETTE AGAINST THE PRISONER'S FOREHEAD.

Guido's eyes grew red with fury, and the corners of his mouth drew back in a sardonic smile of cruelty.

Walter was silent. He had strained his voice over and over again, while alone in the rock-bound chamber, in shouts which only returned to him in ghostly echoes. One hundred feet of solid rock, Guido had said, was heaped above his head, making the bright world above deaf to his loudest cry.

"*If I had more time!*"

The count, as he spoke, leaned over Walter and held the glowing end of his cigarette against the prisoner's forehead. It was not only the actual pain, but the horrible fear which the brutal act now seemed to justify, which made the poor boy shriek aloud.

He did not know—nor did his torturer—that help was near. Directly overhead was the wild rocky garden, a wilderness of fig and vine and cactus, in which our villa stood. The count had rightly said that there was a depth of one hundred feet from the surface to the depth of the secret chamber of Tiberius; there was even more. But there was a passage which Guido had not found; choked partially at both ends it was, and less than half-way down there was a great hall as large as all Guido's rooms together; but it led straight down by steps to the very room where Walter lay.

Almost directly overhead I myself was pacing backwards and forwards waiting for the dawn, waiting to organise yet another search party, though almost every foot of the island had been already examined. The wind was beginning to blow black clouds across the few stars I saw from time to time, and the sea was rising quickly.

Down in the lowest chamber of the rock Walter was gasping, helpless and horror-struck; but the count did not attack him again. Instead, he rushed into the inner room, and through the dense smoke with which cigarette after cigarette, smoked in furious energy, had filled the room, Walter saw him carry back in his arms a cask which he could only with difficulty hold. This he placed close to the table, and only a yard or so from Walter's feet. Then he came quickly up to the boy and bound him more securely, so that he could not move an inch from where he lay, and drove a pointed bar of iron deep into the ground beside him, and slipped over it one of the ropes which formed the poor fellow's bonds.

"You have conquered by your obstinacy," said Guido sarcastically; "but you will not triumph over me. I shall be safe up there, and I shall get the money in the bank. But you shall see death crawling to you. *Look!*"

He lighted a cigarette, and placed it on the table's edge beside the cask, the top of which he then removed carefully, and shook a little powder on the ground.

"*Look!*" he repeated mockingly. "The lighted end is at the table, the other end projects over that gunpowder. The cigarettes I smoke never, of themselves, go out. It will burn—keep your eyes on it—slowly it will burn

until the projecting end shall be heavier than the part remaining on the table. What will happen then, Gualtiero mio? I leave you to your answer."

The count laughed lightly, and passed out of the room towards the cave.

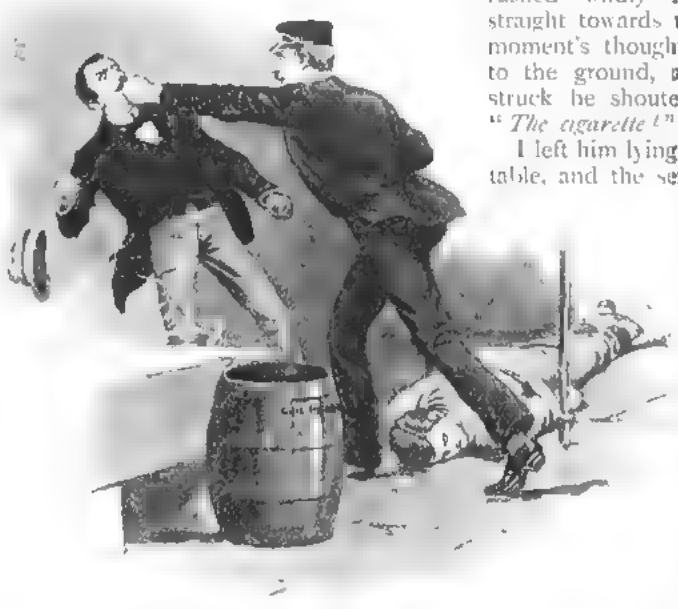
Meanwhile, up above, I had heard the thin, metallic sound, when Guido drove that bar into the hard rock. I heard that, although I had not heard Walter's despairing cries.

I was standing close to where an ancient fig tree sprawled against an almost perpendicular wall of grey rock. Behind it the ground rose slightly, and the sound came clearly to me from within the hill. I started forward and shook the tree with all my force. The branch gave way, and, at the same moment, a large piece of crumbling rock fell outwards. From the opening came a strong scent of tobacco, which somehow made me think of Guido and his eternal cigarettes. It was still quite dark. I hurried to the house, and, seizing a lamp, ordered a servant to follow me, and hastened back to the fig tree. The rock behind did not long resist our efforts. We soon had the opening large enough for me to enter. I passed in, and a broad flight of steps cut in the solid rock invited me to proceed. I hurried down, followed by the servant. When the large hall was reached I heard a cry in the distance, and rushed across to find the steps which led in the direction from which the cry had come. A few yards further, at the foot of forty or fifty steps, I saw the light from Guido's chamber pouring through a hundred tiny crevices.

I did not hesitate, but, hurling myself against the rotten wall, I burst into the room.

"*Walter!*" I shouted, when I saw the prostrate body of my friend. The boy had fainted.

My only thought was to get him away from there, so I stooped to lift him in my arms. As I did so a man rushed wildly in, and came straight towards us. Without a moment's thought I felled him to the ground, and as he was struck he shouted despairingly, "*The cigarette!*"



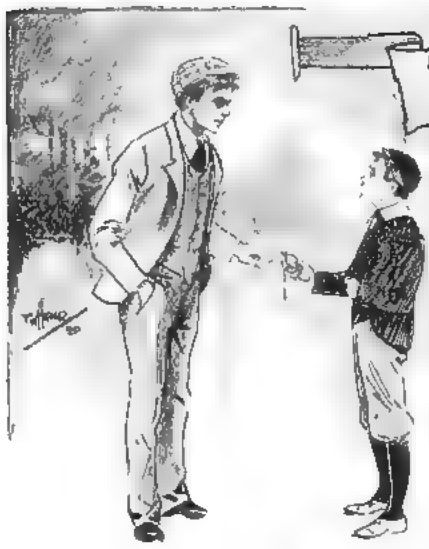
"THE CIGARETTE!" HE SHOUTED DESPAIRINGLY.

I left him lying there near the table, and the servant and I together bore Walter quickly up the steps. When we had reached the open, and Walter awoke from his swoon, the first thing he did was to murmur, as the count had shouted, "*The cigarette!*"

I did not understand him, but if I had it would have been too late; for, even as he spoke, there was a dull rumbling thunder below us, the ground shook slightly, and from the dark staircase rolled a stifling smoke, which was not from Guido's fragrant cigarettes.

Later in that day we reached the burnt and shattered body of the count. He had found his escape prevented by the rising sea, and he had returned—to meet the fate which he had planned for the boy who had defied him.

The End.



The History of a School Watch

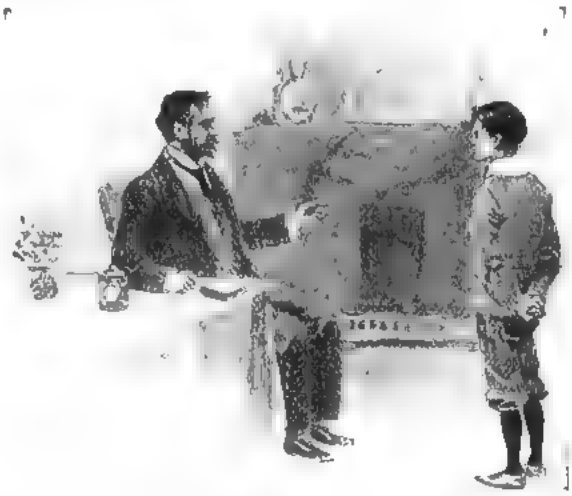
By Charles Edwardes.

Illustrated by T. W. Henry.

WHEN young Timothy first went to school he was as green as grass. He had a little pocket money and rather a large silver watch. The watch had been his father's, and in giving it to him his "pater" bade him take great care of the venerable treasure. But the bustle and anxieties of school life made him forget this injunction, so that when Bassett, a big boy, cast eyes of desire upon the watch, it was already as good as lost to Timothy.

"*What!*" cried Bassett, "do you mean to say you haven't a stamp collection? I'll be blessed! But I tell you what I'll do. I happen to have a duplicate collection—a splendid lot. They're worth, according to any catalogue, quite £2. You shall have book and all for that old ticker of yours. You're about the only fellow in the school without a collection, and you're much too young for a watch. Come, what do you say?'

What could young Timothy say? He blushed, felt proud of Bassett's interest in him, and handed over the watch. And the stamps were his. But in a little while, Gray (whose friendship also young Timothy coveted) in glancing through the stamp collection exchanged for the watch, discovered many specimens not in his own collection, which, however, was contained in a much better album than Timothy's.



"MY SON, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IT BACK."

"Look here," said Gray; "you're new at collecting. The book's more important to you than the stamps stuck in it. Besides, I don't suppose you know much about them. If you like, we'll swop collections, and I'll help you to understand the difference between the stamps."

Young Timothy assented. The cover of Gray's album pleased him much.

"Well, they are a rotten lot, and no mistake!" said Chater, a week later, when he had inspected this second stamp collection. "I used to go in for them. Do you like musical boxes?"

"Oh, yes, very much," replied young Timothy.

"Wait here a minute and I'll fetch mine. It plays four tunes."

Chater set it playing "Men of Harlech," and when it stopped suddenly in the middle of a bar, he said: "There, what do you think of that?"

Timothy praised it genuinely. It really did take his fancy.

Then, in an off-hand manner, Chater said that he'd got tired of it.

"I know all its tunes by heart, you know. They'd be fresh to you though. I—I don't mind giving it you for those few stamps of yours. The rare ones have got awfully common lately. It's a bargain!"

This time young Timothy hesitated. He was not now quite so green as grass. But Chater's eyes exercised a great influence over him, and so he said "All right!" with a certain melancholy. Afterwards he tried to comfort himself with the tune "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" which the musical box was supposed to play. But the periodical pauses in the music (due to missing teeth) on the whole depressed him. He began to be convinced that things were not what they ought to be. Whenever he turned the key of that musical box he became more convinced. By-and-bye he hated the box, and was perfectly willing to let Pillway have it for a new book of Henty's, which Pillway had just received by post. Pillway was no older than himself, and, therefore, could not be expected to "do" him.

IT SEEMED MUCH SUPERIOR TO HIS FATHER'S OLD TURNIP.

But long ere the term was at an end every fellow in the school had borrowed that book of Henty's, so that it was not wonderful if by then at least twenty of its pages were missing, and its covers had departed this life. When it was returned to him for the last time, young Timothy—being then quite experienced—applied his foot to it. Others did the same. The leaves of the book littered the playground, and there was an end of it.

"My son," said young Timothy's father, when in the holidays the tale of the watch's disappearance was told, "you'll have to get it back. I used it when I was a young man. It was the companion of my early struggles, and I hoped it would be the same for you. I shall give you no pocket-money until I see it again."

When young Timothy returned to school he was no longer green as grass, and he was, as his father had promised he should be, without pocket money. It was a horrible situation.

But Blew took pity on him.

"Here, youngster," said Blew, "you do the cleaning of my bike every day and I'll give you sixpence. I've a noiseless popgun you can have as well. What do you say?"

"Oh, thanks," said young Timothy, who was more grateful still when Blew gave him the sixpence in advance—being, of course, flush just then.

Other boys spent their money with Madame Sugarplum, who brought a basket into their midst daily to beguile them. But young Timothy treasured his sixpence, and in the meantime exchanged the popgun for a pair of dirty boxing-gloves. "I'm too lazy to clean them, you know," said their late owner.

Young Timothy was not too lazy to do this. He spent hours over them.

In mid-term he parted with the sixpence to

young Pillway, who had a birthday impending, and undertook to pay a shilling for it when he received his birthday letters. To the same youth he sold the boxing-gloves for three-and-sixpence, payable at the same time.

When Pillway fulfilled his obligations, young Timothy blushed for joy to find that he possessed four-and-sixpence.

Being impetuous at that moment, he hastened to Bassett and explained things.

"What! Four-and-six for the watch!" cried Bassett, derisively. "None of your cheek! You go and ask them at the pawn-shop in town what sort of a watch they'll give you for four-and-six and see how they'll laugh at you."

Hearing these words, young Timothy retired, red and humbled; and, meeting Chater, told him the whole sorrowful history from beginning to end.

Chater laughed, but seemed struck when young Timothy mentioned his wealth.

"I suppose you don't want to buy back that stamp collection?" he said afterwards. "One or two are out of it, but it's still pretty good."

Young Timothy winked to himself, asked to see the collection, borrowed a price catalogue, and offered half-a-crown for the whole show.

Chater looked like knocking him down for his impudence—yet took the half-crown.

The next week young Timothy approached little Kipp, who had been visited that day by a grandmother.

"I've a splendid stamp collection, Kipp," he said. "It's cheap as dirt at five shillings, and—and the fellows will think ever so much more of you if you have one, you know."

It touched young Timothy very much when little Kipp replied eagerly, "Oh, will they?" and still more when this most verdant of juveniles proceeded to mention the half-sovereign his grandmother had given him.

"You're the first I've told about it," little Kipp added.

Young Timothy did not leave little Kipp until the transaction was completed. With seven shillings in his pocket he felt a proud boy indeed.

It was now that chance allowed him to look at the watches in the window of the pawnbroker in the town. To his astonishment he discovered that watches were much cheaper than he supposed, and with real trembling he entered the shop, and asked to be shown one at five shillings. He bought it too. It seemed much superior to his father's old turnip.

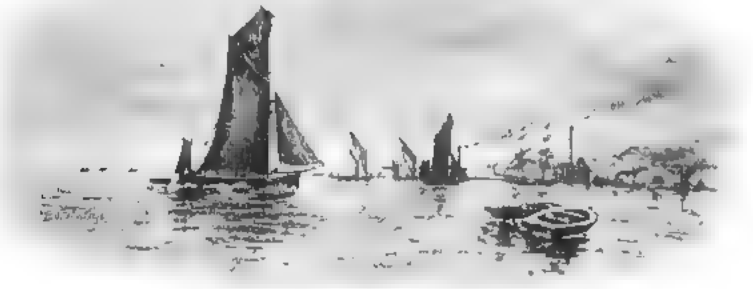
His crowning reward came when once more he approached Bassett.

"Do," he pleaded, "let me have my old watch in exchange for this!"

Bassett was not long in assenting.

"The old brute," he said, impolitely, "quite weighs me down, and it's more often wrong than right in the hour hand. There you are."

"My son," said young Timothy's enchanted parent, when the holidays came again, and the history of the re-purchase of the watch was told, "you have the makings of greatness in you. The watch is yours for life, and here are two half-cr——but stay, on second thoughts, you do very well indeed on your own account, and it is the most excellent discipline in the world for you. I will put the five shillings in the savings bank in your name, and it shall be the same in future every time you bring me so satisfactory a report about the state of your finances."



OFF GRAVESEND.

MY OBSTINATE GREAT-GRANDFATHER

I.

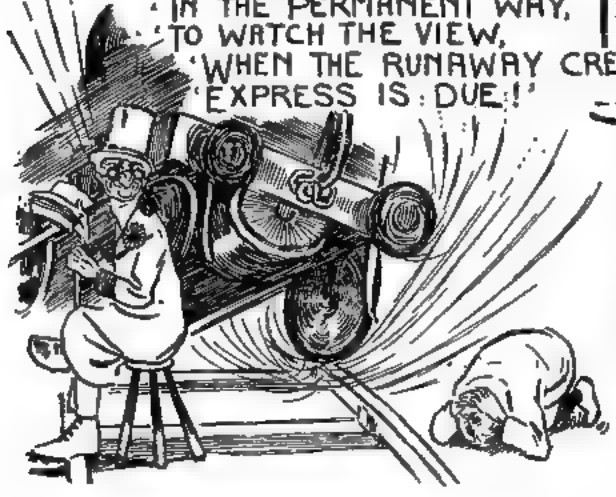
MY DEAR GRANDAD,
'PRAY NEVER GAD
'ABOUT THE BRINK
'OF A PRECIPICE!
AND NEVER DRINK—
'REMEMBER THIS!—
'THE POISONOUS PINK
'OF FUMES OF ZINC!'

II.

BUT GRANDAD SIPPED
THE POISON PINK;
AND TWICE A YEAR
HE GAILY SKIPPED
OVER THE BRINK
OF A CHASM SHEER:
HIS HEALTH WAS GOOD
AND HIS ONLY VICE
WAS THIS: HE WOULD
NOT TAKE ADVICE!

III.

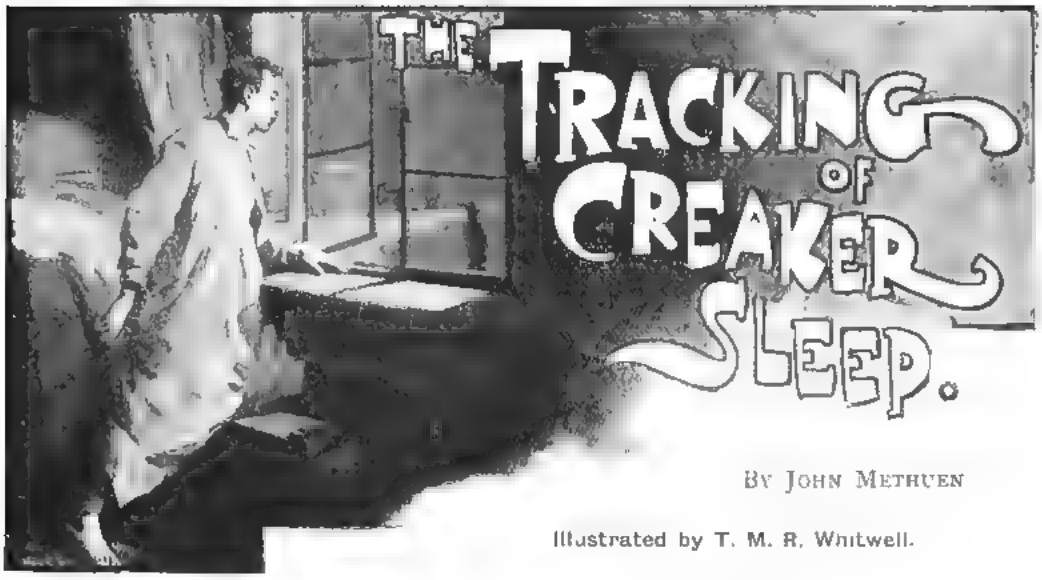
MY DEAR GRANDAD,
I USED TO SAY,
'YOU'RE DRIVING MAD
'AND TURNING GREY
'MY SEVENTH WIT.
'IF I WERE YOU
'I'D NEVER SIT
'IN THE PERMANENT WAY,
'TO WATCH THE VIEW,
'WHEN THE RUNAWAY CREWE
'EXPRESS IS DUE!'



IV.

THESE WORDS WERE SAID
WITH GROANS AND WHINES
WITH TEARS OF DREAD,
WITH SOBS UNCHECKED.
BUT GRANDAD READ
BETWEEN THE LINES.
SO CALM, ERECT;
REMARKED, 'YES, YES!
'DEAR, DEAR! I'VE WRECKED
'THE UP EXPRESS!'

Ye Microbe.



THE TRACKING OF CREAKER SLEEP.

By John Methuen

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

"Now," said I to myself, as I turned for the forty-second time on my hard school bed, "let me see whether I can say the gender rhymes straight through from end to end. That ought to send me off."

"Ho, ho!" said myself to me, "you know you're the greatest blockhead in the Fifth, although you are the oldest and biggest chap in it!"

"Never mind that," said I to myself. "I've got my cricket and footer colours; and as to the grimy gender rhymes—here goes!" And I began at once:—

> "Common are to either sex
> Artifex and opifex,
> Conviva, vates, advena,
> Testis, cives, incola,
> Parens, sacerdos, custos——"

I never could get past *custos* somehow. "*Custos—custos*——oh, heavens! I can't stand this! Let's have some fresh air!"

I crept quietly out of bed, and opened my cubicle window, which looked over the quadrangle. It was a warm night in early summer, and the half-moon made a clinking effect as it shone down on the old school buildings. I could distinctly hear the waves dashing against the cliffs, for the Manor House was only two miles inland, on the North Cornish coast.

Hullo! Who on earth was that, skulking down there in the shadow of the chapel? A man, a tall man, and—Great Scott!—*he was looking straight at me!* I felt sure that he was watching me closely, for his deadly white face was turned up towards my window, and I fancied I could detect the glitter of his straining eyes.

For several minutes—it seemed like hours, but it must have been about five minutes—we stared fixedly at each other, he below and I above. And then he moved out into the moonlight, and I saw that it was Creaker Sleep, the new fourth-form master. It was just these odd tricks, skulking about at two in the morning, and so on, that had got him his nick-name of Creaker. You know the noise that old boards make when you try to walk over them quietly in the middle of the night. Whenever we heard that noise we always whispered: "*Cave* Creaker!" And he had only been at the Manor House a month.

He crossed the quadrangle very slowly, watching me all the time. I wasn't going to give the show away by moving—you bet. I waited until he disappeared beneath my window, and then hopped into bed and began gently to snore.

Creak, creak, creak on the stairs! Here he was, crawling up to see if I was in bed or not. I heard him turn the handle very gently, and then I felt five slimy finger-tips placed upon my forehead. Still I gently snored, and still he kept his fingers on my forehead until I thought I should go mad. At last he drew his hand away, and went gliding out of the room.

But he wasn't gone yet, and if I hadn't

been up to his little dodges I should have been nicely caught. Sleep generally made quite sure of a thing. On this occasion he went half-way down the passage; then he came stealing, stealing back, and I felt his hot breath on my face as he leant over the bed.

At last he felt satisfied, went downstairs again, and out once more into the quadrangle. I watched him more cautiously this time, and what I saw sent me half mad with excitement. Creaker first of all glanced up at my window; seeing nothing of me, he edged slowly round the square—keeping well in the shadow—until he came opposite to the doctor's study window. For a minute or two he seemed to be fumbling with the catch; at last he raised the sash, and deliberately climbed into the room.

"CONFOUND HIS CHEEK! HE'S GOT *my* MACHINE!"

In two *seconds* I was standing by Duncan Graham's bedside, waking him up and keeping him quiet at the same time. In two *minutes* we had each lugged on some darkish clothes, and were skirting round the quadrangle in the shadow, just as old Creaker had done.

And then—we were underneath the study window, stooping low, and peering over the sill. At first we saw nothing, but presently a round patch of light shone on the wall, and we traced the beams back until we twigged that they came from a bull's-eye lantern that Sleep was carrying. We held our breath as we watched him rummaging in the doctor's desk, opening drawer after drawer, and cursing softly at the delay.

"Ha!" He gave a gasp of relief as he examined a small packet of letters by the light of the lantern. Apparently they were what he wanted, for he shoved them into his breast pocket, and switched off the light.

In the nick of time Duncan and I darted behind a buttress, and Creaker wound himself out of the window like a snake. He pulled down the sash very quietly, and began to creep away. But not towards the school. Out of the quad he went, and we followed.

"Look," said Duncan, "he's going into the bicycle shed."

Quite right, he was. We waited patiently until he wheeled a machine out; then he closed the door, mounted, and rode away at a good pace.

"Confound his cheek!" said Graham. "He's got *my* machine!"

"Never mind," said I, dragging him towards the shed. "He's also got the Head's letters, and he's making off with 'em. Whatever they're worth I'm going to stop him. So come along."

We seized the two bikes that came first, felt the tyres, leapt into the saddles, and then away! away! away! to capture a crawling sneak of a thief—cost what it might! The night air sang in our ears, the breakers roared as they broke angrily against the cliffs, the machines felt like living things beneath our buoyant tread, and we laughed deep down in our throats in the mad delight of that midnight chase.

The Manor House School stands in a very desolate part of North Cornwall. The nearest town is seven miles away, and the tradesmen who supply the school with provisions complain bitterly in bad weather. The village of Wenstow lies half-a-mile from us inland, but there is not one solitary house between the

school and that sea-coast, which is said to be the wildest in England. There are coast-guard stations scattered along the cliff, but even these are few and far between.

Duncan and I sped along the school lane which led to the road, and looked up and down the highway for Creaker Sleep.

"There he is," said I, pointing in the direction of Bude; "now then, steady's the word! He's taking his time."

We rode slowly, just catching sight of the thief at the bends. It was trying work.

"Look here," said Graham, when we had been keeping ourselves in check for some two miles, "I vote we sprint and catch the beggar up. After all, we're two to one."

I would have given the world to dart forward on the word, but, as leader of the pursuing party, I was bound to be cautious. So I said: "Very true, but he may be armed."

"Humbug!" retorted Duncan, and, before I knew what was up, he was scorching ahead for all he was worth. All I could do then was to follow, so we pounded along together.

Every moment we expected to catch sight of Sleep, but when we dashed round a corner on to a long piece of straight road he was nowhere to be seen.

"Come on!" yelled Duncan. "We'll catch him up at the next corner!"

As he shouted this we were passing a lane that ran off at right angles to the sea. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when a revolver rang out, and a bullet came whistling through my spokes. Crack! crack! crack! Three more shots followed in rapid succession, and then Creaker Sleep bounded out from his place of ambush in the hedge, jumped on to the machine, and dashed down the lane towards the sea.

I looked round for Duncan. He was lying in the middle of the road, the bicycle on top of him, and, as I approached, he groaned horribly.

"What's the matter, old chap?" said I, kneeling by his side. "Did he hit you?"

"It's nothing much," said Graham; "he got me in the calf, I think. Are you hurt?"

"No," I replied, "but one of his confounded bullets punctured my tyre."

"Take my machine," urged Duncan, as I bound up his leg. "You *must* catch that chap now, and I can limp home somehow."

Of course, the idea of my taking his machine was absurd. I found that his leg was not bad enough to prevent his pedalling with one foot, and so I made him get up, helped him into the saddle, and started him off home, much against his will.

"What are *you* going to do?" he asked, as I gave him a final shove off.

"I'm going to run down to the cliffs and hit him over the head with my bicycle-pump. Now, off you go, and tell them to send reinforcements."

I watched him ride slowly away, and then I was left alone in the darkness of the night. But there was no time to wait about. I snatched up my pump—which was long and fairly heavy—and doubled off down the lane. Presently I came to a gate, and that, I knew, was the end of the road. From this point there was nothing but a rough track to the top of the cliff.

Keeping a cautious look-out for another ambush, I passed through the gate, and headed off for the sea. Ha! what was that? I almost stumbled over Creaker Sleep's—or, rather, Duncan's—machine, which was lying in the track. But where was the rider? And how many chambers of that revolver were loaded?

I walked on. The path now led me across an open field, and in a few minutes I was at the edge of the cliff. Ugh! It was horribly steep, and right down there, two hundred feet below, the waves were dashing over the rocks and throwing up foam high into the air. The tide was up.

Suddenly I remembered that one of Sleep's hobbies was to clamber about these cliffs, and that once he had startled some of our kids, who were on the beach at low tide, by shoving his head out of the mouth of a cave a hundred feet above them. Perhaps there was a track down here, and he had clambered over.

Carefully I searched, and at last found a narrow little path which seemed to afford some foothold. I shoved the pump into my inner breast-pocket and started down.

That was a terrible journey. Three times I slipped and thought I was gone for good, but managed to cling on somehow, until I suddenly found myself on a narrow ledge of rock, with a dark opening in the cliff a little to my right. *It was a cave!* Was he in there? Was he covering me now with that revolver? Would he jump out suddenly and send me hurtling over the edge, to be dashed to pieces a hundred feet below? The cliff went sheer down from there; a cat couldn't have climbed further.

I grasped my pump in my right hand, and *crawled into the cave!* It was pitch dark, and I must confess that I was in a blue funk. But, of course, a chap couldn't turn back then. Anyhow, I crawled on.

Twenty yards in, and I could feel that the passage turned a corner. I slipped my left hand into my pocket, drew out a wax match, struck it, and held it up over my head. Good heavens! Never shall I forget the shock of that moment, for there, crouching down on his haunches like some wild beast at bay, his dead white face distorted with passion, and his evil eyes flashing at me over the glint of the levelled revolver, was Creaker Sleep!

All this I saw in an instant, and then a report rang out, and the match was knocked from my hand by the whirring bullet. Before he could fire again I had leapt back behind the angle of rock, and began slowly to creep backwards out of that awful death-trap.

But before I could get outside I heard him coming. Quick as lightning I threw myself on to my stomach, so that he might not catch sight of my figure against the light. Cautiously he came on, stumbled over me, and fell. But we were both on our feet in an instant, and I rushed forward to strike him with the pump before he could fire. We were close to the mouth of the cave as I stepped up to him, and then I gave him one hard, smashing blow over the head with the heavy metal instrument.

Like a log he fell, and *his head and shoulders were hanging over the edge of the ledge!* I started forward to save him from a horrible death, but I was too late. With one convulsive effort he threw up his legs, turned completely over, and went crashing down! down! down! on to those jagged and hungry rocks one hundred feet below.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD CHAP? DID HE HIT YOU?"

* * * * *

The letters? Oh, yes; they were found all right, hidden away in the cave. The body? No, we never saw that again. What did the Head say? Oh, never mind. The worst of you kids is that you always want so many details.

"*Hæc olim meminisse iuvabit.*"

HINT FOR THE MONTH: *Don't be too diffident.* I heard it said the other day that undue depreciation of self is the worst form of vanity. Although that is an epigram, there is a germ of truth in it. You would be amused to see how many editors of school magazines open their editorials with the sentence, "It is with fear and trembling that we take up the quill," or words to that effect. Of course, it's all humbug. When you're going to edit a magazine you mustn't start by telling everybody that you're not up to the job. If that happens to be the case the readers will soon find it out. If it doesn't happen to be the case, why say it?

The Alfred Monthly for March leads off with a long article on "Kipling as a Writer of Prose." It may be that the world has been waiting to know what the *Alfred Monthly* thinks about Mr. Kipling's work, and so we hasten to give publicity to the writer's opinions. He summarises his remarks thus:—

What shall be our judgment of these fifteen years of authorship? In Kipling's early work there was much to repel. His style was often cynical and abrupt. He indulged in slang without occasion, and some peculiarities of diction could be nothing but affectations. But he can write without committing any of these offences, and his later work is nearly free from them.

The Arvonian comes from Carnarvon County School, and is beautifully got up. We were rather scored off by this little journal. The *Arvonian* you must know, had to be cut open before it could be read, so we sent the office boy into the Strand to buy a paper-knife, sat down, cut the sheets with avidity, and found the following:—

Y MABINOGION.

Pan ofynir i un wneyd ychydig sylwadau ar destyn hanesyddol neu lenyddol—yn enwedig os bydd y rhybudd yn fyr—diogel bob amser yw myned ddigon pell yn ol. Mae y beirniaid yn ster o fod yn llai eu nifer, a gellir rhoddi ffrwyn i'r dychymyg, pan fydd gwybodaeth yn pallu, a'r amser yn rhy brin ymgynghori â'r awdurdodau.

There's any amount more of it, but I think I will hold the rest over.

The Blue sports a good cover, which we must reproduce some day if we may. The April number is well put together, and is an excellent chronicle of the term's doings.

The Bramptonian for March shows that it is not going to be bustled. The editor very quietly sets to work by wishing his readers "The Best of New Years," in large capitals. That is a humorous touch, but this goes one better:—

To the Editor of *The Bramptonian*.

DEAR SIR,—When is the talked-of Debating Society to find its voice? Can nothing be done to give it a start?—Yours faithfully, VERBAS.

[I should say the best way would be for "Verbas" to make a start by bringing forward a motion. I feel sure an opposer would soon be found.—ED.]

Scored off, Verbas!

The Brighton College Magazine for March kept us in reading matter for a fortnight, and we are still saving up "An Appreciation of Joseph Newton" for a wet Sunday. The remainder of the magazine is really excellent, and we congratulate the editor on his skill and evident ability.

The Burian for April is quite a sound number—fat, but not heavy; clever, but not irrelevant; confident, but not conceited. The treasurer of the tuck-shop is named Lunn. Any relation, I wonder, to the famous Sally?

The Colstonian for February contains a good deal of "funny" matter, which did not move us to laughter. When the present Colstonians are bearded men, and turn up this number to see how many matches were won in the 1898-99 season, I don't think they will be consoled for the small amount of footbal news by reading a long poem on the "Effects of Unaccustomed Study," or "When Greek meets Greek," by the Editor. Read our motto, sir, and be advised.

The Decanian comes from Cheltenham, and is the "Dean Close School Magazine." The February number is most sensible, and the production is altogether in excellent taste.

The Georgian, of St. George's College, is printed and published quite regardless of expense. Several photos are excellently reproduced, and the tone of the magazine is manly and straightforward.

Liverpool College Upper School Magazine has reached us, and we like everything about it but the name. A prominent feature of the April number is an ode, in 128 lines, celebrating the school's victory in the competition for the Rugby Football Shield, competed for by Liverpool schools. It is an ambitious ode, and Mr. L. S. Holmes has kindly sent us an elaborate explanation of the more subtle points. Thank you, sir.

The Maidstonian for March contains some swinging verses, entitled the "Submarine." We give the first and last verses:—

The frightened fish, as they pose at rest
In the deep sea's weedy maze,
Dart hither and thither and right and left,
As it looms through the glass-green haze.
What manner of monster's this? No shark,
No whale, was ever so slow.
And they scurry away with the speed of dismay
From the black mysterious foe.

When it marks its prey, it feels its way
To the twice seven thousand tons,
Of the stately warship, crouching low,
From the belch of the quick-fired guns.
In the fighting top leaps the gunner's heart
As he scans the waters near,
And the levers are gripped for instant change
In the grasp of the engineer.

The Masonian for March is printed in brown, but, apart from that, seems a very sensible production, and is carefully edited. The "List of Wild Flowers found in the neighbourhood of Wood Green in the Summer of 1898" makes good reading, but is rather too long to quote. This extract is amusing:

DEAR SIR,—About two years ago you published that a box for contributions would be put up in the main building. Would it not be an advantage if this matter were seen to? Hoping you will approve of this, I remain, yours truly,
A CONTRIBUTOR.

[We beg to state that, had we known so valuable a member of society as "A Contributor" existed in the school the box would have been put up long ago. The matter is now being gone into, but owing to a delay in the carpenter's shop the box has not yet made its appearance. ED.]

The Reptonian has come to hand at last, and we find the March number staid and rather stolid, but but none the worse for that. Reptonians, past and present, will be pleased to hear that C. B. Fry—most famous of "O.R.'s"—will write for THE CAPTAIN every month.

The Review chronicles the doings of the Grocers' Company's School, and the editor tells us, with tears in his ink, that he *must* let out the cover for advertisements, because he only charges twopence per copy. We have given some thought to the matter, and have at length hit upon a solution of the difficulty. Let him charge threepence.

[Owing to a pressure on our space we have only been able to notice those magazines which have not been reviewed before in these columns. Next month we hope to have more room for this feature. —Ed. CAPTAIN.]

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

The highest age limit has been altered to twenty-five, instead of twenty.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope and must have a coupon attached to it.

Address thus:—Competition No.——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 16th.

No. 1.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best essay (not exceeding five hundred words) on "My Profession." Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 2.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best poetical extract on the subject of "Courage." The extracts are to be of the same length as those we have published on "Perseverance," etc. Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 3.—**AN "EASTMAN'S TWO GUINEA KODAK"** for the best snap-shot of "A Game of Cricket." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best essay (not exceeding three hundred words) on "My Favourite Character in Fiction." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 5.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same subject and length. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same subject and length. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 7.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same subject and length. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best pen or pencil drawing of "A Master's Desk." Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 9.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best map of China. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 10.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best written copy of the first column in this month's "King's Red Coat." Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—*Second prizes of half the amount offered will be awarded in each competition.*

I hope you won't think me a very boastful old man if, with natural pride, I tell you what a splendid reception our first number had. The newspapers all over the kingdom published reviews of THE CAPTAIN couched in the most complimentary terms; from schoolmasters and school-boys living in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, letters of congratulation poured in, and you can imagine how pleased I was, after all the worry and trouble of getting the magazine out, to read so many epistles informing me that my labour had not been in vain. To one and all of my correspondents I doff my hat and say "Thank you!" from my heart.

But not only did my letter-box—filled to overflowing, as it was, every morning for weeks after No. 1 appeared—tell me that THE CAPTAIN had succeeded; I witnessed it for myself. Whenever I had to go anywhere by train, I found little knots of people gathered round the piles of THE CAPTAIN displayed for sale on the bookstalls. The managers, clerks, and boys connected with the stalls all made the same reply when asked how the magazine was selling. "*Splendidly!*" It was the same cry at all the newsagents' shops, big and little. It was, as you may imagine, an eventful and anxious time for us in this office, waiting to hear how our new venture had "caught on."

That anxious time is over now. THE CAPTAIN has caught on with a vengeance! The only thing we can do by way of acknowledging all the compliments that have been paid us is to forge ahead, and turn out every month a better number than the one preceding it. This will be my endeavour and aim as long as I occupy THE CAPTAIN'S editorial chair.

And now, taking my big pile of correspondence at haphazard, I beg to acknowledge very friendly letters of congratulation from the head masters of Sherborne School, Cheltenham College, Radley College, Shipley School, Tonbridge School, Llandovery College, Clayesmore School, King Edward's School (Birmingham), Christ College (Brecon), St. George's College (Woburn Park), St. Edmund's (Canterbury), Leatherhead School, Harrow Lower School, Truro School, Cranleigh School, Sudbury Grammar School, Kingston School (Yeovil), Nelson Technical School, Newport Intermediate School, Shepton Mallet Grammar School, Commercial Travellers' School (Pinner), Sexey's School, Birmingham Grammar School, St. Augustine's (Ramsgate), Kent College (Canterbury), Bewdley Grammar School, Soham Grammar School, Oakfield (Rugby), Maida Vale School, from 'Varsity men writing from Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, from a host of school captains, and from all the "old boys" who have dropped me letters and postcards welcoming THE CAPTAIN.

My readers will be glad to hear that a Serial Story, dealing with life aboard a British man-o'-war, is now being written for publication in this magazine by

DR. GORDON STABLES.

The hero of the tale is a midshipman, and I don't think Dr. Stables—who was, as I daresay you know, for many years a surgeon in the Navy—will mind my telling you that the action of the story takes place mainly in Chinese waters. The story promises to be the finest this eminent and popular author has ever written. In all probability it will follow "The King's Red Coat."

I have also under consideration a number of bulky manuscripts, and hope shortly to publish the first chapters of

A PUBLIC SCHOOL SERIAL,

which promises to be the best thing dealing with life in a great Public School that has been written since poor Talbot Baines Reed died.

As to short stories, I can promise you that I have some fine surprises for you up my sleeve. In the matter of articles, I am arranging with the best known experts in such subjects to supply THE CAPTAIN with papers on Photography, the Care of Pets, Cycling, Carpentry, Fishing, Butterfly and Moth Collecting, and every other hobby dear to thy heart, O boy! The best way to get what you like in THE CAPTAIN is to write and ask for it.

Turning now to general matters, I may mention that an Oxford correspondent asks me to have an article on "The Way a Letter is Sent Through the Post." Perhaps some reader connected with the Post Office will send me in a nice little half page on the subject. I don't like to waste any room, and I think these half-page articles are appreciated, judging by the way they have been referred to in the newspapers. And while talking about the way tales and articles in THE CAPTAIN have been "quoted" in the newspapers, I may mention that nearly every paper in the country published extracts from the article in No. 1. called "What I Wanted to Be." The most frequently quoted letters were Lord Brampton's, Dr. Conan Doyle's, and Mr. Phil May's.

Mr. Punch expressed himself as "indebted to the editor of THE CAPTAIN (which he congratulates upon an excellent first appearance) for the idea of collecting the early impressions of famous men," and then, if you please, proceeded to parody the article in question in the happiest manner. This is what the German Emperor is reported to have said:—

As a small Crown Prince We resembled common little boys in one particular—the craving for a large military moustache. The exigencies of birth developed Us into a War Lord. Lately we have become another War Lord, making two altogether—one for the Army and one for the Navy. Also we have issued a rescript doing away with nautical moustache unless accompanied by beard. This creates an uncomfortable dilemma for Ourself. As regards facial hair, which of the War Lords are we to obey? We have made a riddle about it as follows: Why is Our moustache like a dilemma? Will wire the answer next week. —WILLIAM K.

The Librarian of Archbishop Holgate's School, York, sends me the card of his Literary Society. It seems that all the masters and a number of the boys contribute a periodical each to the library, this periodical being either a daily paper, a weekly paper, or a monthly magazine. I am glad to see that THE CAPTAIN figures high in this list. Altogether, twenty-six periodicals are regularly subscribed to the library in this way.

On payment of a small coin called "sixpence" you can read an extraordinary book called "A Yankee Boy's Success," being an account of how an American urchin worked his way through Europe. This enterprising youth actually called upon the Queen at Windsor, and had a long interview with her. This is how Her Majesty received him:—

As I entered the room, my eyes rested immediately upon a short, stout, grey, plain old lady, with a sweet grandmotherly expression, and I knew at once that she was the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, mightiest of earthly sovereigns. I hesitated at the door, uncertain about how far forward I should step, but the ever-present Chamberlain relieved my perplexity by beckoning me forward. Her Majesty didn't look up from her book, for she was reading, until I was about fifteen feet away. Then she slowly raised her head and smiled upon me. I never saw a more queenly action than this. She accomplished it with such superb grace and dignity that anyone would have known that she was a queen. Laying her book on the table beside her she spoke, and I awaited her words in breathless silence. "Come nearer, my boy," she said; "I can't talk to you so far away."

As for the conversation that followed, you can buy the book for yourselves and read it.

When I read of a brave thing done by boys, it seems to me that I cannot do better than keep it for THE CAPTAIN. Here is a specimen:

Whilst playing on the banks of the Wye, at Buxton, on Easter Monday, a boy named Arthur Pyle, aged fourteen, slipped and fell into the river. The current was strong, and he was carried a considerable distance down the stream before the eyes of an excited crowd of holiday visitors. The accident might have had a tragic ending had it not been for the presence of mind shown by the drowning boy's school-fellows. Rushing some distance down-stream, they linked hands so that the boy who formed the outermost link in the chain was able to grasp hold of Pyle as the current bore him past, and so, amid hearty cheers, he was dragged safe ashore, but little the worse for his exciting adventure.

I remember seeing something of the same sort done while skating, years ago. A lady fell through some rotten ice, whereupon a number of men lay down and held each other by the ankles. The man nearest the hole stretched out a thick walking stick, which the lady clutched and held on to until a rope was brought

I think the boys who saved Arthur Pyle displayed presence of mind, ingenuity, and pluck, and I am glad to be able to record what they did in this fashion.

Contributors will please note that I do not require, for a long time, any more *sea stories*, as I have a number in hand, and a long sea serial coming on. Also, I must ask authors, one and all, not to send me so many tales in which boys of fourteen fall in love with the Head's daughter, and wax violently jealous of the "six foot beggar" on whom the young lady very naturally prefers to cast the eye of affection. I have been bombarded of late with stories of this sort. I may add that because a certain incident happens to amuse the school in which it occurs, it is not necessarily amusing to the outside public. Many school happenings are mirth-provoking if you know the people; but the outsider finds them very flat reading, as a rule.

Copies of portraits of School Captains on thick paper suitable for framing can be had for six stumps.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. H. C. (Alloa, N.B.).—Your congratulations are indeed hearty, and I thank you for them. I have given instructions that no more cigarette advertisements are to appear in this magazine. Now to your questions. (1) Dumb-bell exercise both before and after the bath is good. Personally, I prefer to exercise with dumb-bells *after* my bath, because then I am all in a glow and feel far more inclined to indulge in vigorous exercise than I do before it. However, you must please yourself. I will hand your letter to Mr. Fry, and see what he says. (2) If you want French and Belgian newspapers and magazines suitable for a student of French you had better write to Hatchette & Co., Clandus Street, Strand, London, who will send you their list.

Old Eastbournian points out that in reviewing the December *Eastbournian* we refer to the "swinging Rugger chorus" of some verses in it. He explains that Eastbourne College doesn't play that code of the game, but is famous for the excellent "Soccer" teams it has turned out.

A Head Master wishes to see a serial story dealing with public school life in this magazine. I am now considering several stories of this kind, and hope to publish the first instalment of one very shortly.

R. J. R. (Salisbury) asks me if I can tell him of a good Latin grace, both for before and after meals. I have much pleasure in complying with this request. Before Meat: "*Benedic, Domine, nos et hæc tua dona quæ de bonitate tua sumpturi sumus.* Amen." After Meat: "*Agimus tibi gratias, Omnipotens Deus, pro donis tuis per Jesum Christum Dominum Nostrum.*—Amen."

P. A. (Clapham).—The best way for a youth to work his way into newspaper life is to start doing little reports of local concerts, football matches, etc., for the papers in his neighbourhood. He should be constantly on the look-out for interesting topics to write about, and never miss an opportunity of sending the editors in his neighbourhood paragraphs of local interest. Vacancies on newspapers are generally advertised in the *Daily News*. If you started newspaper work you would have to begin in the office of a country weekly at about £1 a week, or perhaps not so much. You could obtain a far more comprehensive answer than I can give you by writing to the Editor, the *Journalist*, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., who will probably give you a reply in his columns. The *Journalist* is published once a fortnight, price twopence.

A. M. (Earl's Court).—Of course the "habit" you mention is injurious both to body and mind. If you do not break yourself of it you will suffer in after years. It produces consumption, heart disease, and other organic complaints. If you want to know why, ask a doctor. Take plenty of exercise, avoid alcohol, read pure literature, and seek in prayer that help which only God can give you. Write to me again soon, and tell me that you have taken my advice. More plainly I cannot speak, except in a private letter.

A. W.—The fact that you have stitch after you have run a short distance shows that you are not in very good condition. It is absurd to try and run long distances if you are attacked by stitch and have to give up. It is evident that for the present you must content yourself with short distance running, and gradually extend these distances until your wind improves; *i.e.*, until you find that you can run the quarter, half-mile, and mile without being greatly "distressed" by your exertions. The only preventative for stitch is to train up and get fit.

Bessie F. (St. Leonard's-on-Sea). I am glad you like The Captain. I have always been told that girls prefer boys' papers to girls' papers, and your letter strengthens that opinion. Outdoor games will do you a great deal of good. I shouldn't think that you require any particular training, but I advise you not to eat too many sweets. Take a cold bath in the morning (if you can stand it), don't indulge in too much pudding, and don't read in bed. If you follow these simple rules you will find that you are always pretty fit.

J. A. (Bellingham).—I congratulate you on catching such an extraordinary fish. If you know anybody who collects old curiosities, take it to him, and he will no doubt be able to tell you the value of the old rusty candlestick you have fished up out of the river. Perhaps your best course would be to keep it by you until somebody comes to your house who is an authority on such old things. From your description, it seems to me just possible that a collector of curios might give you half-a-crown for the candlestick, which is a good deal more than you would get for a fish of the same size.

A. L. F.—Abandon once and for all any idea of going on the stage. I wonder at any fellow of nineteen hesitating between the Army and the Stage. Be a soldier, my friend.

W. R.—The first thing to do is to decide on the number of copies you think you can sell, and then approach a few printing firms in your neighbourhood, and ask them to supply you with an estimate for printing a school paper, quarto size, of four, eight, or twelve pages—according to the amount of room you think you will require. You might charge sixpence for the magazine, or certainly not

less than fourpence. Before deciding, however, to bring out a magazine, you had better circularise your public, and find out how many people would become annual subscribers. It is better not to have any advertisements if you can get on without them, as a magazine of this sort is intended for private circulation only, and is not put on the stalls to be bought by the public.

W. S. (ISLINGTON).—You are young yet to be writing tales. The story you send displays an ignorance of punctuation. However, "Lost and Found" is not bad for a first attempt.

M. C. B. (TUNBRIDGE WELLS) wants to get fat, and can I tell him how to do this? I should say, M. C. B., that you should endeavour not to worry about anything. Take plenty of fresh air and exercise, eat slowly, go to bed in good time and get plenty of sleep, and laugh as frequently as possible. If, after this, you don't get any fatter, you will not, at any rate, get any thinner. Some of us are fat by nature, and some of us are thin, and if it is your nature to be thin you must not rebel against it.

J. C. S. (BRIGHTON) observes very truly that every boy is preparing for an exam. of some kind, and thinks it would be a good idea if I printed a few useful hints on work. I will get some articles of this sort written.

E. W.—Dumb-bell exercise will have the effect of making you grow. I can't tell you straight off what the average chest measurement should be at the age of eighteen, but I should say from 32ins. to 33ins. The average height of a boy of eighteen is 5ft. 8ins., or 5ft. 9ins. I should practise for half-an-hour when you get up in the morning, and for ten minutes before you go to bed at night.

J. N. P. (LITTLE YELDHAM) is an "Old Boy" who writes, "that if THE CAPTAIN is going on as it has begun, there is no magazine published that he would not sooner miss seeing." Many thanks, J. N. P. You are the sort of "Old Boy" that I like.

Leo (DUBLIN) **and many others.**—A thousand thanks for your good wishes. I knew you would make a "chum" of THE CAPTAIN.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of April Competitions.

Nos. I. and II.—As these Competitions did not close until May 24th, results will be announced in THE CAPTAIN for July.

No. III.—Best fifty books for school library.

Winner of £2 2s.: JAMES FRANK WEBB, 43, Caverley Road, Redland, Bristol.

Honourable mention: Clifford Beards, Wolverhampton; William Cassie, Banff, N.B.; Francis E. Bawden, Ottawa, Canada; Ernest J. Butler, Stoke Newington; J. K. Clayton, Manchester.

No. IV.—For best parody on "Mary had a Little Lamb."

Winner of Study Clock: FLORENCE MANN, 1, Endelweiss Terrace, Partick Hill, Glasgow, N.B.

No. V.—"Good Cheer" competition.

Winners of £1 1s. each: (*a*) E. H. KEELING, 4 Manning Lane, Bradford. (*b*) MARJORIE DALLAS, 9, Victoria Street, Aberdeen, N.B., (*c*) PATRICK J. MURPHY, Mungret College, Limerick.

Honourable mention: Robert Brown, Bath; Katie K. Livingstone, Edinburgh; Dan Kehoe, Dublin.

No. VI.—Winner of £2 2s.: EDITH WINIFRED FROWD, "Brent Knoll," Mayow Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

Honourable mention: Stanley C. Bennett, Upper Clapton, Thomas Parker, Leeds, Harry Burton, Nottingham, Henry M. Pritchard, Cardiff; J. Verschoyle, Dublin, Maud Everett, Guildford Road, S.W.; Harold Kershaw, Worthing; M. M. Carpendale, Dublin; Annie B. Johnston, Rutherglen, N.B., Robert J. Knight, Hugglescote.

[*Note.*—A great number of beautiful maps were sent in. The prize was not given for the best executed map, but for the *most correct* map of the Soudan. Unsuccessful competitors should remember this.]

No. VII.—The sum of £2 2s., offered for the best letter describing "What I would do with £1000," has been split up into four prizes of half-a-guinea each:—

Winners: A. WHITBY, 146, Seaford Road, South Tottenham, N.; JAMES MCKENZIE WEBSTER, Dalton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; F. FREWIN, 21, St. Mary's Road, Southampton; RICHARD CARE, 44, Claude Road, Roath, Cardiff.

No. VIII.—For coast line resembling a man's face.

Winner of £1 1s.: EVEREST WINDSOR, 40, Weston Street, Great Lever, Bolton, Lancs.

Honourable mention: Florence Maud Britton, Upper Gloucester Place, N.W.; Albert E. Bromley, Egham; Florence E. Randall, Bowes Park, N.

No. IX.—The Six Fountain Pens offered in this competition for the six best letters criticising THE CAPTAIN have been won by: CHARLES G. ARTHUR 9 Athole Gardens, Glasgow, N.B., THOMAS WALKER, 39, Devon Street, Glasgow, N.B., GORDON MCVOY, 17, Springfield Place, Leeds; BERTRAM GRANT, 8, Clarence Place E. Stonehouse, Devon; E. COATES, 98, Selbourne Street, Sheffield; ARTHUR J. CLARK, 39, Durlston Road, Upper Clapton, N.

A Consolation Prize of Five Shillings has been sent to ARTHUR W. MORRISON, 431, Victoria Road, Glasgow, N.B., who sent in a poetical criticism.

No. X.—For best drawing of a postage stamp.

Winner of £1 1s.: THOMAS T. MCHUGRAITH, 1, Park Place, City, Glasgow, N.B.

Honourable mention: William P. Clough, Leeds; John H. G. Smith, Ballinacurra; Thomas P. Browne, Rugby; Robert Grant, Hillhead, Glasgow; D. L. G. Williams, Leicester, Rosa Leeman, Heaton Mersey; Percival C. Southwell, Douglas, Isle of Man; Norma Walford, Warleigh, S. Devon.

No. XI.—Handwriting. Age limit: Twelve.

The sum of £1 1s. offered in this competition has been divided into a first prize of 10s. 6d., and two second prizes of 5s. 3d. each.

Winners: First, VINCENT LE LIEVRE, The Parsonage Bieldside, Aberdeen.
Second (*a*) GLADYS BRADELL, 32, Mount Park Crescent, Ealing, N.
(*b*) P. L. HOGAN, St. Winifred's, Kenley, Surrey.

Honourable mention: Leslie H. Strudwick, Nora Wyle Margaret Marris, Aubrey Lucas Cordis, Donald Macdonald.

No. XII.—(Old Boys.)

Winner of £2 2s.: Mr. MURDO MUNRO, 5, Abingdon Mansions, Kensington, W.

"PIPES AND FACES" COMPETITION.

(Second Series.)

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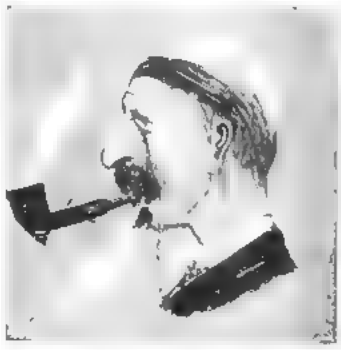

6.

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8.

On the "Pipes and Faces" Coupon, which you will find among the advertisements, write down what "calling" each smoker follows. No age limit.

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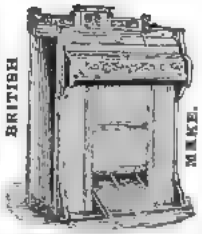

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2	SCARBOROUGH ..	The Children's Corner.
3	SCARBOROUGH ...	View from the Rocks.
4	PORTMADOC .. .	The Harbour and the Town.
5	ROTHESAY	The Landing Stage and Esplanade.
6	LYNMOUTH . .	The Hill, showing Lynton above.
7	DUNOON...	View on the Clyde.
8	SKEGNESS	The Pier.
9	DAWLISH	General View.
10	OBAN	The Town and the Bay.
11	BARMOUTH	View from Mawddach, showing Heights.
12	ALDEBURGH	The Beach.
13	GRANGE...	View from the Gardens.
14	STONEHAVEN ...	The Harbour.
15	DOVER	The Parade, showing Dover Castle.
16	DOVER	The Tunnel in Shakespeare's Cliff.
17	MINEHEAD . .	View of the Village and Cliff.
18	CARNARVON	The Castle.
19	ILFRACOMBE	General View, showing Capstone Parade.
20	ILFRACOMBE	Lantern Hill.
21	ILFRACOMBE .. .	Typical View, showing rugged Coast.
22	ABERDEEN	General View from the River.
23	MARGATE	On the Sands.
24	MARGATE	The Harbour and the Jetty.

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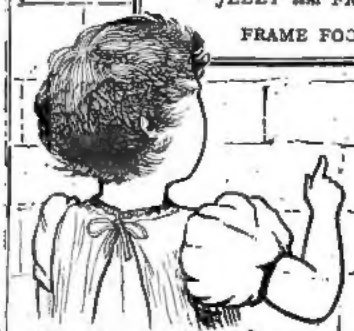

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